Jan. 11, 1988

THE NEW YORKER

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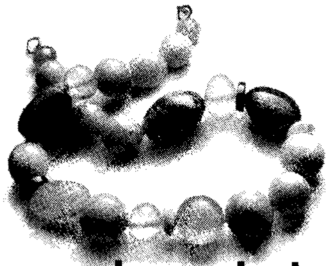

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Anything Goes—Under the clever direction of Jerry Zaks, this exuberant revival is primarily a celebration of Cole Porter himself. The libretto, as revised from the original by Timothy Crouse and John Weidman, is consistently entertaining. The company, which includes Bill McCutcheon, Howard McGillin, Patti LuPone, Anthony Heald, and Kathleen Mahony-Bennett, does more than justice to the words and score. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/2/87.) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. *Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at* 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Boys Next Door—A play by Tom Griffin. (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Breaking the Code—Derek Jacobi gives an accomplished performance as the English mathematician Alan Turing, who helped crack the German Enigma code during the war, but Hugh Whitemore's script is more vehicle than play. Michael Gough, Rachel Gurney, and Jenny Agutter are among the good supporting actors. Clifford Williams was the director. (11/30/87) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Burn This—Lanford Wilson's play can be considered an occasion for an astonishing performance by John Malkovich, as a foulmouthed restaurant manager who woos and wins his dead brother's dancing partner. The supporting actors—Joan Allen, Jonathan Hogan, and Lou Liberatore—are also good. Marshall W. Mason was the director, and the distinguished setting was designed by John Lee Beatty and lighted by Dennis Parichy. (10/26/87) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Cabaret—This tasteful revival of the 1966 musical by John Kander and Fred Ebb (directed by Harold Prince) has a gloriously muted Joel Grey re-creating his role as the Emcee and a *sterling performance* by Alyson Reed, who plays Sally Bowles as she was always meant to be played. (11/2/87) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Chosen—George Hearn and Gerald Hiken in a musical with a book by Chaim Potok, who adapted it from his 1967 novel of the same name. The score is by Philip Springer, and the lyrics are by Mitchell Bernard. Opens Wednesday, Jan. 6. (Second Avenue Theatre, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 674-1460. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Jan. 7, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. *Matinées Wednesdays, except Jan. 6,* at 3 and Sundays at 1 and 5:30; special matinée Saturday, Jan. 9, at 3.)

The Day Room—If this metaphysical farce (a first play by the novelist Don DeLillo) is significantly more entertaining and provocative than it is pretentious, it's largely owing to the brilliant cast and design, and the expert direction of Michael Blakemore. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 17.)

Don't Get God Started—A gospel musical that is all but done in by amplification. The music and lyrics were by Marvin Winans, and Ron Milner wrote the brief, parable-like playlets between the songs. Mr. Milner directed. (11/9/87) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 10.)

Driving Miss Daisy—Alfred Uhry's play is more a sentimental than a dramatic occasion, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. What gives the evening distinction is the performance—the fine acting of Dana Ivey and Morgan Freeman, under Ron Lagomarsino's direction. (4/27/87) (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of the 1977 musical revue **SIDE BY SIDE BY SONDHEIM** will be the fourth in this season's series of eight productions. Opens Thursday, Jan. 7, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 31. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Flora, the Red Menace—John Kander and Fred Ebb have written additional songs for this revised version of their 1965 musical; the completely new book, based on Lester Atwell's "Love Is Just Around the Corner," is by David Thompson. (Vineyard Theatre, 309 E. 26th St. 683-0696. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 3. Closes Saturday, Jan. 23.)

Frankie and Johnny in the Clair de Lune—Terrence McNally's enchanting comedy about sex and the sudden onset of love in an apartment on Tenth Avenue in the Fifties. Kathy Bates and Kenneth Welsh give remarkable performances, under the direction of Paul Benedict. (11/9/87) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Into the Woods—The new musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine is an attempt to show what lurks beneath the surface of conventional fairy tales. The amusing first half is like a musical staging of Bruno Bettelheim's "The Uses of *Enchantment.*" The rather nasty second half degenerates into cheap philosophy. The costumes (by Ann Hould-Ward) and sets (by Tony Straiges) are pretty to look at, and the songs are beautiful or funny—sometimes both. The superb cast, led by Bernadette Peters and Joanna Gleason, is directed by Mr. Lapine. (11/16/87) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Mademoiselle Colombe—Tammy Grimes in a musical with a score by Michael Valenti, lyr-

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In October 1987, just 21 months after their breakthrough, Bednorz and Müller were chosen to receive the Nobel Prize in Physics.

Naturally, we're proud of these two scientists, just as we are of the two IBM scientists who won the 1986 Nobel Prize in Physics.

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ics by Edwin Dulchin, and a book by Mr. Valenti, Mr. Dulchin, and Albert Harris, who also directed. Based on Jean Anouilh's 1954 play of the same name. (Theatre Off Park, 224 Waverly Pl., at 11th St. 627-2556. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 17.)

Man and Superman—David Birney stars in Shaw's 1905 play. Previews Wednesday, Jan. 6. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 7. (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Penn & Teller—Back with an even tighter version of their wonderful 1985 show, this two-man team of stage-magic farceurs is probably the hippest thing in high culture since Springsteen and Talking Heads went mainstream. Directed by Art Wolff, with cameo appearances by Director of Covert Activities Marc Garland. (12/21/87) (Ritz, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Psycho Beach Party—A romp through early-sixties beach-blanket movies, written by Charles Busch and starring Mr. Busch as a Gidget-like figure with a Marnie-like problem. (8/10/87) (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

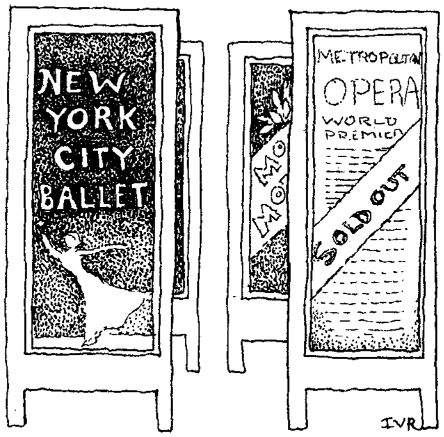
Real Estate—A woman in her late thirties, unmarried and pregnant, returns after a twenty-year absence to her mother's house in a suburb near London. Louise Page's play, about strong, matching feelings of daughter and mother, doesn't amount to much, but it does give us the opportunity to see some excellent acting by Roberta Maxwell and Sada Thompson, as the protagonists, and by Charles Cioffi and Lewis Arlt, as their men. Brian Murray was the director. (12/14/87) (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 758-8770. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Shayna Maidel—A well-wrought and deeply moving play by Barbara Lebow about a Polish-Jewish family torn apart by the events of the Hitler era. The production is beautifully directed by Mary B. Robinson and is enhanced by two extraordinary performances: one from Gordana Rashovich as a concentration-camp survivor and the other from Paul Sparer as the father who failed to get her and her mother out of Poland. The year 1946 is perfectly evoked by William Barclay's setting. Bring lots of Kleenex to this one, but expect to leave uplifted. (11/30/87) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Signal Season of Dummy Hoy—A play by Allen Meyer and Michael Nowak. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 10.)

Tamara—A participatory theatrical encounter, in which the audience must literally follow the characters as they move from room to room in what is supposed to be Gabriele D'Annunzio's villa (wear your sneakers). Pre-happening cocktails and a buffet at intermission are included in the rather hefty ticket price ($85 to $135). (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. 307-7171. Nightly, except Thursdays, at 8; cocktails at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2; cocktails at 1:30.)

Teddy & Alice—Len Cariou gives a powerful, subtle, and joyous performance in the title role of this musical about Theodore Roosevelt and his daughter, and the glorious score by John Philip Sousa, as adapted by Richard Kapp (who wrote some additional songs), is surprisingly varied and charming. The costumes by Theoni V. Aldredge, the lighting by Tharon Musser, the settings by Robin Wagner, and the choreography by Donald Saddler are all admirable, as is the direction by John Driver. Nancy Opel, Ron Raines, and Beth Fowler do especially well in supporting parts. (11/23/87) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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Long Runs—**BROADWAY BOUND:** A rueful comedy in which Neil Simon studies the middle-class depths from which he sprang and has kept springing. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Mondays through Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 11,528 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FENCES:** August Wilson's powerful play is given a triumphant performance by James Earl Jones, Courtney B. Vance, Frankie R. Faison, Ray Aranha, and Charles Brown. Directed by Lloyd Richards. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie, and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Starting Tuesday, Jan. 12, the curtain time will be at 8:15 Tuesdays through Saturdays and at 2:15 for the Wednesday and Saturday matinées.) . . . **I'M NOT RAPPAPORT:** Herb Gardner's *synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park, starring Judd Hirsch and Cleavon Little.* (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 17.) . . . **ME AND MY GIRL:** An infelicitously rehabilitated British musical out of the thirties, with Jim Dale in the starring role. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Gary Morris and Anthony Crivello star in the musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel, but the real standouts of the production are the settings, by John Napier, and the lighting, by David Hersey. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE NERD:** This farce by the late Larry Shue (author of "The Foreigner") is a source of laughter from beginning to end. With Peter MacNicol, in the title role, and Robert Joy. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **STARLIGHT EXPRESS:** A bore on roller skates. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **STEEL MAGNOLIAS:** This first play by Robert Harling is set in a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana, and consists mainly of the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Big Apple Circus—Paul Binder's old-fashioned one-ring circus, back for the holiday season, is the sort of circus a child could dream of running away to. An "all new" tenth anniversary edition boasts startling acts from all over the world; the best, though, are those of the resident troupe: Katja Schumann's *unutterably beautiful equestrian* act, the clowns Mr. Stubs and Gordoon (who remove a cloth from a table piled high with crockery and a child—leaving his parents undisturbed), the elephant dancers Marie Pierre Benac and David Dimitri, the trainer Buckles Woodcock and his daughter Dalilah, and the genteel elephants Peggy and Toto. (P.S. The tent is heated.) (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. *Through Sunday, Jan. 10. For information about show times and tickets, call* 391-0767.)

New York Gilbert and Sullivan Players—Presenting **THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD.** (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 6-8, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 9, at 3 and 8; and Sunday, Jan. 10, at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Franz Lehár's **THE MERRY WIDOW.** (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

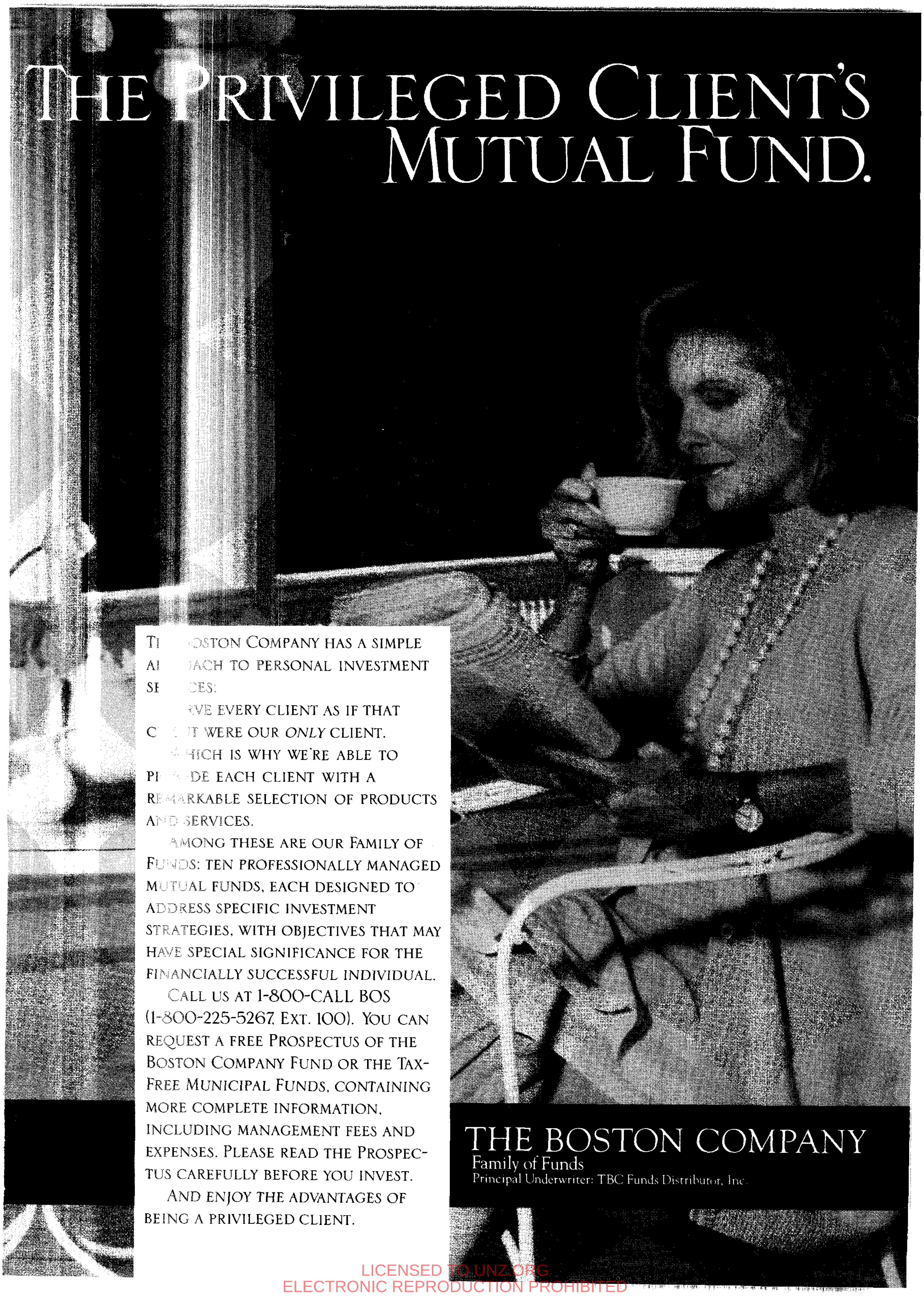
The No-Frills Revue—A musical revue conceived and directed by Martin Charnin. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Oil City Symphony—A musical revue conceived and performed by Mike Craver, Mark Hardwick, Debra Monk, and Mary Murfitt. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

On Second Avenue—A musical revue in Yiddish and English. (Norman Thomas High School, 111 E. 33rd St. 532-4485. Saturday at 3 and 8, and Sunday at 2 and 5:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 10.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Wednesday evening, Jan. 6: "Les Gentilhommes," "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," "Piano Pieces," and "Agon." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 7: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Piano Pieces," and "Gounod Symphony." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 8: "Allegro Brillante," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Antique Epigraphs," and "The Concert." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 9: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Antique Epigraphs," and "The Concert." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 9: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Piano Pieces," and "Agon." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Jan. 10: "Allegro Brillante," "La Sonnambula," and "The Four Temperaments." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Jan. 10: "Les Gentilhommes," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Antique Epigraphs," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 12: "Agon," "The Cage," "Other Dances," and "Gounod Symphony." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 13: "Concerto Barocco," "Liebes-

THE PRIVILEGED CLIENT'S MUTUAL FUND.

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lieder Walzer," and "Chaconne." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 14: "Gounod Symphony," "The Cage," "Other Dances," and "Brahms/Handel." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 15: "Square Dance," "The Cage," "Pas de Deux," and "The Four Temperaments." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 16: "Les Petits Riens," "Piano Pieces," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 16: "Les Petits Riens," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "The Four Temperaments." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Feb. 21.)

Nikolais Dance Theatre and Murray Louis Dance Company—A *joint engagement*—Wednesday, Jan. 6, at 8: "Graph," "Porcelain Dialogues," and "Junk Dances." . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 7-9, at 8: "Glyphics," "Odyssey," "Asides" (première), and "Bach Suite." . . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 10, at 2 and 7:30: "Graph," "Porcelain Dialogues," and "Junk Dances." . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 12, at 8: "Bach II," "Arc en Ciel," "Blank on Blank," and excerpts from the Nikolais and Louis repertories. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 13-14, at 8: "Crucible," "Bach II," "Tensile Involvement," and "Four Brubeck Pieces." . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 15, at 8: "Bach II," "Arc en Ciel," "Blank on Blank," and excerpts from the Nikolais and Louis repertories. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 16, at 8: "Glyphics," "Odyssey," "Asides," and "Bach Suite." (Joyce *Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St.* 242-0800. Through Sunday, Jan. 17.)

Virsky's Ukrainian State Dance Company of the U.S.S.R.—Opening performances of a two-week engagement by a company of a hundred and twenty dancers and musicians. (Mark Hellinger Theatre, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesday, Jan. 12, at 7:30; Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 13-15, at 8; and Saturday, Jan. 16, at 2 and 8. Through Sunday, Jan. 24.)

Solomons Company/Dance—Presenting "Boneyard" (première) and an excerpt from "Chryptych." (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Thursday through Sunday, Jan. 7-10, at 8. For information about tickets, call 924-0077.)

Anna Sokolow's Players' Project—A program of new and repertory works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 6-7, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**MARGARET WHITING** sings in the oak-timbered seat of power known as the Oak Room Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A big *cabaret on the edge of Chelsea, in the heart* of the fur and fashion-student districts. **BLOSSOM DEARIE'S** small, delicate voice, a precision instrument, is the fashion here Wednesdays through Saturdays from six-thirty to eight. Helen Schneider sings an all-Sondheim program at nine Tuesdays through Saturdays; Judith Cohen sings at eleven Thursdays through Saturdays.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A really blue but not really New York jazz club; the idea for the brass plaques that are engraved with the names of visiting *jazz stars and embedded in the blue tables* appears to have been borrowed from Hollywood. Tenor saxophonist **GROVER WASHINGTON, JR.,** leads a combo through Sunday, Jan. 10; the **MODERN JAZZ QUARTET,** a thirty-five-year-old institution that thrives by balancing opposing forces (**MILT JACKSON'S** flowing vibraharp and **JOHN LEWIS'S** concise piano), will be here for six nights starting Tuesday, Jan. 12. *Music from nine.* Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A vast pillared emporium that caters to various musical tastes. Thursday, Jan. 7, punk poets Richard Hell and Jim Carroll and novelist Richard Price; Friday, Jan. 8, **SUN RA,** who always wears a gaudy space traveller's chapeau and sometimes sings a Jerome Kern song; Saturday, Jan. 9, **JOHN CALE,** the fierce Welsh rocker and former Velvet Underground guy, with a band that features **CHRIS SPEDDING;** Wednesday, Jan. 13, folk and blues guitarists **JOHN RENBOURN** and **STEFAN GROSSMAN;** and Friday, Jan. 15, **RICHARD BARONE,** a folk-rocker of the gentle and florid school. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A great up-close view from a barstool (unless there are a lot of standees, which is usually the case) of first-rate pianists and bassists. Singer-pianist **FREDDY COLE,** Nat's younger brother, leads a trio through Saturday, Jan. 9; **HENRY BUTLER,** a pianist whose racing, hard-baked style summons up McCoy Tyner, works on Sunday, Jan. 10; and on Monday, Jan. 11, **LARRY WILLIS** and **RAY DRUMMOND** take charge. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlos I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Long communal tables swathed in pink and a bandstand panelled in oak. **PANAMA FRANCIS,** a drummer who has been motivating feet for over a half century, leads a quintet through Sunday, Jan. 10; his contemporary, trumpeter **HARRY (SWEETS) EDISON,** comes in on Tuesday, Jan. 12, with a trio led by pianist **RAY BRYANT.** Music from nine. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The figures on the walls of the Café Carlyle—a nude at her easel; a leaping poodle; a guitarist in a harlequin outfit; an unpedigreed dog with a bonnet in its mouth—are by Marcel Vertès, and the elegant gent on the piano bench is **GEORGE SHEARING. LYNN SEATON** is on bass. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** presides at the piano from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—There's not a lot of elbow- or headroom in this downstairs jazz club, but the musicians sometimes make out-of-body travel possible. A quartet run by pianist William Thomas McKinley and featuring classical clarinettist **RICHARD STOLTZMAN** performs Wednesday, Jan. 6; **KENNY BURRELL'S** three-guitar quintet holds forth Thursday through Sunday, Jan. 7-10; and on Tuesday, Jan. 12, pianist **KENNY BARRON** brings in his quintet. Music from eight. Dining.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—Only slightly smaller than an airplane hangar but considerably fancier. On clear nights, the piano, situated in a grove of palms in the south-central region of the dining room, is visible from the bar. The schedule: Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 6-7, Lynn Bernstein; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 8-9, **DOM SALVADOR** (with bassist Bill Moring); and starting Tuesday, Jan. 12, **HAL SCHAEFER.** Sets begin at seven Tuesdays *through* Thursdays, and at seven-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A small, dark bar with ancient marching-band instruments on the walls, Art Tatum and Earl Hines on the jukebox, and an upright piano that seats four (not counting the pianist). Kitt Moran sings Wednesdays through Saturdays, with accompaniment from pianist Mike Moran. Sundays are claimed by singer-pianist Marty Phillips' duo, and Tuesdays by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio. Music from ten. **BROOKS KERR,** a major fund of Ellingtonia, is at the piano Mondays through Fridays from five-forty-five to nine-forty-five.

J's, 2581 Broadway, at 97th St. (666-3600)—An upper West Side spa, one flight up from the hurly-burly. Jazz people are on the premises nightly except Sundays, when a jukebox stocked with sixties rock and soul lights up. Guitarist and singer **JOHN PIZZARELLI** is here on Thursdays, taking his trio through such things as Django Reinhardt's "Nuages" (on which he does some pretty Stanley Jordan-style tapping), " 'S Wonderful" (which he turns into a bossa nova), and "Racing with the Moon" (he has a crooner's soft voice, and lets "moon" and its rhymes hang in the air for an age). Clarinettist Ken Peplowski's trio performs on Saturday, Jan. 9; **DICK HYMAN,** who has many piano styles at his fingertips, plays on Monday, Jan. 11. Music from eight Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Jan Wallman's, 49 W. 44th St. (764-8930)—A room fit for a singer, an accompanist or two, and a party of forty-eight. The musical people: Susan Borofsky on Wednesday, Jan. 6; Julienne Marie Scanlon on Thursdays, Jan. 7 and 14; Jimmy Webb ("Galveston," "By the Time I Get to Phoenix") on Fridays, Jan. 8 and 15; Yvonne Constant on Saturdays, Jan. 9 and 16; **BARBARA LEA** on Sundays, Jan. 10 and 17; and Richard Rodney Bennett on Monday, Jan. 11. Shows at six and eight on Sundays, and at nine and eleven the rest of the week. Dining.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. *(228-8490)—A busy corner bar and restau*rant with a piano at the center of things. **JUNIOR MANCE** plays it, with bassist **MARTY RIVERA** at his side, through Saturday, Jan. 9; on Tuesday, Jan. 12, **DON FRIEDMAN** and **HARVIE SWARTZ** take over. Pianist **HARRY CONNICK, JR.,** the latest good news from New Orleans, flies all by himself on Sundays and Mondays. Music from nine-thirty.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—Probably the only place in town that features avant-garde jazz, advanced and intermediate rock, Easy Now medicinal tea, homemade yogurt, and smoothies. The **BEN VAUGHN COMBO,** a four-piece New Jersey band, does expert pastiches of fifties rockabilly and sixties folk-rock. Vaughn's songs (about cars and women and more women) have charm and humor, and his arrangements show restraint at every turn, and it takes you a while to realize that while he won't let you down he won't lift you up, either. His songs are artifacts, inlaid with irony and stamped with good taste. The B.V. Combo will be here Saturday, Jan. 9. Thursdays belong to tenor saxophonist **CLIFFORD JORDAN'S** quartet, and Mondays to drummer **RASHIED ALI'S** foursome. Activity from nine or so.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—This hangout for homesick Texans, French tourists, and local yokels brags that it's "the biggest and best honky-tonk north of Abilene." Big it ain't, but it does feature some genuine honky-tonk music, a souvenir stand, and TV monitors (which permit you to watch the *action onstage* in case *your view* of it is blocked by a cowboy or a structural element). The lineup: Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 6-7, Hot Tuna guitarist **JORMA KAUKONEN;** Friday, Jan. 8, the Tailgators; Saturday, Jan. 9, La Bamba & the Hubcaps; and

Saturday, Jan. 16, the **SUN RHYTHM SECTION,** a Memphis rockabilly sextet. Music after nine. Hot vittles.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Unicorns and lions on the walls, well-heeled cats on the banquettes, and a solid rear guard, immodestly called the Great American Swing Band, on the dais. **WALT LEVINSKY,** a Benny Goodman alumnus, is its leader. The band packs up on Saturday, Jan. 9, and on Tuesday, Jan. 12, a group of Django-istes—five keepers of the hot-jazz flame—led by guitarist **FRANK VIGNOLA** begins a three-week visit. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining. Closed Sundays.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Fifty years ago, people practiced the jitterbug and the foxtrot in this ballroom; today's patrons listen mainly to rock, which issues from speakers the size of mobile homes, and sometimes engage in a combination of exercise and intimacy known as slam dancing. Friday, Jan. 8, Urban Blight and the **CUCUMBERS;** Saturday, Jan. 9, the Cruzados and the **LYRES;** and Friday, Jan. 15, the **FEELIES.** Shows begin at nine Sundays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays.

SPEAKEASY, 107 Macdougal St. (598-9670)—The site, many moons ago, of Rienzi's, a coffeehouse on the beaten path; nowadays, it's home to folkies, bluegrass fiddlers, and others of a non-electric bent. Shows nightly from about eight-thirty. Dining.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—**MC COY TYNER,** a pianist whose thundering, rhythmically insistent style works like an incantation on many people, holds forth in this Village meetinghouse Tuesdays through Sundays. **GIL EVANS,** the wispy white-haired pianist and wizard arranger who long ago fell under the spell of funk and rock rhythms, conducts his orchestra on Mondays. Shows from ten. Dining.

SWEETWATERS, 170 Amsterdam Ave., at 67th St. (873-4100)—What would a night club be without smoke, mirrors, and a white piano? It wouldn't be this sleek jazz and soul room. **RUTH BROWN,** a rhythm-and-blues singer who made several hit records ("Lucky Lips," "Mama, He Treats Your Daughter Mean") for Atlantic in the fifties, performs Friday and Saturday, Jan. 8-9. Music after nine. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—"Irish" is what the canopy above the entrance to this bar says, but rock and roll is what the boys and girls in the back room mainly do. Two veteran rock-and-roll songwriters, **OTIS BLACKWELL** and **DOC POMUS,** will be on hand Friday and Saturday, Jan. 8-9, along with the **SURREAL MC COYS,** a local country outfit. Both Blackwell and Pomus wrote hits for Elvis Presley, whose birthday (Jan. 8) is observed here. **PHOEBE LÉGÈRE,** a blond bombshell who plays a couple of instruments (piano, accordion), gives a cocktail-hour show at six-thirty on Fridays. Shows other nights begin after (sometimes long after) nine-thirty.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Pianist **SY JOHNSON** and bassist **MIKE RICHMOND** are on duty in the Terrace Bar every night but Monday from ten or so. On Tuesdays, they trade sets with jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN'S** trio. Fridays through Sundays, from about six until nine-thirty, **PATTI BOWN** can be found at the piano, rocking and swaying beneath one of her homemade picture hats.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world descend the stairs to this ancient jazz club; many of them later emerge from it in an excited condition. Bassist **RICHARD DAVIS** leads his quintet through Sunday, Jan. 10; on Tuesday, Jan. 12, **DON CHERRY** arrives with his pocket trumpet (with which he sometimes constructs fleeting, miniature melodies), his twanging African hunter's harp, and three colleagues (alto saxophonist **CARLOS WARD,** tuba player **BOB STEWART,** and drummer **ED BLACKWELL**). The **MEL LEWIS ORCHESTRA** blasts off on Mondays. Music from ten.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The big room in this student rest stop (Columbia U. is across the street) has a non-institutional cafeteria, a bar that can seat a marching band, and a jukebox. The smaller room has tables, booths, a couple of hanging plants, and live jazz. Hard-bop trumpeter **VALERY PONOMAREV** heads up a combo through Sunday, Jan. 10. On Mondays, comedians stand up and fall down. Shows from about nine.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—If you like pictures of cows, there's a good one here, by the British painter Malcolm Morley, of some Holsteins adrift in a Turneresque landscape. There's also jazz, which flows peaceably from a passageway between the front-room bar and the back-room restaurant. Pianist John Campbell and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** collaborate through Saturday, Jan. 9, and on Monday, Jan. 11, **JOHN HICKS** and **BOB CRANSHAW** move in. Sundays remain in the hands of Mr. Moore and guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI.** Music from eight every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

JAMAALADEEN TACUMA, KHAN JAMAL, AND DENNIS ALSTON—Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. Saturday, Jan. 9, at 8 and 10. Tickets at the door on the night of the concerts.

HIGHLIGHTS IN JAZZ—Bucky Pizzarelli, Sol Yaged, Marty Napoleon, Jack Lesberg, and Panama Francis and his Savoy Sultans. (Loeb Student Center Auditorium, New York University, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 998-4949. Thursday, Jan. 14, at 8.)

JUSTIN PAGE QUARTET—Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Thursday, Jan. 14, at 8.

GREGG SMITH SINGERS—With the Dave Brubeck quartet, and the Long Island Choral Association. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 935-2200. Saturday, Jan. 16, at 8.)

BOB WILBER AND HIS BIG BAND—With Joanne Horton, Doc Cheatham, Panama Francis, Buddy Tate, and others, in a tribute to Benny Goodman. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Saturday, Jan. 16, at 8.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

LAURA SHECHTER—Precisionist still-lifes. Through Jan. 30. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

CHRIS VAN ALLSBURG—Pencil drawings used to illustrate a children's alphabet book. Through Saturday, Jan. 9. (Schiller-Wapner, 1 E. 61st St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At **HIRSCHL & ADLER MODERN,** 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and works on paper in which lead is used in some way—a drawing in pencil (a.k.a. black lead) by Jennifer Bartlett and a cast-lead sculpture by Roni Horn, for instance. Through Saturday, Jan. 16. . . . **MUSEO DEL BARRIO,** 1230 Fifth Ave., at 104th St.: Sixty-two paintings by thirty-four artists constitute a survey of Puerto Rican painting since the turn of the century. Through Feb. 28. (Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

ART AND LANGUAGE—Paintings and works on paper from a series by this pair of British artists, titled "Incident in a Museum." Through Saturday, Jan. 9. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St.)

JOE BASCOM—Geometric paintings with glossy finishes. Through Jan. 23. (Gallery 84, at 30 W. 57th St.)

LOUISE BOURGEOIS—Drawings from 1939 to the present. Through Jan. 30. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

PAUL CADMUS—Recent figure paintings, plus drawings and prints. Through Jan. 30. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

RICHARD CROZIER—Large-scale paintings of New England landscapes, including one based on Asher B. Durand's "Kindred Spirits." Through Jan. 30. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

ROBERT GOODNOUGH—Abstract paintings and sculptures. Through Saturday, Jan. 9. (Shippee, 41 E. 57th St.)

KAREN GUNDERSON / HARVEY GORDON—An elaborate installation of shaped canvases depicting cumulus clouds. / Still-lifes and interiors painted on Plexiglas. Through Feb. 3. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

HANS HOFMANN (1880-1966)—Paintings and drawings that date from 1949 to 1951. Through Jan. 23. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

JOHN HUBBARD—Abstract paintings and drawings based on floral subjects. Through Saturday, Jan. 16. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)

KÄTHE KOLLWITZ (1867-1945)—Prints and drawings. Through Saturday, Jan. 16. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

ALICE TRUMBULL MASON (1904-71)—Paintings from throughout the long career of this abstractionist. Through Feb. 6. (Washburn, 41 E. 57th St.)

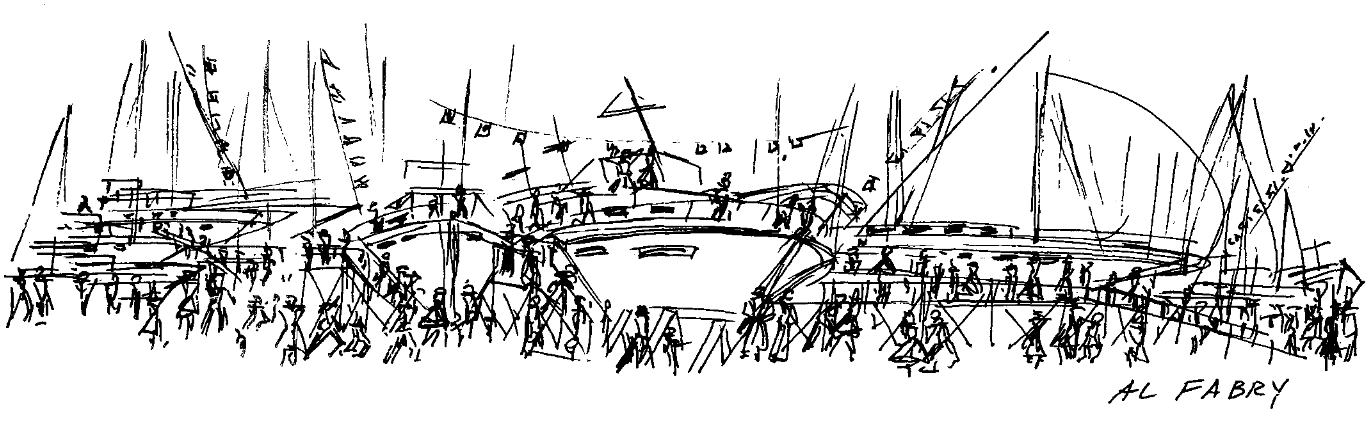
ANDRÉ MASSON (1896-1987)—Paintings and works on paper, mostly from the forties, when he was living in the United States. Through Jan. 28. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

PIET MONDRIAN (1872-1944)—Approximately forty paintings and drawings on loan from the Gemeentemuseum, The Hague. Through Feb. 13. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG—A new series of wall reliefs composed of found metal parts. Through Jan. 30. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

EPHRAIM RUBENSTEIN—Recent paintings by a realist. Through Jan. 30. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

RICHARD STANKIEWICZ (1922-83)—Sculptures from the fifties and sixties. Through Satur-



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

day, Jan. 16. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

ALTOON SULTAN / HOWARD KANOVITZ—Plein-air landscapes of Vermont and upstate New York, and still-lifes. / Freestanding window frames with painted landscapes instead of glass, among other works. Through Jan. 30. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

GÉRARD TITUS-CARMEL—Abstract paintings reflecting an architectural influence. Through Jan. 23. (Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.)

BILL TRAYLOR (1854-1947) **AND JUSTIN McCARTHY** (1891-1977)—Watercolors and drawings by two naïfs. Through Saturday, Jan. 16. (Ross, 50 W. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOW—Paintings, sculptures, and drawings that incorporate single words, sentence fragments, or even whole stories. By Nancy Spero, Valerie Hammond, Dotty Attie, and others. Through Saturday, Jan. 9. (Lamagna, 50 W. 57th St.)

SCULPTURE—Abstract works by Richard Stankiewicz, Gabriel Kohn, and Jenny Lee. Through Jan. 30. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

JASPER JOHNS—Six lead reliefs from 1969. Through Saturday, Jan. 9. (Lorence-Monk, 568 Broadway.)

LUDWIG MIES VAN DER ROHE (1886-1969)—Drawings from the thirties, including sketches for furniture and the Hubbe House. Through Saturday, Jan. 16. (Protetch, 560 Broadway.)

JOHN MONTI—Abstract painted wood wall reliefs and related works on paper. Through Jan. 30. (Marcus, 578 Broadway.)

HENRY PEARSON—Abstract geometric paintings from the past thirty years. Through Saturday, Jan. 9. (Pearl, 420 West Broadway.)

ARCHIE RAND—Twenty-nine self-portraits related to the last twenty-nine poems in Rilke's "Sonnets to Orpheus." Also, watercolors inscribed with poems—the joint works of Mr. Rand and John Yau. Through Saturday, Jan. 9. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **NOSEI**, 100 Prince St.: Sculptures by Nancy Bowen, Jannis Kounellis, and Nunzio, and panel paintings by Günter Förg. Through Tuesday, Jan. 12. . . . **PLUMB**, 81 Greene St.: Works on paper that incorporate text by, among others, Jean-Michel Basquiat, Marcel Broodthaers, and Bruce Nauman. Through Jan. 23. . . . **STEPHEN ROSENBERG**, 115 Wooster St.: Three abstractionists (Claire Seidl, Michael Chandler, and Louis Lieberman) showing works in three different mediums. Through Jan. 30.

OTHER GALLERIES

DAVID FINN—Haunting childlike figures modelled with newspaper and wire, in an installation evoking a playground. Through Saturday, Jan. 16. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St.)

KEN LUM—Signlike paintings with indecipherable messages, plus an installation of a modular sofa facing a large mirror. Through Jan. 31. (Nature Morte, 204 E. 10th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

GARY BROTMEYER / MICHAEL SPANO—New photocollage portraits. / Large black-and-white candids of New Yorkers. Through Feb. 6. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)

EVELYN HOFER—Photographs of Emerson's Italy. Through Saturday, Jan. 9. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

KURT MARKUS—Photographs of the modern American cowboy. Through Jan. 30. (Staley-Wise, 177 Prince St. Opens at noon.)

NORMAN PARKINSON—The National Academy of Design has mounted a retrospective of his works. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

WILLIAM WEGMAN / RALPH EUGENE MEATYARD (1925-72)—Color Polaroids of his dog, Fay. / Vintage surreal prints. Through Saturday, Jan. 16. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A show of more than two hundred objects from the court of Sultan Süleyman the Magnificent. Through Jan. 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

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10	11	12	13	14	15	16

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A show of works on paper by Robert Motherwell, among them a drawing made to illustrate a poem by Harold Rosenberg, from the artist's series called "Elegies to the Spanish Republic." Through Feb. 23. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A fiftieth-anniversary show of works from the permanent collections in New York and Venice fills all the galleries. Postwar Latin-American paintings have a separate installation for the next few weeks. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—An exhibit of thirty-seven paintings and four sculptures by Julian Schnabel. Through Sunday, Jan. 10. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the paintings of Charles Demuth (1883-1935). Through Jan. 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective of sculptures by Nancy Graves. Through Feb. 29. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Artifacts from Carthage, including seventeen pictorial mosaics. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM, 40 W. 53rd St.—A two-part exhibit of quilts, with works by winners of a 1987 national competition and historic quilts on loan from the Museum of American Folk Art. Through Sunday, Jan. 10. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The popularization of decoratively printed fabric in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries is the subject of an exhibit of textiles, original designs for them on paper, and such artifacts as a salesman's sample card showing thirty-six different block- and roller-printed fabrics. Through March 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

GROLIER CLUB, 47 E. 60th St.—A group of contemporary book bindings by French artisans. Through Jan. 30. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 5.)

JAPAN SOCIETY, 333 E. 47th St.—Breakthrough paintings by Paris-influenced Japanese artists of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, who were among the first to test modern international styles. Through Feb. 7. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An extraordinary visual re-creation of the Dreyfus Affair, seen as a public event (courtroom sketches, newspapers, commercial products) and as a private one (Alfred Dreyfus's eyeglasses and the notebooks he kept at Devil's Island, personal letters of support written to Émile Zola by Claude Monet). Through Thursday, Jan. 14. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Fifty drawings and watercolors by fifty contemporary American realists, including William Bailey, Martha Mayer Erlebacher, April Gornik, and Walter Hatke. From the collection of Rita Rich. Through Feb. 28. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Prints by Norman Parkinson. Through Jan. 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

THE NEW MUSEUM, 583 Broadway—Photographs, sculptures, drawings, and videotapes tracing the career of Ana Mendieta, who died in 1985, at the age of thirty-six. Through Jan. 24. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 8.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A show of works by the late-nineteenth-century artist Jasper F. Cropsey which includes the American landscapes he was best known for and architectural drawings. Through Feb. 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

FRANKLIN FURNACE, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671—"Bombs," the title for three performance works by James Calder and others. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 8-9, at 8:30.

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—"Bohemian Rhapsody," a new cabaret by Gayle Tufts and others, who promise to transform P.S. 122 into a "night club . . . somewhere between Café Cino and El Morocco." Friday through Sunday, Jan. 8-10, at 9.

NOTE—Jerri Allyn will perform in her "American Dining: A Working Woman's Moment," Tuesday, Jan. 12, at 8, at The New Museum, 583 Broadway. For information about tickets, call 219-1222.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall, 247-7800; for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for the 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday, Jan. 6, at 8: "Turandot" (a nonsubscription performance), with Ghena Dimitrova, Aprile Millo, and Ermanno Mauro; conducted by Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 7, at 8: "Macbeth," with Elizabeth Connell, Frederick Burchinal, Vyacheslav M. Polozov, and Samuel Ramey; Kazimierz Kord. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 8, at 8: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Gwendolyn Bradley, Roberta Alexander, Tatiana Troyanos, Neil Shicoff, and James Morris; Charles Dutoit. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 9, at 2: "Die Fledermaus," with Barbara Daniels, Judith Blegen, Tatiana Troyanos, David Rendall, and Thomas Allen; Manuel Rosenthal. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 9, at 8:30: "Das Rheingold," with Mari-Anne Häggander, Helga Dernesch, Siegfried Jerusalem, and Hans Sotin; James Levine. . . . ¶ Monday, Jan. 11, at 8: "Macbeth," with Elizabeth Connell, Frederick Burchinal, Vyacheslav M. Polozov, and Samuel Ramey; Kazimierz Kord. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 12, at 8: "Das Rheingold," with Mari-Anne Häggander, Helga Dernesch, Siegfried Jerusalem, and Hans Sotin; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 13, at 8: "Die Fledermaus," with Marilyn Mims, Judith Blegen, Tatiana Troyanos, Allan Glassman, and Thomas Allen; Manuel Rosenthal. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 14, at 8: "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Frederica von Stade, Anthony Rolfe Johnson, José van Dam, and John Macurdy; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 15, at 8: "Macbeth," with Elizabeth Connell, Frederick Burchinal, Vyacheslav M. Polozov, and Samuel Ramey; Kazimierz Kord. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 16, at 2: "Das Rheingold," with Mari-Anne Häggander, Helga Dernesch, Siegfried Jerusalem, and Hans Sotin; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 16, at 8: "Die Fledermaus," with Marilyn Mims, Judith Blegen, Tatiana Troyanos, Allan Glassman, and Thomas Allen; Manuel Rosenthal. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

Mannes Camerata—Dongsok Shin conducting a fully staged production of "Venus and Adonis," an opera by John Blow, court musician to Charles II. The work originally starred Moll Davis, the King's mistress, as Venus. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. 595-1747. Fridays and Saturdays, Jan. 8-9 and Jan. 15-16, and Wednesday, Jan. 13, at 8.)

"Cinderella/Cendrillon"—An adaptation of Massenet's 1899 opera "Cendrillon." Conceived and directed by Anne Bogart; a production of the Music-Theatre Group. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. Opening performances Monday through Saturday, Jan. 11-16, at 8. For information about tickets, call 924-3108.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—Zubin Mehta conducting. Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 7-9, at 8: Messiaen's "Turangalîla Symphony," performed on the occasion of the eightieth birthday of the composer, who will be present. With Yvonne Loriod, piano, and Jeanne Loriod, *ondes martenot*. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 14, at 8; Friday, Jan. 15, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 16, at 8; and Tuesday, Jan. 19, at 7:30: A Wagner-Beethoven-Reich program, with Maria João Pires, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Robert Black and JoAnn Falletta conducting a program of music by William Thomas McKinley. With David Buechner, piano; Gary Burton, vibraphone; Sol Greitzer, viola; Robert Stallman, flute; and Richard Stoltzman, clarinet. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Jan. 7, at 8.) . . . **NOTE:** There will be a concert of the composer's solo and chamber works at Weill Recital Hall on Wednesday, Jan. 6, at 8. With Mr. Stoltzman; Fred Sherry, cello; Lisa Saffer, soprano; Judith Gordon, piano; and others.

Brooklyn Philharmonic—Lukas Foss conducting compositions by Corigliano, Haydn, MacDowell, and Elgar. With André Watts, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 8-9, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 10, at 2.)

New York Chamber Symphony—At the 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Jan. 9, at 8: Alun Francis conducting an all-Vivaldi concert, with Daniel Heifetz, violin, and Thomas Nyfenger, flute. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 16, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 17, at 3: Maxim Shostakovich conducting a program of music by Elgar, Beethoven, and Dmitri Shostakovich, his father. With Carol Webber, mezzo-soprano; John Cheek, baritone; and Sergei Edelmann, piano.

New York Pops—Skitch Henderson conducting a program of jazz and classical music, with Cab Calloway and others. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 8, at 8.)

RECITALS

Edmund Niemann and Nurit Tilles—Duo piano. (Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. Wednesday, Jan. 6, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

Gregory Haimovsky—Piano, in an all-Debussy program. (New York University Theatre, 35 W. 4th St. 998-4947. Friday, Jan. 8, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—With Maurice Bourgue, oboe, four other guest performers, and artists of the society. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Jan. 8, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 9, at 3; and Sunday, Jan. 10, at 5.) . . . ¶ With Robert Routch, horn, and Laurie Smukler, violin. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Saturday, Jan. 16, at 6. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Guarneri Quartet—Playing three Beethoven quartets. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Saturday, Jan. 9, at 8.) . . . ¶ With Gary Graffman, piano, and Bernard Greenhouse, cello, in a Beethoven-Korngold-Schubert program. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 13, at 8.)

Cho-Liang Lin and André-Michel Schub—Violin and piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 9, at 8. For information about tickets, call 586-4680. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 10, at 3.)

Richard Goode—Piano. The fifth in his seven-recital series of all thirty-two Beethoven sonatas. (92nd Street Y. Sunday, Jan. 10, at 3.)

Washington Square Contemporary Music Series—With Rolfe Schulte, violin; William Purvis, horn; and Alan Feinberg, piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, Jan. 10, at 3.)

Chelsea Chamber Ensemble—With Abba Bogin, piano. (Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, Madison Ave. at 73rd St. Sunday, Jan. 10, at 4. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Marilyn Horne—Mezzo-soprano, with James Levine, piano, in a recital of songs. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Sunday, Jan. 10, at 5.)

On Original Instruments—Chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall. Monday, Jan. 11, at 8.)

NAC-U.S.A.—Six new works by six contemporary composers. The performers will be the Vox Nova Quintet; Steven Mayer and Max Lifchitz, piano; and others. (Weill Recital Hall. Monday, Jan. 11, at 8.)

New York Woodwind Quintet—With Gilbert Kalish, piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 12, at 8.)

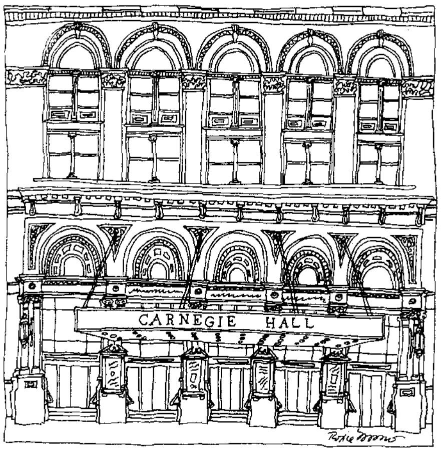
Juilliard String Quartet—Playing an all-Brahms program. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 12, at 8.) . . . ¶ In a Haydn-Hindemith-Beethoven program. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 16, at 8. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

Chamber Music at the Y—With Jaime Laredo and Carmit Zori, violin; Daniel Phillips, viola; Sharon Robinson, cello; Julius Levine, double bass; Harold Wright, clarinet; Frank Morelli, bassoon; and David Jolley and Stewart Rose, horn. (92nd Street Y. Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 12-13, at 8.)

André Watts—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Wednesday, Jan. 13, at 8.)

Marc-André Hamelin—Piano, making his New York recital début. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 13, at 8.)

Audubon Quartet—With Scott Nickrenz, viola. (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 13, at 8.)



Trio Musica Hispana—With Harold Coletta, viola. (Americas Society, Park Ave. at 68th St. 249-8950. Thursday, Jan. 14, at 8.)

Sylvia Rosenberg—Violin, playing, among other works, the New York première of George Perle's Sonata No. 2. (Merkin Concert Hall. Thursday, Jan. 14, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—Performing music from the time of Eleanor of Aquitaine: songs and hymns from medieval Paris, battle songs from the second and third crusades, laments for Richard Coeur de Lion, and other works. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 14, and Saturday, Jan. 16, at 8.)

Dawn Upshaw—Soprano, in a program of works by Stravinsky, Schoenberg, Mahler, and Bruckner. With assisting artists. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Jan. 15, at 8.)

Karine Georgian—Cello, with Sahan Arzruni, piano, in a program that features the American première of Tigran Mansurian's Sonata No. 2. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, Jan. 15, at 8.)

Beethoven Society—Five pianists (Jacob Lateiner, Lee Luvisi, Ursula Oppens, Seymour Lipkin, and Ralph Votapek) playing five popular sonatas. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 16, at 3.)

Spoleto Festival Chamber Music at BAM—With the Emerson String Quartet; Judith Mendenhall, flute; Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord; and Sara Thompson, double bass. The second in a series of seven concerts. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Saturday, Jan. 16, at 8.)

Laura Oltman—Classical guitarist, with John Danke, piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, Jan. 16, at 8.)

Note—The Buswell-Parnas-Luvisi Trio will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Jan. 24. Free tickets, limited to two per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, Jan. 11, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). A stamped, self-addressed envelope should be enclosed.

SPORTS

(The ticket-information number for Madison Square Garden is 563-8300, for the Meadowlands 1-201 935-3900, and for Nassau Coliseum 1-516 587-9222.)

Basketball—At **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA:** Nets vs. Denver Nuggets, Wednesday, Jan. 6. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Knicks, Friday, Jan. 8. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Sacramento Kings, Thursday, Jan. 14. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Boston Bruins, Saturday, Jan. 16. (Games begin at 7:30.) . . . **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Knicks vs. Boston Celtics, Saturday, Jan. 9, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Philadelphia 76ers, Saturday, Jan. 16, at 7:30.

Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Rangers vs. Vancouver Canucks, Wednesday, Jan. 6, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Monday, Jan. 11, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Detroit Red Wings, Wednesday, Jan. 13, at 7:35. . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA:** Devils vs. Vancouver Canucks, Thursday, Jan. 7, at 7:45. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Quebec Nordiques, Wednesday, Jan. 13, at 7:45. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Friday, Jan. 15, at 7:45. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. Quebec Nordiques, Thursday, Jan. 14, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Devils, Saturday, Jan. 16, at 5:05.

Racing—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30.

Trotting—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Nightly at 8; through Thursday, Jan. 7. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 7:30. . . . **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY:** Nightly at 7:30, from Friday, Jan. 8, through Tuesday, March 15.

ET ALIA

National Boat Show—More than a thousand sail and power boats—from racers and cruisers to dinghies and sailboards—and an equally impressive number of nautical accessories will be on view. (Jacob K. Javits Convention Center, Eleventh Ave. between 34th and 39th Sts. Saturdays, Jan. 9 and 16, from 10 to 10; Sundays, Jan. 10 and 17, from 11 to 7; and Monday through Friday, Jan. 11-15, from noon to 10.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)

Jan. 6: At 5:30, "Chan Is Missing" (1982; directed by Wayne Wang), with Wood May; at 7:15, "The Flavor of Green Tea Over Rice" (1952; Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese); and, at 9:30, "Joana Francesa" (1973; Carlos Diegues; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Jeanne Moreau and Carlos Kroeber.

Jan. 7: At 5:30, "Death by Hanging" (1968; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese); and, at 7:30, "The Mother and the Whore" (1973; Jean Eustache; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Bernadette Lafont, and Françoise Lebrun.

Jan. 8: At 5:30, "Last Year at Marienbad" (1961; Alain Resnais; in French), with Delphine Seyrig; at 7:15, "Tout Va Bien" (1972; Jean-Pierre Gorin and Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Yves Montand and Jane Fonda; and, at 9, "The Constant Factor" (1980; Krzysztof Zanussi; in Polish).

Jan. 9-10: At 3:45, "Diary of a Shinjuku Burglar" (1969; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese); at 5:30, "Last Year at Marienbad;" at 7:15, "Tout Va Bien;" and, at 9, "The Constant Factor."

Jan. 12-13: At 5:45, "Identification Marks: None" (1964; Jerzy Skolimowski; in Polish); at 7:15, "Sorekara (And Then)" (†); and, at 9:45, "Word Is Out" (1978), a documentary based on conversations with twenty-six homosexual men and women.

Jan. 14: At 5:30, "The End of Summer" (1961; Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese); and, at 7:30, "The Idiot" (1951; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.

From Jan. 15: "Stacking" (Martin Rosen), with Megan Follows, Frederic Forrest, and Christine Lahti.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Wall Street" (Oliver Stone), with Michael Douglas, Charlie Sheen, Daryl Hannah, and Martin Sheen.
Theatre 2: "Empire of the Sun" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Last Emperor" (†).

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Broadcast News" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Three Men and a Baby" (Leonard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Planes, Trains and Automobiles" (John Hughes), with Steve Martin and John Candy.
Theatre 2: "Overboard" (Garry Marshall), with Goldie Hawn and Kurt Russell.
Theatre 3: "Throw Momma from the Train" (Danny DeVito), with Billy Crystal and DeVito.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Empire of the Sun" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Fatal Attraction" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Moonstruck" (Norman Jewison), with Cher and Nicolas Cage.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Wall Street" (Oliver Stone), with Michael Douglas, Charlie Sheen, Daryl Hannah, and Martin Sheen.

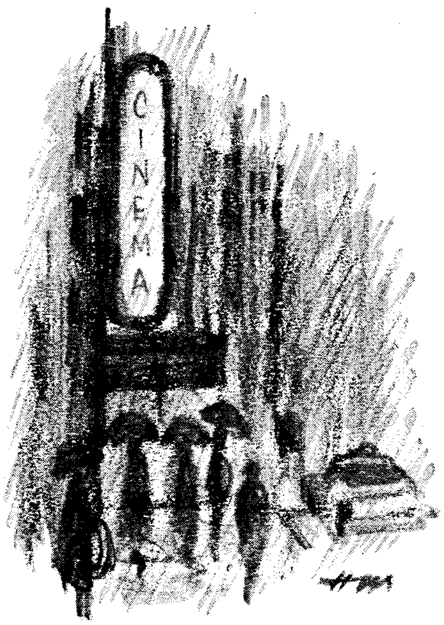
Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Manon of the Spring" (†).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Three Men and a Baby" (Leonard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.
Theatre 2: "Three Men and a Baby."

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Nuts" (Martin Ritt), with Barbra Streisand and Richard Dreyfuss.
Theatre 2: "Broadcast News" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Throw Momma from the Train" (Danny DeVito), with Billy Crystal and DeVito.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "The Dead" (†).
Theatre 2: "Good Morning, Vietnam" (†).



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 13.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Planes, Trains and Automobiles" (John Hughes), with Steve Martin and John Candy.
Theatre 2: "Overboard" (Garry Marshall), with Goldie Hawn and Kurt Russell.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Empire of the Sun" (†).

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Batteries Not Included" (Matthew Robbins), with Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy.
Theatre 2: "September" (Woody Allen).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne" (†).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Ironweed" (†).

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Batteries Not Included" (Matthew Robbins), with Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Planes, Trains and Automobiles" (John Hughes), with Steve Martin and John Candy.
Theatre 2: "Eddie Murphy Raw" (Robert Townsend), a concert film.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Nuts" (Martin Ritt), with Barbra Streisand and Richard Dreyfuss.
Theatre 2: "Wall Street" (Oliver Stone), with Michael Douglas, Charlie Sheen, Daryl Hannah, and Martin Sheen.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatres open in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: A two-week program of six new films from Europe, South America, and Asia. The schedule of showings is complicated; our best advice is to phone the theatre for titles and time schedules.
Theatre 2: See listings under "Revival Houses."

Bleecker St. Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 7: "Rendez-vous" (†). From Jan. 8: "Matewan" (John Sayles), with Chris Cooper and James Earl Jones.
Theatre 2: "Tampopo" (†).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Nuts" (directed by Martin Ritt), with Barbra Streisand and Richard Dreyfuss.
Theatre 2: "Dirty Dancing" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Eddie Murphy Raw" (Robert Townsend), a concert film.

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Barfly" (†).
Theatre 2: "September" (Woody Allen).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "My Life as a Dog" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 7: "Dark Eyes" (†). From Jan. 8: "Anna" (Yurek Bogayevicz), with Sally Kirkland, Paulina Porizkova, and Robert Fields.
Theatre 3: "Housekeeping" (†).
Theatre 4: "Hope and Glory" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Three Men and a Baby" (Leonard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.
Theatre 2: "Fatal Attraction" (†).
Theatre 3: "Batteries Not Included" (Matthew Robbins), with Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Throw Momma from the Train" (Danny DeVito), with Billy Crystal and DeVito.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Cry Freedom" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Eddie Murphy Raw" (Robert Townsend), a concert film.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"The Last Emperor" (†).

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
"Dirty Dancing" (†).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
"Housekeeping" (†).

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
"Ludwig" (1973; Luchino Visconti), with Helmut Berger, Romy Schneider, Trevor Howard, and Silvana Mangano. The 268-minute version.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Maurice" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Glass Menagerie" (Paul Newman), with Joanne Woodward, Karen Allen, and John Malkovich.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Throw Momma from the Train" (Danny DeVito), with Billy Crystal and DeVito.

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Jean de Florette" (†).
Theatre 2: "My Life as a Dog" (†).
Theatre 3: "Dark Eyes" (†).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Repentance" (Tengiz Abuladze; in Russian).
Theatre 2: "Sammy and Rosie Get Laid" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Empire of the Sun" (†).

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Broadcast News" (†).
Theatre 2: "Three Men and a Baby" (Leonard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Nuts" (Martin Ritt), with

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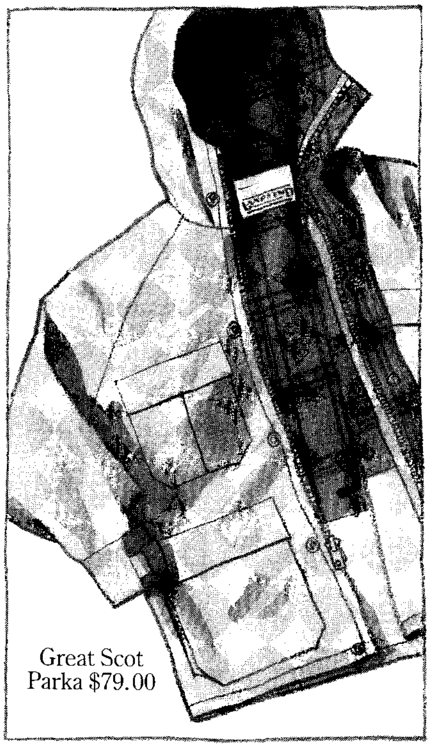

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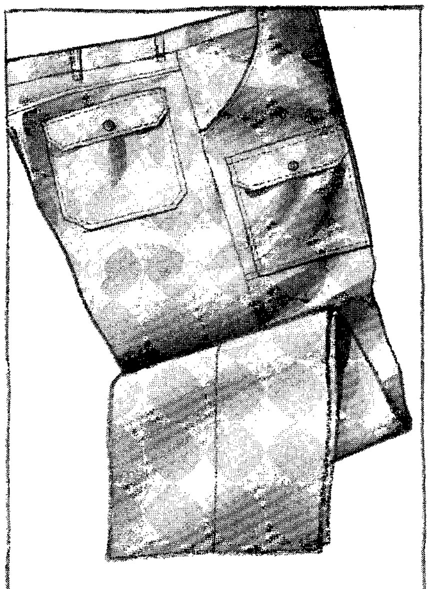

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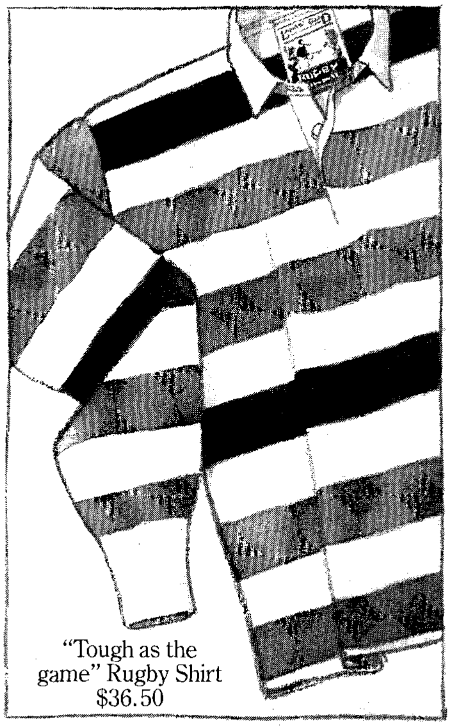

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Barbra Streisand and Richard Dreyfuss.
Theatre 2: "Good Morning, Vietnam" (†).
Theatre 3: "Moonstruck" (Norman Jewison), with Cher and Nicolas Cage.
Theatre 4: "September" (Woody Allen).
Theatre 5: "Batteries Not Included" (Matthew Robbins), with Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy.
Theatre 6: "Planes, Trains and Automobiles" (John Hughes), with Steve Martin and John Candy.

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "House of Games" (David Mamet), with Lindsay Crouse and Joe Mantegna.
Theatre 2: "Three Men and a Baby" (Leonard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.

Columbia Cinema, B'way at 103rd. (866-7500)
"Eddie Murphy Raw" (Robert Townsend), a concert film.

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Overboard" (Garry Marshall), with Goldie Hawn and Kurt Russell.
Theatre 2: "Wall Street" (Oliver Stone), with Michael Douglas, Charlie Sheen, Daryl Hannah, and Martin Sheen.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Fatal Beauty" (directed by Tom Holland), with Whoopi Goldberg, Sam Elliott, and Rubén Blades.
Theatre 2: "Wall Street" (Oliver Stone), with Michael Douglas, Charlie Sheen, Daryl Hannah, and Martin Sheen.
Theatre 3: "Nuts" (Martin Ritt), with Barbra Streisand and Richard Dreyfuss.
Theatre 4: "The Running Man" (Paul Michael Glaser), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Maria Conchita Alonso.
Theatre 5: "Flowers in the Attic" (Jeffrey Bloom), with Victoria Tennant.
Theatre 6: "Sign o' the Times" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Three Men and a Baby" (Leonard Nimoy), with Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg, and Ted Danson.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, Seventh Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Eddie Murphy Raw" (Robert Townsend), a concert film.
Theatre 3: "Eddie Murphy Raw."
Theatre 4: "Fatal Attraction" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Planes, Trains and Automobiles" (John Hughes), with Steve Martin and John Candy.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Batteries Not Included" (Matthew Robbins), with Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Broadcast News" (†).
Theatre 2: "Empire of the Sun" (†).

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Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)
"Overboard" (Garry Marshall), with Goldie Hawn and Kurt Russell.

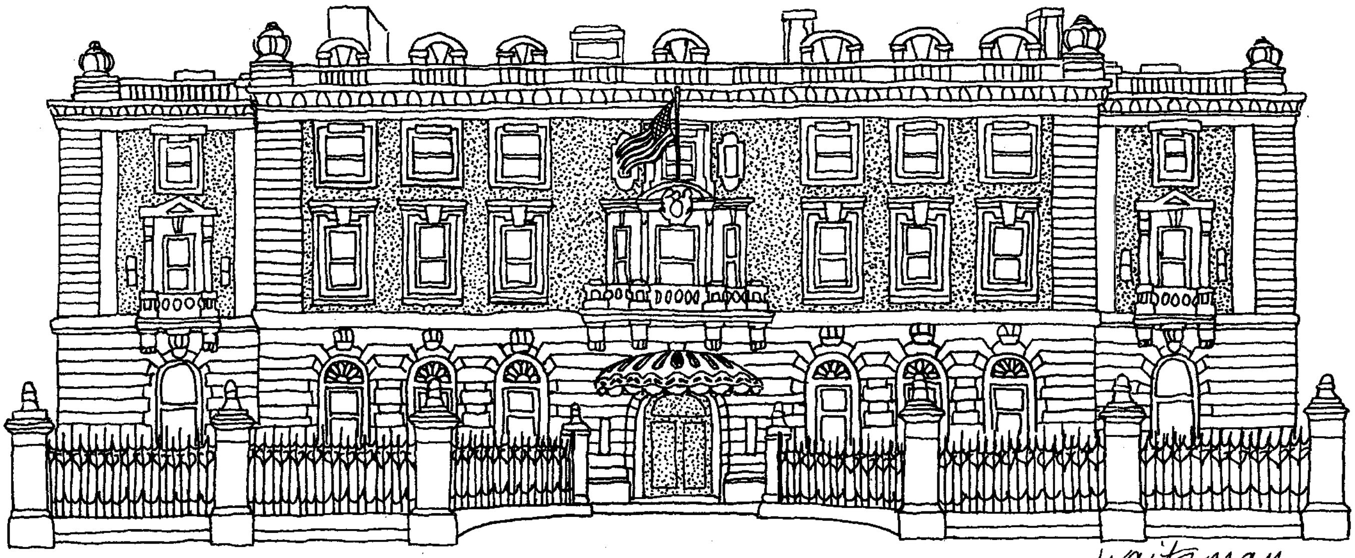
REVIVAL HOUSES

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Jan. 7: "Withnail and I" (1987; directed by Bruce Robinson), with Richard E. Grant and Paul McGann; and "Next Stop, Greenwich Village" (1976; Paul Mazursky), with Shelley Winters, Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio Fargas.
Jan. 8-9: "Solaris" (1976; Andrei Tarkovsky; in Russian); and "Aelita" (1924; Yakov Protazanov; a Russian silent film).
Jan. 10: "Parsifal" (1983; Hans-Jürgen Syberberg; in German), with Karin Krick and Michael Kutter.
Jan. 11-12: "Death in Venice" (†) and "L'Avventura" (†).
Jan. 13-14: "Salò, 120 Days of Sodom" (1977; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian); and "Pigpen" (1969; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Pierre Clémenti and Jean-Pierre Léaud.
Jan. 15-16: "Dune" (1984; David Lynch), with Kyle MacLachlan; and "Blue Velvet" (1986; David Lynch), with Kyle MacLachlan, Isabella Rossellini, Dennis Hopper, and Laura Dern.

Film Forum 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Jan. 7: "Lord of the Dance" (1987; Richard Kohn).
Jan. 8-14: "Doulos—The Finger Man" (1962; Jean-Pierre Melville; in French), with Jean-Paul Belmondo.
From Jan. 15: "The Red Shoes" (1948; Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger), with Moira Shearer and Léonide Massine; and "The Lovers of Teruel" (1962; Raymond Rouleau; in French), with Ludmilla Tcherina.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Jan. 6: "Sunset Boulevard" (1950; Billy Wilder), with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim; and "Show People" (1928; King Vidor; a silent film), with Marion Davies.
Jan. 7: "Lolita" (1962; Stanley Kubrick), with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters; and "King, Queen, Knave" (1972; Jerzy Skolimowski), with David Niven, Gina Lollobrigida, and John Moulder-Brown.
Jan. 8-9: "My Beautiful Laundrette" (1986; Stephen Frears), with Roshan Seth, Saeed Jaffrey, Gordon Warnecke, and Daniel Day Lewis; and "Another Country" (1984; Marek Kanievska), with Rupert Everett.
Jan. 10: "Blow-Up" (†) and "Red Desert" (†).
Jan. 11: "The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds" (†) and "The Hustler" (†).
Jan. 12: "Angel Heart" (1987; Alan Parker), with Mickey Rourke, Robert De Niro, Lisa Bonet, and Charlotte Rampling; and "The Big Easy" (1986; Jim McBride), with Dennis Quaid, Ellen Barkin, and Ned Beatty.
Jan. 13: "Hearts of the West" (†); and "The Purple Rose of Cairo" (1985; Woody Allen), with Mia Farrow and Jeff Daniels.
Jan. 14: "Shame" (1968; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Liv Ullmann, Max von Sydow, and Gunnar Björnstrand; and "The Passion of Anna" (1970; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Liv Ullmann, Bibi Andersson, Max von Sydow, and Erland Josephson.
Jan. 15-16: "Full Metal Jacket" (1987; Stanley Kubrick), with Matthew Modine; and "A Clockwork Orange" (1971; Stanley Kubrick), with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Jan. 6: "Terror by Night" (1946; Roy William Neill), the thirteenth in the Basil Rathbone–Nigel Bruce Sherlock Holmes–Dr. Watson series; and "Dressed to Kill" (1946; Roy William Neill), the fourteenth, and last, in the Rathbone-Bruce Holmes-Watson series.
Jan. 7: "Breaker Morant" (1980; Bruce Beresford), with Edward Woodward; and "Gallipoli" (1981; Peter Weir), with Mel Gibson, Mark Lee, and Bill Kerr.
Jan. 8-9: "Dark Passage" (1947; Delmer Daves), with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Agnes Moorehead; and "To Have and Have Not" (1944; Howard Hawks), with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan.
Jan. 10: "The Misfits" (1961; John Huston), with Clark Gable, Marilyn Monroe, and Montgomery Clift; and "River of No Return" (1954; Otto Preminger), with Robert Mitchum and Marilyn Monroe.
Jan. 11: "The Earrings of Madame de . . ." (†); and "Le Plaisir" (1952; Max Ophuls; in French), with Claude Dauphin, Daniel Gélin, Simone Simon, Madeleine Renaud, and Jean Gabin.
Jan. 12: "The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner" (1962; Tony Richardson), with Michael Redgrave and Tom Courtenay; and "The Loved One" (†).
Jan. 13: "Murder She Said" (1962; George Pollock) and "Murder Ahoy" (1964; George Pollock), both with Margaret Rutherford as Agatha Christie's Jane Marple.
Jan. 14: "Bus Stop" (1956; Joshua Logan), with Marilyn Monroe, Don Murray, Arthur O'Connell, Betty Field, and Eileen Heckart; and "Niagara" (1953; Henry Hath-



away), with Marilyn Monroe, Joseph Cotten, and Jean Peters.

Jan. 15-16: "East of Eden" (1955; Elia Kazan), with Julie Harris, James Dean, Raymond Massey, and Richard Davalos; and "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955; Nicholas Ray), with James Dean, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, Corey Allen, and Nick Adams.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Theatre 1: Jan. 7 at 2:30: "Mississippi Blues" (1984; directed by Bertrand Tavernier), with Robert Parrish. . . . ¶ Jan. 7 at 6: "Krzysztof Penderecki" (1968; Krzysztof Zanussi; in Polish, with English narration and subtitles); and "Night Duty" (1975; Krzysztof Zanussi; in German, with English subtitles), with Elisabeth Bergner. . . . ¶ Jan. 8 at 2:30: "Imperative" (1982; Krzysztof Zanussi; in German, with English subtitles), with Robert Powell, Brigitte Fossey, and Leslie Caron. . . . ¶ Jan. 9 at 2: "A Special Day" (1977; Ettore Scola; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni. . . . ¶ Jan. 9 at 5: "Death Watch" (1979; Bertrand Tavernier), with Romy Schneider, Harvey Keitel, Harry Dean Stanton, and Max von Sydow. . . . ¶ Jan. 10 at 2: "The Clockmaker" (1974; Bertrand Tavernier; in French, with English subtitles), with Philippe Noiret and Jean Rochefort. . . . ¶ Jan. 10 at 5: "Inspector Pepe" (1969; Ettore Scola; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Ugo Tognazzi. . . . ¶ Jan. 11 at 2:30: "Excuse Me, My Name Is Rocco Papaleo" (1971; Ettore Scola; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Marcello Mastroianni and Lauren Hutton. . . . ¶ Jan. 11 at 6: "Drama of Jealousy" (1970; Ettore Scola; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Marcello Mastroianni, Monica Vitti, and Giancarlo Giannini. . . . ¶ Jan. 12 at 2:30: "The Year of the Quiet Sun" (1984; Krzysztof Zanussi; in Polish, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Jan. 12 at 6: "Contract" (1980; Krzysztof Zanussi; in Polish, with English subtitles). Mr. Zanussi will be present. . . . ¶ Jan. 14 at 2:30: "Down and Dirty" (1976; Ettore Scola; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Nino Manfredi. . . . ¶ Jan. 14 at 6: "We All Loved Each Other So Much" (1974; Ettore Scola; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Vittorio Gassman, Nino Manfredi, and Stefania Sandrelli. . . . ¶ Jan. 15 at 2:30: "Passione d'Amore" (1981; Ettore Scola; in Italian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Jan. 15 at 6: "La Nuit de Varennes" (1982; Ettore Scola; in French, with English subtitles), with Marcello Mastroianni, Hanna Schygulla, and Jean-Louis Trintignant. . . . ¶ Jan. 16 at 2: "Le Bal" (1983; Ettore Scola). . . . ¶ Jan. 16 at 5: "The Clockmaker."

Theatre 2: Jan. 7 at 3 and 6:30: "Snakes and Ladders" (1987; Mitzi Goldman and Trish Fitzsimmons), a documentary. . . . ¶ Jan. 8 at 3: "Sisters" (1972; Brian De Palma), with Margot Kidder and Jennifer Salt. . . . ¶ Jan. 8 at 6: "Girl" (1966; Paul Williams); and "Badlands" (1974; Terrence Malick), with Sissy Spacek, Martin Sheen, and Warren Oates. . . . ¶ Jan. 9 at 2:30: "True Stories" (1986; David Byrne), with Byrne and Swoosie Kurtz. . . . ¶ Jan. 9 at 5:30: "Phantom of the Paradise" (1974; Brian De Palma), with Paul Williams, William Finley, and Jessica Harper. . . . ¶ Jan. 10 at 2:30: "Conan the Barbarian" (1982; John Milius), with Arnold Schwarzenegger, James Earl Jones, and Max von Sydow. . . . ¶ Jan. 10 at 5:30: "Sisters." . . . ¶ Jan. 11 at 6:30: A program of films by Stuart Sherman, who will be present. . . . ¶ Jan. 14 at 3 and 6:30: "Yukon Journal" (1986; David Parry), a documentary. . . . ¶ Jan. 15 at 3: "Heartbeat" (1979; John Byrum), with Nick Nolte, Sissy Spacek, and John Heard. . . . ¶ Jan. 15 at 6:30: "True Stories." . . . ¶ Jan. 16 at 2:30: "Conan the Barbarian." . . . ¶ Jan. 16 at 5:30: "Das Boot" (1981; Wolfgang Petersen; in German, with English subtitles), with Jürgen Prochnow.

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—Through Feb. 6: A retrospective of the television performances of Jackie Gleason. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(Unsigned notes are by Pauline Kael; others are by Penelope Gilliatt and Terrence Rafferty.)

L'Avventura (1959)—Michelangelo Antonioni's study of the human condition at the higher social and economic levels—a study of adjusted, compromising modern man, afflicted by short memory, thin remorse, the capacity for easy betrayal. This is upper-class neorealism—the poetry of moral and spiritual poverty. There had been nothing like it before, and it isn't fair to blame this movie for all the elegant sleepwalking and desolation that followed. There's something great here—a new mood, a new emotional rhythm—even with all the affectation. Léa Massari is the woman who quarrels with her architect lover (Gabriele Ferzetti) and then disappears from the uninhabited island they're visiting; Monica Vitti is her friend who takes up the search and then takes her place with the architect. In Italian. (Cinema Village; Jan. 11-12.)

Barfly—The sixty-seven-year-old L.A. poet Charles Bukowski wrote this semi-autobiographical script about his heavy-drinking skid-row days just after the Second World War, when he was a scrappy young man, in his mid- to late twenties. But Mickey Rourke, who plays the role, imitates the tortoise movements of the battle-scarred survivor Bukowski, the writer-philosopher, the sage. This howler gives the movie a comic boost. Rourke twinkles with amusement at doing Bukowski, and the two principal women (Faye Dunaway as a burned-out drinker, Alice Krige as the wealthy publisher of a literary magazine) twinkle back. The movie, though, is big on life affirmation. The director, Barbet Schroeder, wanting to please the Master, inadvertently exposes Bukowski's messianic windbag sensibility at its most self-satisfied. You wouldn't guess at Bukowski's talent from this movie. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/2/87.) (Art Greenwich Twin.)

Blow-Up (1966)—Michelangelo Antonioni conducts a leisurely tour of Swinging London, lingering over the flashiest routes and dawdling over a pot party and a mini-orgy, while ponderously suggesting that the mod scene represents a condition of spiritual malaise in which people live only for the sensations of the moment. Yet despite Antonioni's negativism the world he presents looks harmless, and sex without "connecting" doesn't really seem so bad. With David Hemmings, Vanessa Redgrave, Sarah Miles, Verushka, Jane Birkin, and Peter Bowles. Cinematography by Carlo Di Palma. (Thalia SoHo; Jan. 10.)

Broadcast News—With William Hurt, Albert Brooks, and Holly Hunter; directed by James L. Brooks. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Gramercy, Coronet, Embassy 72nd St., and National Twin.)

Cry Freedom—Attempting to use the martyrdom of young Stephen Biko (Denzel Washington), the leader of the Black Consciousness Movement, to arouse the audience to the tragic injustice of apartheid, the producer-director Richard Attenborough feels justified in using events out of their historical sequence, compressing them, and distorting freely. The epic collapses before midpoint when Biko is badly beaten while in the custody of the Security Police and dies, in September, 1977, of brain injuries. The story then shifts to the efforts of Donald Woods (Kevin Kline), a white newspaper editor, to escape with his wife and five children, taking with him the manuscript of a book he has written about his friend Biko. And we're painfully aware that despite the movie's hopes of raising the white audience's consciousness, we whites are assumed to need a white man to identify with. Screenplay by John Briley, based on Woods' books "Biko" and "Asking for Trouble." Shot mostly in Zimbabwe; 2 hours and 37 minutes. (11/30/87) (Ziegfeld.)

Dark Eyes—Directed by Nikita Mikhalkov and shot in Italy and the Soviet Union, it amalgamates several short stories by Chekhov and is the kind of movie that is referred to as a "broad tapestry." It features obviousness and mugging—each in almost unprecedented amounts. Marcello Mastroianni is the weak, self-hating Romano, who tells the story of his wasted life: how he became the spoiled pet of his rich wife (Silvana Mangano), took mistresses (Marthe Keller is one of them), and at a spa was touched by the seriousness of Anna (Elena Sofonova)—Chekhov's woman with the little dog—and, on the pretext of opening a factory, followed her to Russia. Mastroianni won the best-actor award at Cannes for his performance in this massive hunk of Italo-Russian kitsch. When he's Romano, it's as if he were putting on a classroom exhibition of how to turn yourself into another person—he shows the class every bit of calculation. It's exemplary; it's horrible. The script is by Alexander Adabachian and Mikhalkov, with the collaboration of Suso Cecchi D'Amico. In Italian. (10/5/87) (Lincoln Plaza. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Jan. 7.)

The Dead—Working in a mood of tranquil exuberance, the eighty-year-old John Huston made a great warm, funny movie out of the great story that James Joyce wrote at twenty-five. Huston never before blended his actors so intuitively, so musically. The party that the Morkan sisters and their fortyish niece give in their Dublin town house on January 6, 1904, the Feast of the Epiphany, suggests the Chekhov production of your dreams, or maybe one of Satyajit Ray's triumphs. The cast is glorious: Donal McCann is Gabriel; Anjelica Huston is Gabriel's wife, Gretta; Donal Donnelly is Freddy; Marie Kean is Freddy's mother; Cathleen Delany is Aunt Julia; Helena Carroll is Aunt Kate; Ingrid Craigie is Mary Jane; Dan O'Herlihy is the Protestant Mr. Browne; and Frank Patterson is the tenor who sings "The Lass of Aughrim." Screenplay by Tony Huston; cinematography by Fred Murphy; score by Alex North. (12/14/87) (Cinema I.)

Death in Venice (1971)—Visconti's film of the great Thomas Mann story of 1911, with Dirk Bogarde as Aschenbach, turned by Visconti from an author into a composer based on Mahler. The film is an odd mixture of unearthly beauty and almighty carryings on, with something suffocatingly literal made of the purity of Aschenbach's love for the fourteen-year-old whom he meets at the Hôtel des Bains on the Lido. Many, many things here are wonderful, though.—P.G. (Cinema Village; Jan. 11-12.)

Dirty Dancing—Set in a Catskills resort in the summer of 1963, this bright dance musical is about the role that dancing had in the embryonic counterculture. It's also a girl's version of that old phony: the-summer-I-grew-up-and-everything-changed. In the boys' version, the hero typically came down to earth with a jolt. But this is a girl's coming-of-age fantasy: the seventeen-year-old heroine, Baby (Jennifer Grey), ascends to spiritual and sensual perfection. For Baby, a doctor's daughter, the change occurs as the result of self-discovery through dancing and then through her sexual initiation and her full and open commitment to the resort's working-class dance instructor, Johnny (Patrick Swayze). Too many life lessons are learned in this bubble-headed, retro vision of growing up in the sixties, and its wish-fulfillment aspect makes Baby and Johnny and all their dirty-dancing friends pure of heart—it defuses any possible explosiveness in the material. But the director, Emile Ardolino, and the choreographer, Kenny Ortega, use the dancing to bring out the sensual dreaminess of the songs, and the screenwriter, Eleanor Bergstein, writes light, rumpled dialogue that helps you over the hooey. With Cynthia Rhodes, Jack Weston, Jerry Orbach, Honi Coles, Lonny Price, Kelly Bishop, and Jane Brucker. (8/24/87) (Waverly, and New Carnegie.)

The Earrings of Madame de . . . (1953)—Perfection. This tragedy of love, which begins in narcissistic flirtation and passes from romance to passion to desperation, is set, ironically, in aristocratic circles that seem too superficial to take love tragically. The performances by Danielle Darrieux as Madame de, by Vittorio De Sica as her lover the Baron, and by Charles Boyer as her husband, Monsieur de, a general, are quite likely the finest each has given. Max Ophuls' lush, decorative style, his re-creation of a vanished elegance, and his darting, swirling camera are used to evoke the protection that style and manners and wealth provide, and to demonstrate that passion destroys it all. Even the fashionable and secure become rash, make fools of themselves. Madame de places love before honor (what woman does not?), and neither her husband nor her lover can forgive her. With Jean Debucourt and Lia de Léa. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 11.)

The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds (1972)—Beatrice (Joanne Woodward), *also known as Betty the Loon, is a* rampaging jokester-mother who is frustrated and lost; she inflicts her misery on her two daughters (Nell Potts and Roberta Wallach). Although Paul Newman's direction is sensitive and well balanced, the Paul Zindel play is essentially a camp version of the mood-memory plays of Tennessee Williams and William Inge. (Thalia SoHo; Jan. 11.)

Empire of the Sun—At the outset, this Steven Spielberg epic is so big and majestic you want to laugh in pleasure, and it stays that way for about forty-five minutes—Spielberg takes over Shanghai, and makes it his city. But then, first in brief patches and then in longer ones, his directing goes terribly wrong. The story, taken from J. G. Ballard's autobiographical novel, is set at the outbreak of the Second World War, and it's about Jim (Christian Bale), an eleven-year-old British schoolboy, who is separated from his parents when the Japanese Army invades the city, on December 8, 1941, and how he changes in order to survive three years of starving in a prison camp. It isn't told straightforwardly, though. Spielberg throws himself into bravura passages, lingers over them trying to give them a poetic obsessiveness, and loses his grasp of the narrative. For the sake of emotion—to have something to say, to give the picture some meaning—he pumps it full of false emotion. (That's what his poetry is.) The picture is a combination of craftsmanship and almost unbelievable tastelessness. Every time Spielberg tries to make a humanitarian statement, he falls flat on his face—not just because his statements are so naïve but because they go against the grain of Ballard's material. John Williams' editorializing music swells and swooshes, trying to make you feel that something religious is going on. Christian Bale is a fine performer, directed superlatively; also with John Malkovich, Miranda Richardson, Nigel Havers, and Joe Pantoliano. The adaptation is credited to Tom Stoppard (it was also worked on by Menno Meyjes); the cinematography is by Allen Daviau. Spielberg had permission to shoot in Shanghai for only three weeks; the settings were matched up and constructed in Spain and London. 2 hours and 33 minutes. (12/28/87) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 34th St. East, Beekman, Regency, and National Twin.)

Fatal Attraction—A primer on the bad things that can happen if a man cheats on his wife. There's sometimes a fine line between sexiness and craziness, and the hero (Michael Douglas), a Manhattan corporate lawyer—a settled married man—isn't hip enough to catch the danger signals when he lets a woman book editor (Glenn Close) talk him into going with her to her loft. Once this woman begins behaving as if she had a right to a share in the lawyer's life, she becomes the dreaded lunatic of horror movies. But with a difference; she parrots the aggressively angry, self-righteous statements that have become commonplaces of feminist fiction, and they're so inappropriate to the circumstances that they're the proof she's loco. They're also the director Adrian Lyne's and the screenwriter James Dearden's hostile version of feminism. Basically, this is a gross-out slasher movie in a glossy format, and it enforces conventional morality (in the era of AIDS) by piling fear on paranoiac fear. With Anne Archer as the beautiful homebody wife, Ellen Hamilton Latzen as the bright little daughter, and Stuart Pankin as the clowning pal. Tip-top editing by Michael Kahn and Peter E. Berger. (10/19/87) (Eastside Cinema, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Embassy.)

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Good Morning, Vietnam—With Robin Williams, directed by Barry Levinson. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema II, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

Hearts of the West (1975)—Jeff Bridges is just the right actor to play Lewis Tater, an Iowa farm boy who writes Western stories and aspires to be like his idol, Zane Grey. Lewis leaves home in 1929, heads toward the land of his purple-prose dreams, and stumbles into a job as a stuntman in Western pictures directed by a penny-pinching hysteric played by Alan Arkin. This nostalgia comedy has an eccentric enchantment to it. The troupe of cowboy actors, headed by Andy Griffith, is the most engaging ensemble since the Dead End Kids, and the heroine, a script girl, is played by wide-eyed Blythe Danner, who is reminiscent of both Margaret Sullavan and Jean Arthur. Howard Zieff directed. (Thalia SoHo; Jan. 13.)

Hope and Glory—A great comedy about the blitz. In this autobiographical film, the writer-director John Boorman has had the inspiration to desentimentalize wartime England and show us the Second World War the way he saw it as an eight-year-old—as a party that kept going day after day, night after night. Boorman lets his characters say the previously unsayable. Bored with crouching indoors during the nightly raids by the Luftwaffe, the dimply blond fifteen-year-old Dawn (Sammi Davis), the eldest of the three Rohan children, runs outside, watches the firefighters at work on a blazing house, and dances in the Rohans' postage-stamp-size front garden. "It's lovely!" she calls out. The large cast includes Sebastian Rice Edwards as the eight-year-old Bill, Geraldine Muir as his little sister, Sarah Miles as his mother, David Hayman as his father, Ian Bannen as his grandfather, and Susan Wooldridge, Derrick O'Connor, and Jean-Marc Barr as the Canadian jokester. (10/5/87) (Quad Cinema.)

Housekeeping—Marilynne Robinson's novel about two orphaned sisters and the nature-loving, itinerant aunt who arrives to keep house for them has a wonderful representation of a psychological state: Aunt Sylvie seems to spend her life falling into a non-verbal world—staring at nothingness. But the novel also has a bag-lady mystique—a poetic view of vagrancy. The idea seems to be that if you give up conventional values and material things you can wander the earth and lead a magical life. Bill Forsyth, who adapted and directed the movie version, doesn't make the material his own; he doesn't find his own rhythms. The early scenes are whimsical and promising, but the later ones have a clammy, awkward lyricism. Since Sylvie is always remote and has to wake up out of her basic trance to respond to a situation, Christine Lahti, who plays the part, can't call on her full resourcefulness. (12/14/87) (Quad Cinema, and Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

The Hustler (1961)—The test of what a man has inside him is set here in the world of pool sharks. Paul Newman is the young contender, Fast Eddie Felson, and Jackie Gleason is the old champ, Minnesota Fats. But the director, Robert Rossen, and his co-writer, Sidney Carroll, surround the test with an extra forty minutes or so of flabby "poetry." The dialogue comes out of the thirties and borrows heavily from Clifford Odets. The picture is swollen with windy thoughts and murky notions of perversions, and as Eddie's manager the magnetic young George C. Scott seems to be a Satan figure, but it has strength and conviction, and Newman gives a fine, emotional performance. You can see all the picture's faults and still love it. It's the most vital and likable of Rossen's movies. With Piper Laurie, Murray Hamilton, and Myron McCormick. Based on the Walter Tevis novel. (Thalia SoHo; Jan. 11.)

Ironweed—With Jack Nicholson and Meryl Streep, directed by Hector Babenco. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews Tower East.)

Jean de Florette—The setting is Provence in the early nineteen-twenties. As the hunchback Jean de Florette, an educated, nature-loving city fellow who has learned about farming from books, Gérard Depardieu wears "GOOD MAN" in capital letters across his wide brow; in smaller letters we can read "He has poetry in his soul." Jean has a devoted wife (Elisabeth Depardieu), who used to sing in opera, and a delicate little daughter named Manon. And for slightly over two hours we watch him trudge across the land he has inherited hauling two barrels of water that are fastened across his hump. When there's no rain, his plants shrivel and his rabbits die, and it's agonizing for us, because we know that there's a spring of fresh mountain water on the land. His neighbors—the prosperous, greedy old peasant César Soubeyran (Yves Montand) and César's dull-witted nephew, Ugolin (Daniel Auteuil)—have hidden the spring under a load of cement, so that Jean will be forced to sell out to them. Adapted from the first volume of Marcel Pagnol's two-part novel "The Water of the Hills," published in 1963 (it was derived from a picture he made in 1952). The story of Jean de Florette is completed in the film "Manon of the Spring" (see below). The director, Claude Berri, who did the adaptation with Gérard Brach, aimed for fidelity to the novel; he has said that it was his task to give the material "a cinematic rhythm," but "there was no need for imagination." That's what *he* thinks. In French. (7/13/87) (Lincoln Plaza.)

The Last Emperor—Bernardo Bertolucci tells the story of Pu Yi, who was not quite three when, in 1908, he was set on the Dragon Throne in Peking's Forbidden City and became the titular ruler of a third of the people on earth. After being deposed and then enthroned again in Japanese-occupied Manchuria, he was in Soviet custody for five years, and then spent ten years being "reëducated" in a Chinese war-criminals prison. The movie doesn't have the juicy absurdity that seems to pour right out of the historical story. And it suppresses the drama. But it has pictorial grace and a dull fascination. Bertolucci presents Pu Yi (John Lone) as a man without will or backbone who lives his life as spectacle—who watches his life go by. And so we're given a historical pageant without a protagonist. There's an idea here, but it's a dippy idea—it results in a passive movie. With Joan Chen and Peter O'Toole. Cinematography by Vittorio Storaro; the film shows the palaces and courtyards of the two-hundred-and-fifty-acre Forbidden City. 2 hours and 46 minutes. (11/30/87) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, and 57th St. Playhouse.)

The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne—A spinster in spite of her sensual nature, Judy Hearne, who lives in Dublin, is all pretension. Everybody sees through her, and she knows it, but she can't get rid of her own mealymouthed phoniness: it's ingrained in her. Maggie Smith, who plays the part, lets you read every shade of feeling in Judy's face; she makes you feel the ghastliness of knowing you're a figure of fun. Taken from Brian

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Moore's 1955 novel (a work of surpassing empathy written when he was only twenty-seven), the movie, directed by Jack Clayton, is a phenomenal piece of work. It's about Judy's misunderstanding the attentions of her landlady's brother (Bob Hoskins) and thinking herself to be in the midst of a romance; it's about her isolation, her secret drinking, and her rage against the Church for her wasted life. There has probably never been another movie in which a woman rejected the Church fathers' ready-made answers. Maggie Smith and Wendy Hiller (who plays Judy's tyrannical aunt) are magnificent together, and the cast includes Ian McNeice, who, as the landlady's son, gives the film a baroque touch that helps offset the shallow, virtuous ending, Marie Kean as the landlady, and Rudi Davies as a young slavey. The adaptation is by Peter Nelson. (12/28/87) (68th St. Playhouse.)

The Loved One (1965)—In 1948, Evelyn Waugh wrote "The Loved One," a short satirical novel about one of the last outposts of empire—the British colony in the movie business—and its renegade poet who goes to work in a cemetery for pets. From the look of the film, director Tony Richardson shot every plausible idea that came to him, and then, as the footage had no flow, no development, he chopped it up and slapped it together hard, trying to use overlapping sound to plug up the holes. But it's funny anyway. Although the picture has lost its center, some of the fragments are good and jagged. This botched picture is a triumphant disaster—a sinking ship that makes it to port because everybody on board is too giddy to panic. With Robert Morse, Milton Berle and Margaret Leighton—who are quite amazing together—Rod Steiger, Jonathan Winters, and Liberace. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 12.)

Manon of the Spring—Will Fate settle the hash of César Soubeyran (Yves Montand) and his cretinous nephew, Ugolin (Daniel Auteuil), the Provençal farmers whose treachery caused the death of gentle, hunchbacked Jean de Florette? Of course it will. To keep us awake while we're waiting for the inevitable, this concluding half of Claude Berri's adaptation of the Marcel Pagnol novel "The Water of the Hills" serves up pretty much the same menu as "Jean de Florette" (see above): changing seasons (exquisitely shot by Bruno Nuytten), Montand looking sly, Auteuil gaping, wiry peasants and fat shopkeepers shouting at each other over bottles of vin ordinaire. With Emmanuelle Béart. Screenplay by Berri and Gérard Brach, with a credit for original dialogue by Pagnol. In French. —T.R. (Plaza.)

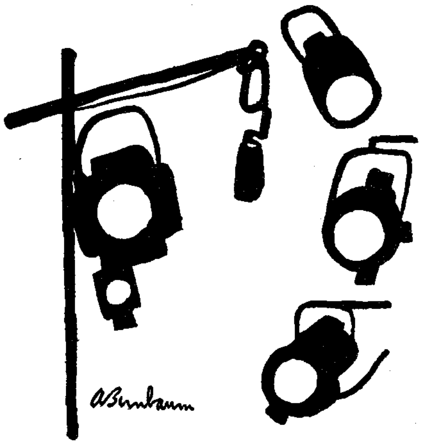
Maurice—The director James Ivory painstakingly reproduces the limp, drawn-out construction of E. M. Forster's novel, about a young man's struggle to come to terms with his homosexuality. Forster wants to show that homosexuality is natural, and so Maurice is an average Edwardian stockbroker who lives in the suburbs—a proper hale-and-hearty fellow, narrow-minded and snobbish, like others of his (middle) class. The trap for both the novel and the film is Maurice's blandness; the actor who plays him—tall, blond James Wilby—comes across as passive and slow. (You'd think being a gay man was tantamount to being retarded.) Ivory has a fine, trained eye for light and composition, but when it comes to capturing the feel of repression and of bursting desire he isn't there. The movie is suffocatingly discreet, with classical music in the clinches. Hugh Grant plays Maurice's upper-class Cambridge friend Clive Durham, with whom he experiences three years of platonic frustration, and Rupert Graves is Durham's under-gamekeeper, Scudder, with whom Maurice finally experiences physical love. The cast also includes Billie Whitelaw, Judy Parfitt, Peter Eyre, Denholm Elliott, Ben Kingsley, Simon Callow, Helena Michell, and Kitty Aldridge. The screenplay is by Kit Hesketh-Harvey and Ivory, the dark-toned cinematography by Pierre Lhomme. (9/21/87) (Paris.)

My Life as a Dog—Lasse Hallström's film is a gentle, episodic narrative of a twelve-year-old boy (Anton Glanzelius) growing up in nineteen-fifties Sweden. Ingemar, a lively but sensitive kid, gets passed around from household to household when his mother becomes seriously ill. At its best, the movie is very shrewd about the ways children protect themselves from disorienting, and even traumatic, experiences. Hallström's naïveté as a director gives many of the dramatic scenes a touching straightforwardness. But that same quality sabotages the comic passages with a tone of heavy, self-satisfied whimsy. With Tomas von Brömssen, Anki Liden, Ingmari Carlsson, and Melinda Kinnaman. Screenplay by Hallström, Reidar Jönsson, Brasse Brännstrom, and Per Berglund, from Jönsson's novel. In Swedish.—T.R. (Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza.)

Red Desert (1964)—Boredom in Ravenna, and it seeps into the viewer's bones. Antonioni's hazy illustration of emotional chaos may or may not have something to do with industrialism; he makes the hazy, polluted atmosphere so ethereal that one can't decide. With Monica Vitti and Richard Harris. In Italian. (Thalia SoHo; Jan. 10.)

Rendez-vous—An old story: a country girl (Juliette Binoche) comes to Paris, meets some weird people, learns lessons about life and love, and so on. The director, André Téchiné, is too intelligent to treat this material straightforwardly. He complicates the plot by turning it into a reality-and-illusion number: the girl becomes involved with a strange young man (creepy Lambert Wilson), an actor who commits suicide and then haunts her as she struggles through her rehearsals as the lead in "Romeo and Juliet" in a production staged by a sinister director (Jean-Louis Trintignant), who's somehow connected to the suicide's past. But Téchiné's philosophical doodlings on theatre and life, his elegant ghost-story atmospherics, and his extraordinary visual ingenuity aren't enough to give this picture any real substance. It's dense but thin, the work of a filmmaker who, this time around, has a million conceits and virtually no ideas. The movie—made in 1985, before "Scene of the Crime"—was reportedly written (by Téchiné and Olivier Assayas) and shot very quickly, a stopgap undertaken after plans for several others had fallen through. We can sense an artist's frustration in the claustrophobia, the fussiness, the elaborate gloom of "Rendez-vous." Also with Wadeck Stanczak. In French.—T.R. (Bleecker St. Cinema; through Jan. 7.)

Sammy and Rosie Get Laid—This second film by the director Stephen Frears and the writer Hanif Kureishi, who made "My Beautiful Laundrette," has so much going on that it keeps losing track of what it's about. Sammy (Ayub Khan Din) and Rosie (Frances Barber) and their friends are Third World bohemians who live in a decaying, racially mixed part of London. Sammy's father, Rafi (Shashi Kapoor), who was a minister in the repressive government of Pakistan and is fleeing threats on his life, thinks he can return to the courteous, law-abiding England he remembers from thirty years before. He comes from the airport straight into a race riot—the movie is his nightmare experience of the new London. What we see is an apocalyptic carnival that's like street theatre. At times, it's as if Swinging London had come back as a race riot. Made in a documentary manner as stylized as a Hollywood musical, the movie is hyperconscious of art, of politics, of itself, and at times it's exasperatingly affectless. At its best, it's playfully Godardian, as in the sequence with the screen split horizontally and three multiracial couples stretched out on top of each other, and the Ghetto Lites singing a reggae version of "My Girl." There are two marvellous performances: by Kapoor and by Claire Bloom, as a woman he deserted long ago. (11/16/87) (Cinema Studio.)

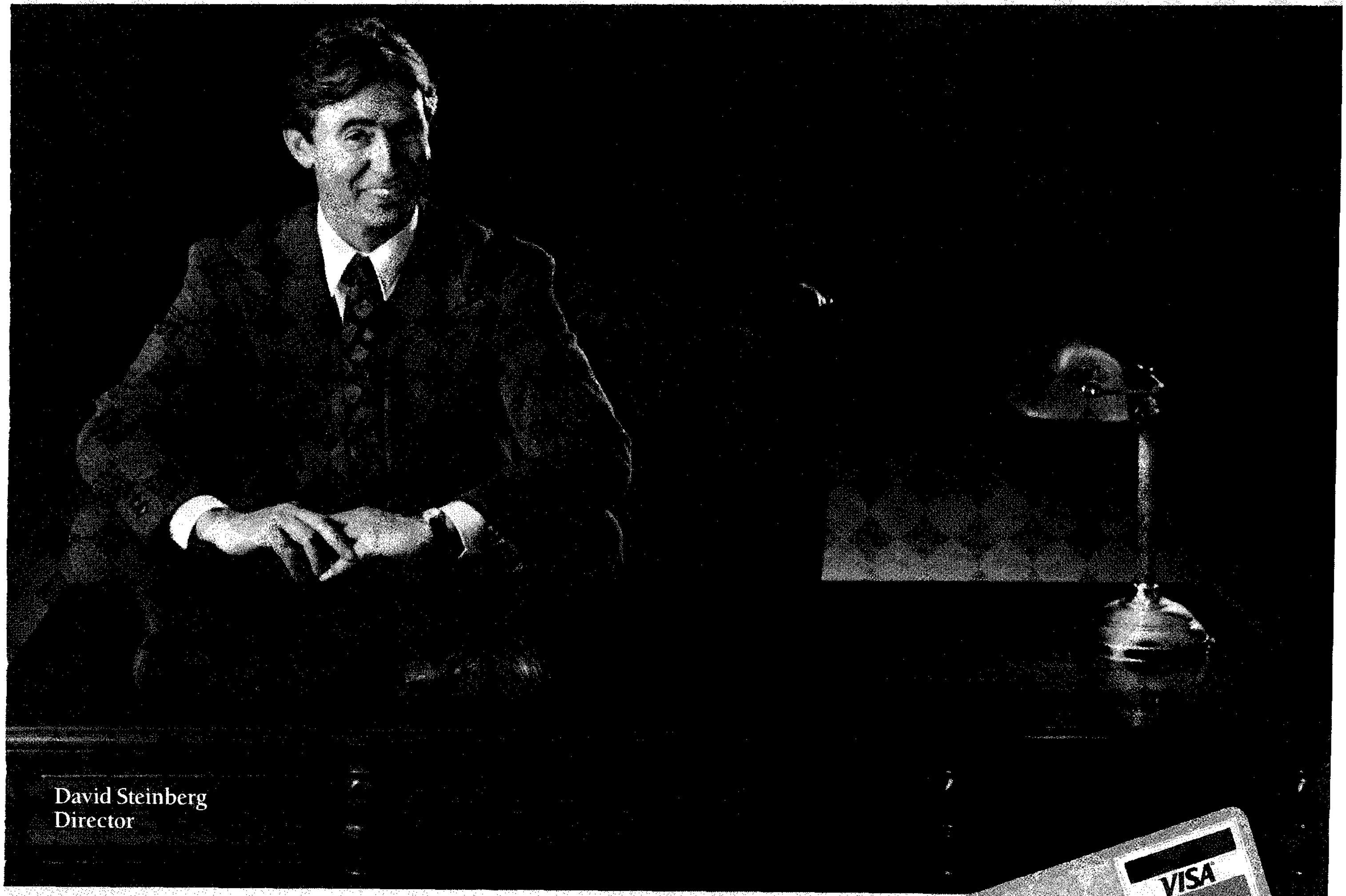


Sign o' the Times—This is by far the most entertaining of Prince's movies, because it's the simplest—just Prince and his wonderful band, in concert, playing a dozen or so numbers and dancing as dirty as they can. There's more than enough to look at and listen to: the stage set, a riotous neon cityscape, is always teeming with strange people (even when Prince is alone on it); the costumes range from bizarre to inconceivable; and the music is mercurial rock-jazz-funk-soul-folk, a roomful of styles all rubbing provocatively against each other. So we don't much mind that the direction (by Prince) is banal—lots of fast cutting and colored smoke—or that brief "allegorical" sequences occasionally deaden the spaces between the songs. Or even that the concert, filmed on Prince's 1987 European tour, ends with the heavy, messagey "The Cross," which puts a bit of a damper on the irresponsible fun of the previous eighty minutes.—T.R. (Criterion Center.)

Sorekara (And Then)—In his 1984 comedy "The Family Game," the talented young Japanese director Yoshimitsu Morita showed an exhausting capacity for invention. He kept his satire on middle-class life in contemporary Tokyo spinning so fast that his wild notions seemed to pick up centrifugal force; by the end, they were just whizzing out into space, granting us a puzzling glimpse before they disappeared forever. "Sorekara," a genteel love story set in 1909, has an entirely different tone: this film is as overloaded with nuance and exquisite reserve as the earlier one was with zaniness. Morita stretches a thin plot, about a near-romance between a sensitive upper-class idler (Yusaku Matsuda) and an unhappy married woman (Miwako Fujitani), into a hundred and thirty minutes of almost oppressive delicacy. Though it's often lovely, "Sorekara" is too much of a very fragile thing: all cherry blossoms and rainy streets, awkward silences and melancholy sips of sake. Screenplay by Tomomi Tsutsui, based on a novel by Soseki Natsume. Cinematography by Yonezo Maeda. With Kaoru Kobayashi and Chishu Ryu. In Japanese. —T.R. (Public Theatre; Jan. 12-13, at 7:15.)

Tampopo—Written and directed by Juzo Itami, this understated farce has its own brand of dippy enchantment. It's about noodles, pleasure, and the movies. The title, which is Japanese for "dandelion," is the name of a fortyish widow (Nobuko Miyamoto) who is trying to make a go of a run-down noodle shop on the outskirts of Tokyo. A courtly truck driver (Tsutomu Yamazaki), who wears a dark-brown cowboy hat straight across his brow, like the righteous hero of a solemn Western, makes it his mission to help her become a real noodle cook. The film crosscuts between the story of Tampopo and her cowboy samurai and the culinary-erotic adventures of a pair of lovers: a gangster in a white suit and his ready-for-everything cutie. These two demonstrate that eating and sex can be the same thing. The movie is constructed like a comic essay, with random frivolous touches, and much of it is shot in hot, bright color that suggests a neon fusion of urban night life and movie madness. The subtexts connect with viewers' funnybones at different times, and part of the fun of the movie is listening to the sudden eruption of giggles—it's as if some kids were running around in the theatre tickling people. In Japanese. (6/1/87) (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

A Couple Of Cards Get Down To Business.



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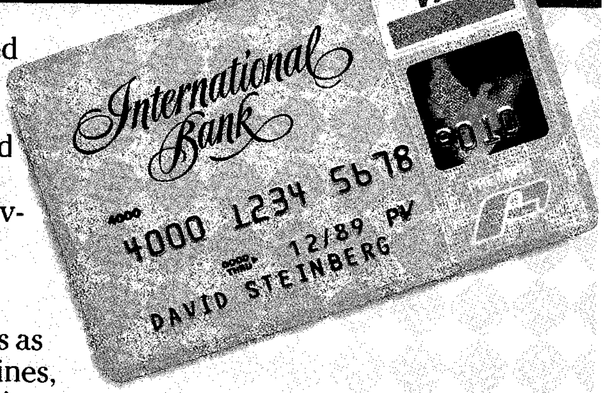

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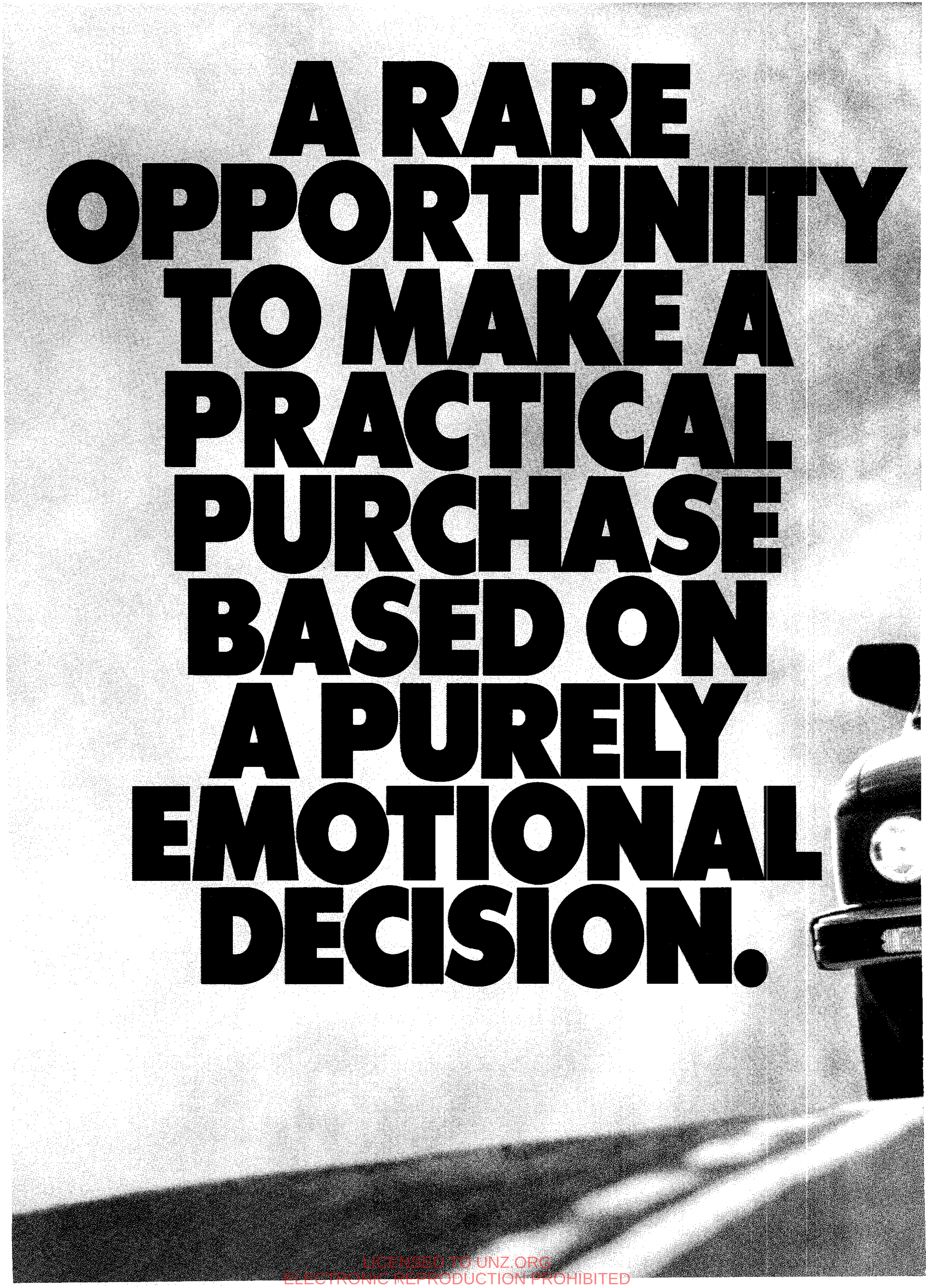
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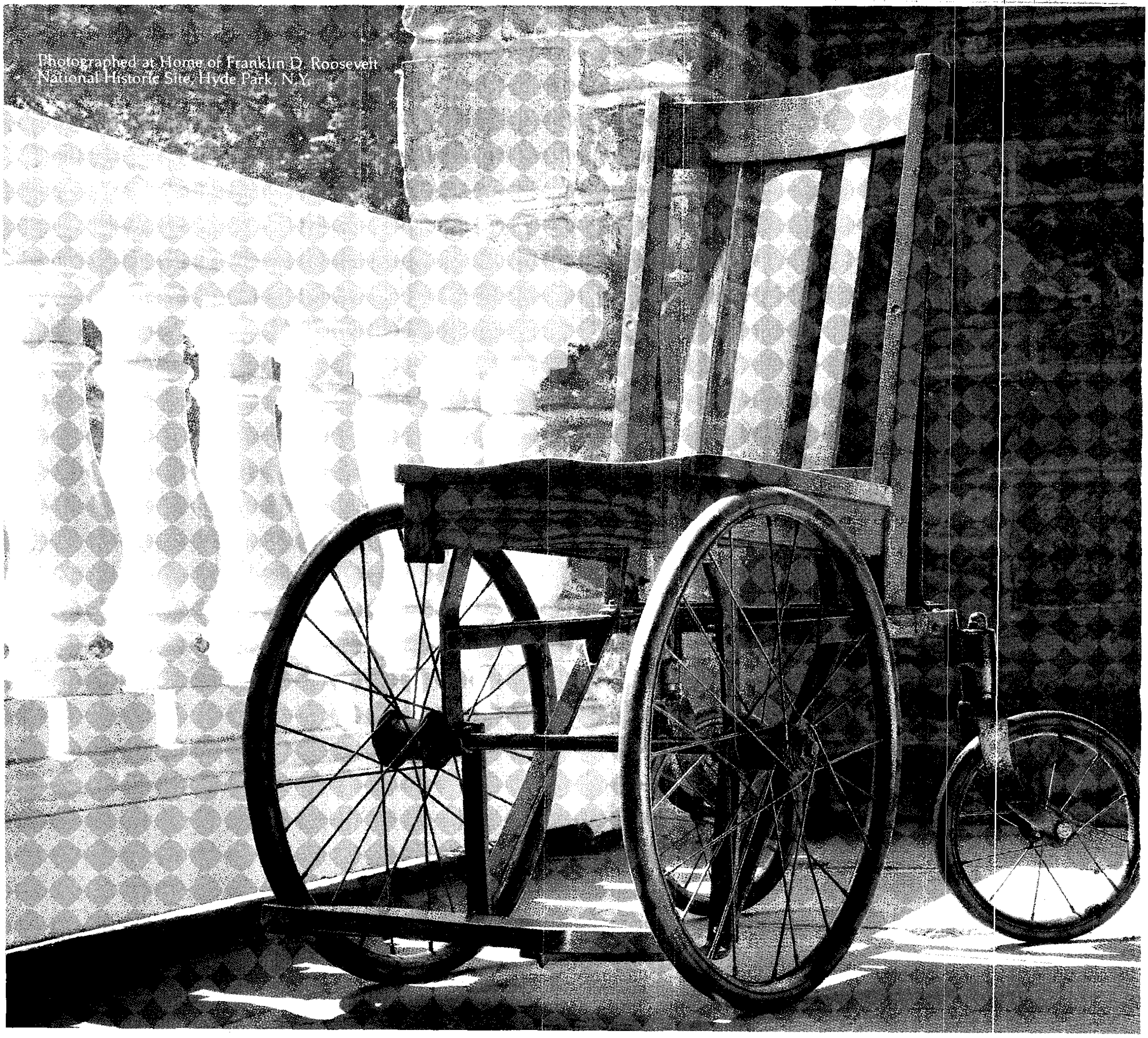

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

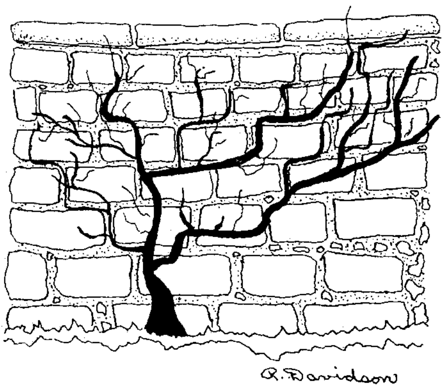
Notes and Comment

IN the week before Christmas, according to the *Times*, salaries in Nicaragua were raised by a hundred per cent. As holiday bonuses go, this ranks with the best we've heard of. It apparently doesn't mean much in Nicaragua, though. According to the *Times* story, the prices of milk and other basic products went up by a hundred per cent or more in the same week, food shortages are chronic, and the national currency may soon be worthless. In other words, Nicaragua's economy has essentially collapsed, and the primary reason for this collapse has been the war with the Contras, which now consumes half of the Nicaraguan national budget.

Anyone who imagined that the Iran-Contra affair would end American support for the Contras—and, as a consequence, the war in Nicaragua—was wrong. The fighting has seriously intensified over the past year: reported clashes have jumped from an average of twenty-five a week to an average of ninety. Our Central Intelligence Agency has continued to supply the Contras inside Nicaragua by air, averaging more than one flight a day from bases in Honduras, and Congress has approved additional aid on three occasions since October 1st—the most recent just before Christmas.

The latest round of aid to the Contras was included in the general appropriations bill for fiscal 1988. President Reagan had threatened to veto the entire bill if it included anything less than an "adequate" level of Contra aid. Opposition seemed to be widespread in Congress, especially in the House of Representatives, but, as Representative Tony Coelho, the House Democratic whip, said, "the President's priorities in his closing days are Contras, Contras, and Contras." The legislative standoff nearly led to a shutdown of the federal government—technically, the government did go broke at one point—but in the end Congress blinked, and voted for the aid. Among the reasons most often cited were fear that a shutdown of the government would be "politically embarrassing;" fear that the blame for a foreign-policy fiasco, such as the emergence of "a new Cuba" in Nicaragua, might be placed on Congress; and a desire to get home for Christmas. President Reagan, for his part, was said to be willing to stay in Washington through Christmas if he had to.

For Nicaraguans following the debate in Washington, the news must have seemed bitterly ironic. Here was the United States—a nation with an economy a thousand times as large as their own, and incalculably stronger—"going broke" over the question of whether to spend a few million dollars (out of appropriations that came to more than six hundred *billion* dollars) to keep on destroying Nicaraguan roads, farms, bridges, and clinics. Nicaragua's fate was being lumped in willy-nilly with a ban on cigarette smoking on most domestic airline flights, funds for the restoration of Mt. Rushmore, and the sale of anti-aircraft missiles to Bahrain.



The fate of Nicaragua was the subject, too, of a peculiar exchange between Mikhail Gorbachev and President Reagan during the Soviet leader's recent visit to Washington—an exchange that lasted "all of fifteen seconds," according to the Washington *Post*. Mr. Gorbachev reportedly suggested that the Soviet Union would suspend all military aid to Nicaragua if the United States would end its support of the Contras. President Reagan did not reply to this extraordinary offer. When it was made, the two men were just coming to the end of a walk around the White House grounds. Marlin Fitzwater, the White House spokesman, later said, "There could have been a lot of human factors as to why it wasn't followed up." Lieutenant General Colin Powell, the President's national-security adviser, called the offer "cryptic," and the President, when he was asked about his nonresponse, just looked at a note card and said, "This is a subject we are going to be discussing for some time." But Mr. Gorbachev's offer was not cryptic. It was simple: Let's stop the war. Once again, the Reagan Administration's antipathy to any settlement that would leave the Contras to their own devices was made clear. And once again Nicaraguans had a chance to see their country as a footnote to the deliberations of the superpowers.

Actually, the Administration was only waiting until Mr. Gorbachev's visit was over to play its trump card on Contra aid: allegations by Major Roger Miranda Bengoechea, who was formerly an aide to the Nicaraguan Defense Minister, and who defected to this country in October, that the Sandinistas are, among other things, planning a major military buildup with Soviet help, and that in the event of a

United States invasion they intend to "regionalize the conflict" by bombing Costa Rica and launching attacks into Honduras. Major Miranda's former boss acknowledged that there were plans to expand his country's popular militia to a force of six hundred thousand—a very large force indeed in a country of three million, and not a happy prospect for democracy there. But military analysts, including Bernard Trainor, of the *Times*, ridiculed the idea that Nicaragua would attack its neighbors; and the Pentagon, which, with the State Department, had been escorting Major Miranda around Capitol Hill to dozens of interviews with wavering legislators, eventually conceded that much of Major Miranda's information was "speculative." The military plans brought to Washington by Major Miranda revealed, in fact, a Sandinista leadership obsessed with the prospect of an American invasion, and with the need to develop its defensive capabilities. The Soviets came off as unreliable suppliers, and the weapons being sought by the Nicaraguans amounted to, in the words of the *Times*, "a wish list." By the time the smuggled plans had been translated into English, however, enough members of Congress had been stampeded back into the Contra fold to assure another installment of aid.

The congressional shame that accompanies this aid is reflected in its delivery schedule. Shipments of military equipment will be suspended on January 13th, but perhaps for only a week. (These are arms left over from last year's allocation; the current round of aid is non-military, and the next Administration request for military aid is expected in February.) On January 15th, the Presidents of five Central American countries will be meeting to review compliance with the peace plan that they signed in Guatemala in August. The United States officially supports the plan. Aiding the Contras is, however, a clear repudiation of the plan's call for an end to outside aid to irregular forces in Central America. Congress shies from the grossest contradiction—trampling on the peace plan while its principals are actually in session—but leaves the question of when to resume arms deliveries up to President Reagan, who plainly knows no shame when it comes to Central America.

Neither do the Contras show much concern for appearances. On December 20th—the day before they were to start truce talks with the Sandinistas—they launched their largest offensive of the war. Furthermore, they announced the attack in Santo Domingo, the site of the truce talks. (Two days later, after Congress voted the latest round of aid, the truce talks broke off.) The attack took place in a remote region of northern Nicaragua. Among its targets were the gold mines in the area, which are one of Nicaragua's few sources of foreign exchange. Afterward, the Contras announced, from their headquarters in Miami, "One hundred per cent of our objectives were carried out. We inflicted severe damage to the economic infrastructure of the region." A hydroelectric plant that provided power to the mines was destroyed. As many as nineteen civilians were killed and more than a hundred wounded. Even through the holiday season, the United States was pushing on with its undeclared war on Nicaragua. The White House called the attack "very encouraging" and "very helpful."

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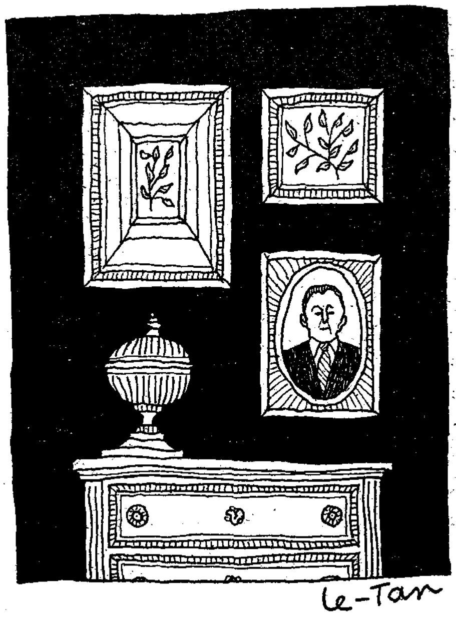
A PENSIVE gentleman who lives alone in the country the year around writes:

I always used to wonder what people meant when they said that children, when they are grown, usually give back to their parents exactly what was given to them in their early years. It took me a long time—a couple of decades, actually—to grasp the point, but I had a sudden revelation concerning it last week, when I was assembling a snow thrower sent to me as a gift. It had come from one of my two daughters, both of them now grown and working in other towns. One part of that snowblower reminded me of one of the multitude of parts of the Erector Sets I gave to both of my daughters as children. I never gave them dolls or tea sets or bracelets, or things like that; I gave them building blocks, battery-operated bulldozers, butterfly nets, telescopes, microscopes, stethoscopes, scooters, skateboards, skis, tennis racquets, cement mixers, and assorted electric trains. I gave them tape recorders, typewriters, and calculators. When one daughter got married, I gave her a car. During the past couple of years, my daughters have kept sending me presents. No neckties, stickpins, or things like that. In addition to the snow thrower, I realized when I stopped to think about it and make a count, they have sent, between them, a power lawnmower, a microwave detector, a microwave oven, a coffee grinder, a coffee-grinder/brewer, a food processor, an ice-cream maker, a wine cooler, a roll heater, a rechargeable flashlight, a rechargeable screwdriver, a rechargeable vacuum cleaner, an automatic thermostat, a cordless telephone, a telephone-answering machine, a shower telephone, a pocket telescope, a battery-operated clock-flashlight, a surf-casting rod, a captain's lamp, a tide clock, a star finder, a comet tracer, a snowmobile suit, a C.B. radio, and electrically heated socks. It's sort of nice, I feel, that my daughters and I understand one another.



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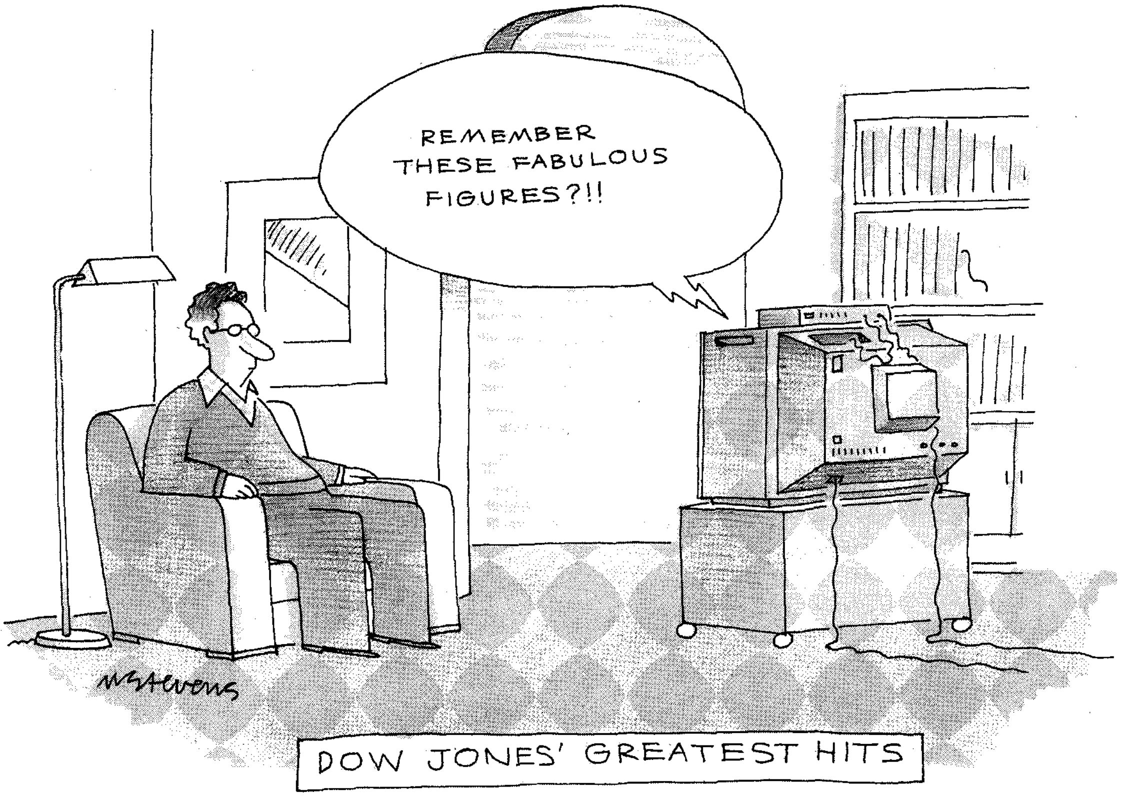
Light Station

WE read in the paper recently that around the middle of this month the Ambrose Light Station, which marks the entrance to New York Harbor and guides all incoming ships and boats and barges, will no longer be manned but will be run by a navigational-aid system instead. We decided we wanted to go there while human beings were still inside, and after speaking to a man at the station over what sounded like a ham-radio hookup we made arrangements to be flown out by Coast Guard helicopter.

Before we went, we did a little research. We found that the Coast Guard took over the management of



all the lighthouse stations in the United States in 1939, and that the Ambrose Light Station, which occupies a position eight miles due east of Sandy Hook and eight miles south of Rockaway, has been in operation since 1967, when it replaced the old Ambrose lightship, which is now berthed at South Street Seaport. The station stands on steel legs that have been sunk a hundred and seventy feet into the ocean floor; the housing and storage facilities are ninety feet above the water's surface, and the light itself is in a tower that rises forty-six feet higher. The light is four million candlepower and flashes every five seconds. The tower is fogged in roughly eight hundred hours a year.

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We arrived at the tower early on a warm December morning when, even though it was sunny, the visibility was very low. The Manhattan skyline seemed to be veiled by sheer curtains like the ones that hang in funeral parlors. We landed on the roof, and had to duck and run under the helicopter propellers, just the way people do on TV. Climbing down a stairway, we found ourself in the living quarters. Couches, chairs, and a dining table were strategically arranged to face a TV set. Next to the dining table was a bookcase, with stacks of news magazines and sports magazines, and nearby were shelves with about fifty books neatly arranged according to size. "The Puzzle Book" was the biggest; after that came "Armageddon," "The Great Escape," "The Great Alone," "The Evil That Men Do," and a lot of smaller books. In an open cabinet were about ten cans of Old El Paso Mexican food, some Kraft macaroni and cheese, and a gigantic jar of Ragu spaghetti sauce.

Four guys in work clothes and tool belts were watching the credits to "Leave It to Beaver" and trying to figure out what they were going to do without HBO, which had just been disconnected. When they noticed us, they stood up and started talking lighthouse lingo. They said they were civilians from Governors Island, hired to help with the conversion. One man said that without HBO they were going to learn just what Ambrose nights meant—nights when you can't get to sleep, because you're so bored and feel so pent up.

Russell Dudemaine, BM1 (for boatswain mate first class), in command of the Coast Guard light-tower crew, came in, with two other men, whom he introduced as Joe Nored, MK1 (machinery technician first class), second in command, and Blaine Ferree, EM3 (electrician's mate third class)—they were the crew on duty during our visit. Russell and Joe were tall, beefy-looking guys; Blaine looked like their kid brother. Russell told us there were always at least three men on duty at the tower, with a regular crew of six assigned for eighteen-month stints. Two men were out on a grocery run, and when the helicopter brought them back, Russell would be boarding it for his week off. Joe said, "Yeah, that's the only reason anyone takes this gig. You gotta work two weeks, but you get a whole one off."

We asked what they did during that week.

Joe: "Work on my house—I'm putting in these parquet floors. Have my girlfriend take me to a McDonald's. After being out here for thirteen days, I get real cravings for some reprocessed animal fats. And beer. When I first get off, though, I get carsick. And I get claustrophobic in bars."

Russell: "Play with my Jeep and my motorcycle."

Then we asked what they did during their two weeks on.

Russell: "Nothing now, hardly."

Joe: "Go crazy. Stare a lot. I'll do something, then walk to another room and think, What'll I do next? Once a month, we have a special O.I.C. drill—that's where you enact an emergency situation to see what you'd do."

Russell: "Unless you're on watch, you're pretty much a free agent. Watch is eight-hour shifts, checking everything out, making sure it's running smooth."

Blaine: "The guy on watch gets to pick what we watch on TV."

Joe: "Yeah, that's why I have my own TV in my room."

Blaine: "If a guy's on watch and has to miss something, like 'Moonlighting,' we'll record it for him."

Joe: "I like 'Growing Pains' and 'Who's the Boss.' I like to watch Sam Kinison. He's great—he's one sick pup."

Russell: "You know one guy we really love? Lloyd Lindsay Young, the weather guy. We wrote him a letter to come out here and do a show, but he never answered us."

We said that it sounded as if TV were the highlight of the job.

Joe: "There aren't any highlights."

Blaine: "Food. I make a chicken once in a while."

Joe: "And one guy makes killer stews. We got struck by lightning once—that was great. The whole place lit up and there was this huge *zzzt* sound."

Russell: "We used to play pool. We had a tournament, and I want it on record that I took two dollars from everyone. I also beat a lot of civilians."

Joe: "I always wanted to have a pizza delivered out here. Can't you see it? The guy stepping off the bird—'Here's your pizza,' just like in the commercials. That would've been a most definite highlight."

Blaine: "Joe made everyone get out of bed once to see a bunch of waterspouts."

Joe: "Oh, yeah, I woke them up to see all these spouts going up—around ten or twelve of them. They're water tornadoes."

Blaine: "Sometimes a ship comes too close."

Russell and Joe took us on a tour. First, we saw where the generators are kept; the place looked just like a high-school boiler room. We saw one of the bunks. It was furnished Army style, with a naked centerfold taped up within dream distance of the bed, and had a slice of a tree with a picture of a deer découpaged on it hanging from a steampipe. Then we went outside and walked along an open grating to get to the light tower. All we had to do was look down at our feet to see the ocean about ninety feet beneath us. We thought of an article we had come across in an old paper. It said that Sandy Hook was filled with "sharks that attain an enormous size and have devoured a certain number of human beings, including seamen, women, and children." Around the lower part of the tower legs were catwalks, and Russell said the men fished from them in the summer.

We asked if they saw many sharks.

Russell said, "No, never seen one. But you see a lot of giant sunfish. They just swim around and sun themselves all day. They're really cool fish. You know, they look like they should be wearing sunglasses and smoking cigarettes."

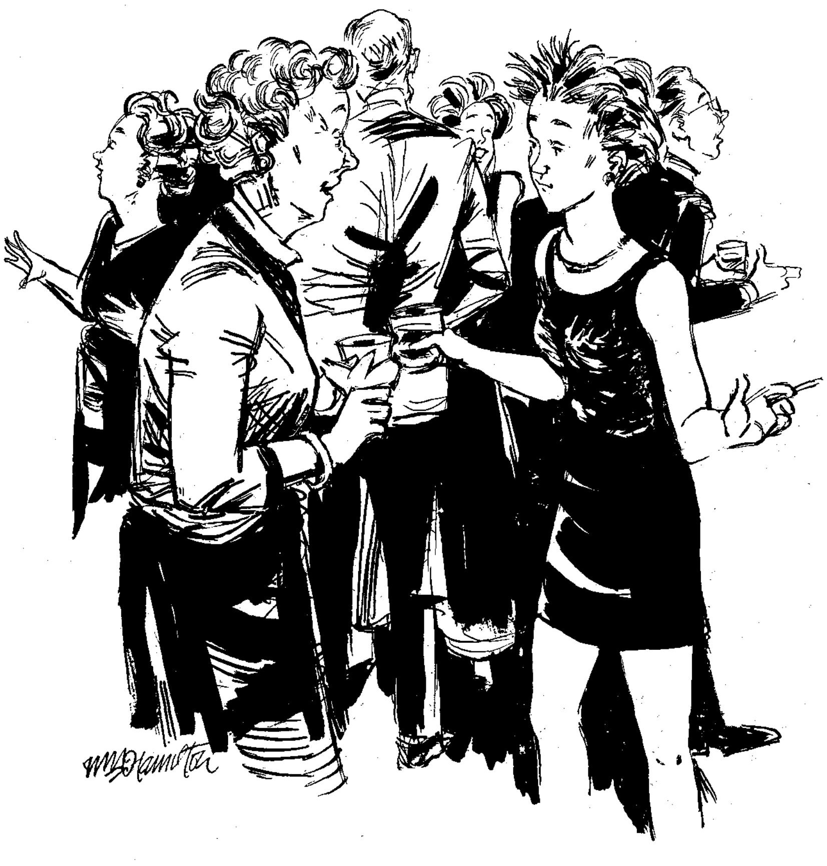
Joe: "A lot of gulls party here."

Blaine: "You can walk out here and see all these birds hanging out on the rails. It's the Studio 54 of international waters."

Russell told us that soon the station would be closed off, and no one would have access to the tower except two men who would be coming back every month for a couple of hours for a security check and to make sure everything was running smoothly. He said that the whole place would look like a ghost house—the windows would be sealed up with steel plates and the insides stripped down to the barest equipment.

Up in the light tower, we watched the huge beacon turn and shine out. Russell told us that by 1989 there would be no manned lighthouses anywhere in the country. He said that he had requested this duty because he wanted to work with the lights before they were all operated from shore. He said that it cost too much to have six men stationed somewhere just to turn a light on and off.

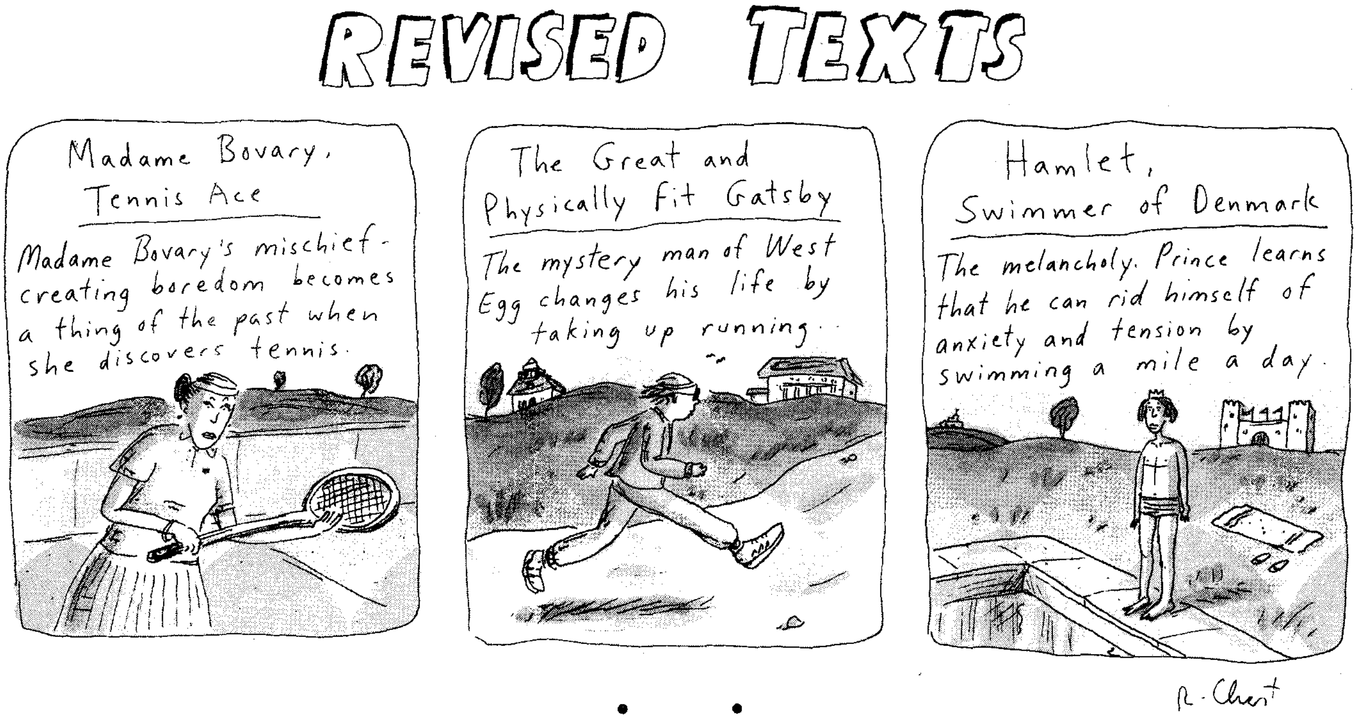
Joe told us that a lot of his friends thought this job was like a fantasy—being alone, and living in a great place, with the water all around you. He said they didn't realize that it's like a job anyplace else. "You can't go out and race cars and get drunk in bars," he said. "You have to be an adult out here."



"I wonder if we're talking about the same Grace Jones."

Almanac

WONDERING what's in store for 1988, we put in a call last week to Dublin, New Hampshire, where *The Old Farmer's Almanac* has its offices. (Established 1792. Oldest continuously published periodical in North America.) We reached Tim Clark, the executive editor and, it turned out, the author of a piece in the 1988 *Almanac* entitled "Castration and Other Surefire Ways to Prevent Baldness." He told us he'd just come back from an editorial meeting in which he and half a dozen other editors were brainstorming for the 1989 *Almanac*. "We love anniversaries here," he said. "We'll say, 'Gee, what happened in 1789, 1839, and 1889?' We tend to think in terms of fifties and hundreds. It gives a structure to things. At the meeting this morning, I was pushing to do an article on warts. I do a folk-remedy column. I've written on baldness, headaches, toothaches, the common cold, insomnia,


REVISED TEXTS
Madame Bovary, Tennis Ace
Madame Bovary's mischief-creating boredom becomes a thing of the past when she discovers tennis.
The Great and Physically Fit Gatsby
The mystery man of West Egg changes his life by taking up running.
Hamlet, Swimmer of Denmark
The melancholy Prince learns that he can rid himself of anxiety and tension by swimming a mile a day.
R. Chast

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and ways to find the perfect mate. There's great literary value in warts. Mark Twain knew all about them—look at Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer. They recommended taking a dead cat at midnight to a cemetery where someone wicked had been buried. In folk remedies—wild and crazy as they might seem—you find people groping for cures and hitting on some that come pretty close to the truth. For instance, in ancient China they often put a pill of garlic and saltpeter in the left ear for a toothache on the right side. Clearly, they understood the left-right dichotomy of the brain. I have some great cures for headaches, if you give me a minute to get my books—I've done so many cures they all tend to run together. Can you wait a minute?"

In a minute or two, he was back on the phone. "Here they are," he said. "Tying a buzzard's head around your neck was popular in some circles. And in the fifteenth century they offered this remedy: 'Take an egg and roast it well in coals, and when it is hard, cleave it in two and, as hot as thou mayst suffer it, lay it to the head and it shall take away the aching.' Lots of cures are distractions. The mathematician Pascal would present himself with a difficult math problem when he had either a headache or a toothache—I forget which. Cures for colds include standing on your head underwater, also swallowing a spider. And onions, of course—eating them, wearing one around your neck, tying several to the bedpost. In Colonial America, people often recommended rolling orange peels inside out and stuffing them up your nostrils. We're talking Vitamin C here. And insomnia has some wonderful cures I've found in biographies. Alexander Dumas's doctor ordered him to eat an apple under the Arc de Triomphe every morning at seven. It sounds wacky, but what he was doing was trying to give Dumas regular hours.

"Charles Dickens slept so that his head was pointing north. Folk wisdom had it that it was important to keep your body in line with magnetic currents. A variation is to sleep with your head pointing east; as the earth turns, you're going head first. Anyway, covering weird stuff—that, I guess, is the compelling editorial philosophy of *The Old Farmer's Almanac*. But it has to be true—or, rather, not made up. It may be wrong, but the point is somebody believed it once. Some people think that in forecasting the weather we flip a coin. The fact is we spend a hundred thousand dollars a year to develop our calculations, working with Dr. Richard Head, a solar physicist in Arizona, who has been concentrating since the nineteen-sixties on the correlation between sunspot cycles and the weather."

So what's up for 1988, we asked.

"Oh, right. Big snowstorm around Valentine's Day, following a severe cold wave the first week in February—it will extend far south enough to cause frost in Florida. A problem for citrus growers. An early and very warm spring east of the Rockies. Lots of tropical storms this summer. Blue moon in May—that means two full moons in one month. Flooding in the Hudson Valley this summer. Brushfires in California. We don't predict earthquakes. This morning, somebody brought it up, and we said, 'Maybe we should—anybody know how?' But we won't, because it might cause panic. Robert B. Thomas, who founded *The Farmer's Almanac*, was a former schoolteacher who decided to publish almanacs. There were nineteen published in Boston alone in the seventeen-nineties: farmers' almanacs, mariners' almanacs—all kinds. Back then, the heart of any almanac was its astronomical calculations. In fact, one theory about the origin of the word 'almanac' is that it's Arabic and means, loosely, 'calendar of the sky.' Today, we think of an almanac as quaint, but back then it was really high tech, like a hand-held computer. The almanac is characteristic of the late eighteenth century, the Age of Enlightenment. The universe as machine: once you get the operating instructions, you can tell the future. It's an optimistic publication—it tells you that things will generally stay the same. The fall will be like other falls, winter will be cold, summer will be hot, spring will come again. Eighty per cent accuracy, that is."

MENESETEUNG

I

Columbine, bloodroot,
And wild bergamot,
Gathering armfuls,
Giddily we go.

"Offerings" the book is called. Gold lettering on a dull-blue cover. The author's full name underneath: Almeda Joynt Roth. The local paper, the *Vidette*, referred to her as "our poetess." There seems to be a mixture of respect and contempt, both for her calling and for her sex—or for their predictable conjuncture. In the front of the book is a photograph, with the photographer's name in one corner, and the date: 1865. The book was published later, in 1873.

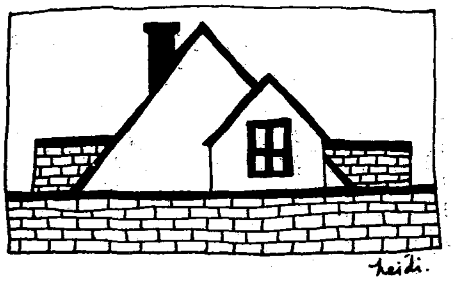
The poetess has a long face; a rather long nose; full, sombre dark eyes, which seem ready to roll down her cheeks like giant tears; a lot of dark hair gathered around her face in droopy rolls and curtains. A streak of gray hair plain to see, although she is, in this picture, only twenty-five. Not a pretty girl but the sort of woman who may age well, who probably won't get fat. She wears a tucked and braid-trimmed dark dress or jacket, with a lacy, floppy arrangement of white material—frills or a bow—filling the deep V at the neck. She also wears a hat, which might be made of velvet, in a dark color to match the dress. It's the untrimmed, shapeless hat, something like a soft beret, that makes me see artistic intentions, or at least a shy and stubborn eccentricity, in this young woman, whose long neck and forward-inclining head indicate as well that she is tall and slender and somewhat awkward. From the waist up, she looks like a young nobleman of another century. But perhaps it was the fashion.

"In 1854," she writes in the preface to her book, "my father brought us—my mother, my sister Catherine, my brother William, and me—to the wilds of Canada West (as it then was). My father was a harness-maker by trade, but a cultivated man who could quote by heart from the Bible, Shakespeare, and the writings of Edmund Burke. He prospered in this newly opened land and was able to set up a harness and leather-goods store, and after a year to build the comfortable house in which I live (alone) today. I was fourteen years old, the eldest of the children, when we came into this country from Kingston, a town whose handsome streets I have not seen again but often remember. My sister was eleven and my brother nine. The third summer that we lived here, my brother and sister were taken ill of a prevalent fever and died within a few days of each other. My dear mother did not regain her spirits after this blow to our family. Her health declined, and after another three years she died. I then became housekeeper to my father and was happy to make his home for twelve years, until he died suddenly one morning at his shop.

"From my earliest years I have delighted in verse and I have occupied myself—and sometimes allayed my griefs, which have been no more, I know, than any sojourner on earth must encounter—with many floundering efforts at its composition. My fingers, indeed, were always too clumsy for crochetwork, and those dazzling productions of embroidery which one sees often today—the overflowing fruit and flower baskets, the little Dutch boys, the bonneted maidens with their watering cans—have likewise proved to be beyond my skill. So I offer instead, as the product of my leisure hours, these rude posies, these ballads, couplets, reflections."

Titles of some of the poems: "Children at Their Games," "The Gypsy Fair," "A Visit to My Family," "Angels in the Snow," "Champlain at the Mouth of the Meneseteung," "The Passing of the Old Forest," and "A Garden Medley." There are other, shorter poems, about birds and wildflowers and snowstorms. There is some comically intentioned doggerel about what people are thinking about as they listen to the sermon in church.

"Children at Their Games": The writer, a child, is playing with her brother and sister—one of those games in which children on different sides try to entice and catch each other. She plays on in the deepening twilight, until she realizes that she is alone, and much older. Still she hears the (ghostly) voices of her brother and sister calling. *Come over, come over, let Meda come over.* (Perhaps Almeda was called Meda in the family, or perhaps she shortened her name to fit the poem.)



"The Gypsy Fair": The Gypsies have an encampment near the town, a "fair," where they sell cloth and trinkets, and the writer as a child is afraid that she may be stolen by them, taken away from her family. Instead, her family has been taken away from her, stolen by Gypsies she can't locate or bargain with.

"A Visit to My Family": A visit to the cemetery, a one-sided conversation.

"Angels in the Snow": The writer once taught her brother and sister to make "angels" by lying down in the snow and moving their arms to create wing shapes. Her brother always jumped up carelessly, leaving an angel with a crippled wing. Will this be made perfect in Heaven, or will he be flying with his own makeshift, in circles?

"Champlain at the Mouth of the Meneseteung": This poem celebrates the popular, untrue belief that the explorer sailed down the eastern shore of Lake Huron and landed at the mouth of the major river.

"The Passing of the Old Forest": A list of all the trees—their names, appearance, and uses—that were cut down in the original forest, with a general description of the bears, wolves, eagles, deer, waterfowl.

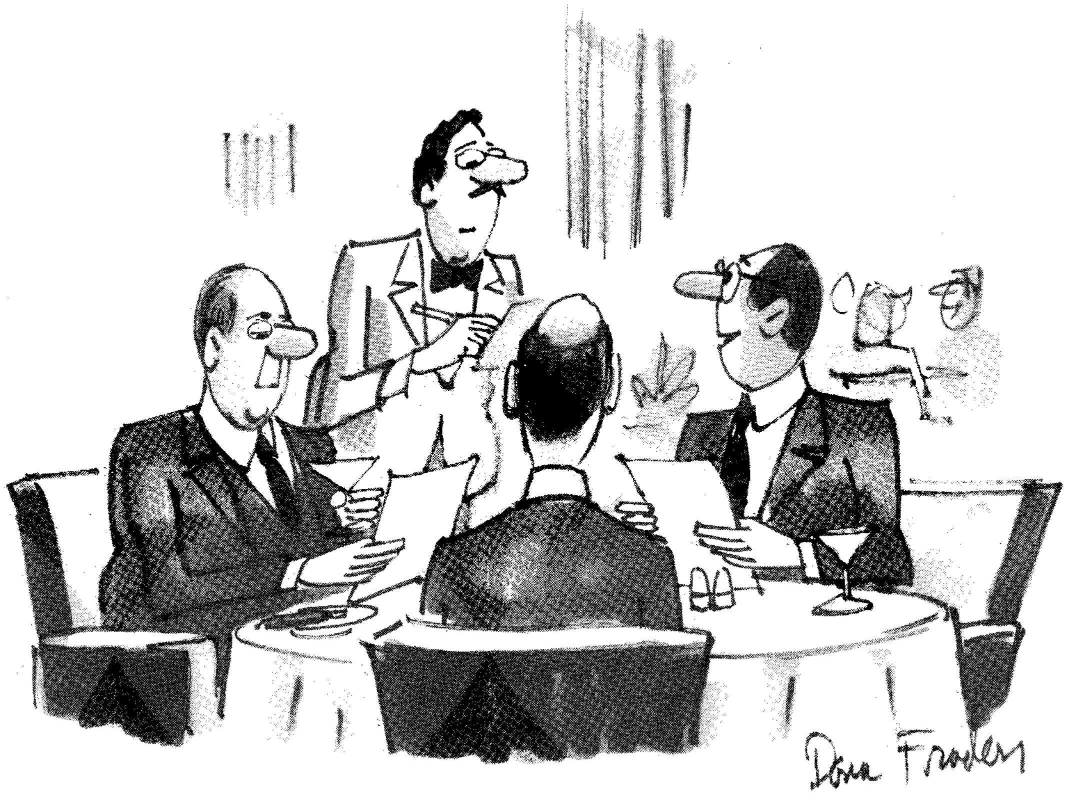
"A Garden Medley": Perhaps planned as a companion to the forest poem. Catalogue of plants brought from European countries, with bits of history and legend attached, and final Canadian-ness resulting from this mixture.

The poems are written in quatrains or couplets. There are a couple of attempts at sonnets, but mostly the rhyme scheme is simple—*a b a b* or *a b c b*. The rhyme used is what was once called "masculine" ("shore"/"before"), though once in a while it is "feminine" ("quiver"/"river"). Are those terms familiar anymore? No poem is unrhymed.

II

White roses cold as snow
Bloom where those "angels" lie.
Do they but rest below
Or, in God's wonder, fly?

In 1879, Almeda Roth was still living in the house at the corner of Pearl and Dufferin Streets, the house her father had built for his family. The house is there today: the manager



"I'll have the Master of Business Administration Lunch."

of the liquor store lives in it. It's covered with aluminum siding; a closed-in porch has replaced the veranda. The woodshed, the fence, the gates, the privy, the barn—all these are gone. A photograph taken in the eighteen-eighties shows them all in place. The house and fence look a little shabby, in need of paint, but perhaps that is just because of the bleached-out look of the brownish photograph. The lace-curtained windows look like white eyes. No big shade tree is in sight, and, in fact, the tall elms that overshadowed the town until the nineteen-fifties, as well as the maples that shade it now, are skinny young trees with rough fences around them to protect them from the cows. Without the shelter of those trees, there is a great exposure—back yards, clotheslines, woodpiles, patchy sheds and barns and privies—all bare, exposed, provisional-looking. Few houses would have anything like a lawn, just a patch of plantains and anthills and raked dirt. Perhaps petunias growing on top of a stump, in a round box. Only the main street is gravelled; the other streets are dirt roads, muddy or dusty according to season. Yards must be fenced to keep animals out. Cows are tethered in vacant lots or pastured in back yards, but sometimes they get loose. Pigs get loose, too, and dogs roam free or nap in a lordly way on the boardwalks. The town has taken root, it's not going to vanish, yet it still has some of the look of an encampment. And, like an encampment, it's busy all the time—full of people, who, within the town, usually walk wherever they're going; full of animals, which leave horse buns, cowpats, dog turds that ladies have to hitch up their skirts for; full of the noise of building and of drivers shouting at their horses and of the trains that come in several times a day.

I read about that life in the *Vidette.*

The population is younger than it is now, than it will ever be again. People past fifty usually don't come to a raw, new place. There are quite a few people in the cemetery already, but most of them died young, in accidents or childbirth or epidemics. It's youth that's in evidence in town. Children—boys—rove through the streets in gangs. School is compulsory for only four months a year, and there are lots of occasional jobs that even a child of eight or nine can do—pulling flax, holding horses, delivering groceries, sweeping the boardwalk in front of stores. A good deal of time they spend looking for adventures. One day they follow an old woman, a drunk nicknamed Queen Aggie. They get her into a wheelbarrow and trundle her all over town, then dump her into a ditch to sober her up. They also spend a lot of time around the railway station. They jump on shunting cars and dart between them and dare each other to take chances, which once in a while result in their getting maimed or killed. And they keep an eye out for any strangers coming into town. They follow them, offer to carry their bags, and direct them (for a five-cent piece) to a hotel. Strangers who don't look so prosperous are taunted and tormented. Speculation surrounds all of them—it's like a cloud of flies. Are they coming to town to start up a new business, to persuade people to invest in some scheme, to sell cures or gimmicks, to preach on the street corners? All these things are possible any day of the week. Be on your guard, the *Vidette* tells people. These are times of opportunity and danger. Tramps, confidence men, hucksters, shysters, plain thieves are travelling the roads, and particularly the railroads. Thefts are announced: money invested and never seen again, a pair of trousers taken from the clothesline, wood from the woodpile, eggs from the henhouse. Such incidents increase in the hot weather.

Hot weather brings accidents, too. More horses run wild then, upsetting buggies. Hands caught in the wringer while doing the washing, a man lopped in two at the sawmill, a leaping boy killed in a fall of lumber at the lumberyard. Nobody sleeps well. Babies wither with summer complaint, and fat people can't catch their breath. Bodies must be buried in a hurry. One day a man goes through the streets ringing a cowbell and calling "Repent! Repent!" It's not a stranger this time, it's a young man who works at the butcher shop. Take him home, wrap him in cold wet cloths, give him some nerve medicine, keep him in bed, pray for his wits. If he doesn't recover, he must go to the asylum.

Almeda Roth's house faces on Dufferin Street, which is a street of considerable respectability. On this street merchants, a millowner, an operator of salt wells have their houses. But

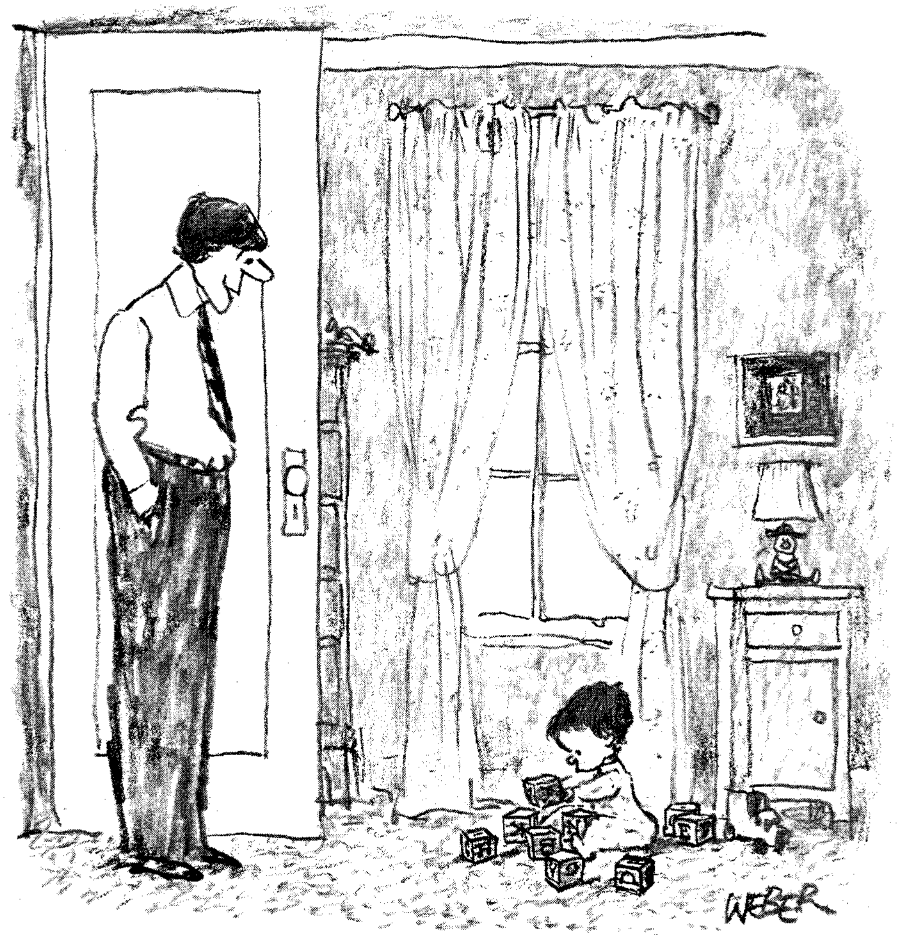
Pearl Street, which her back windows overlook and her back gate opens onto, is another story. Workmen's houses are adjacent to hers. Small but decent row houses—that is all right. Things deteriorate toward the end of the block, and the next, last one becomes dismal. Nobody but the poorest people, the unrespectable and undeserving poor, would live there at the edge of a boghole (drained since then), called the Pearl Street Swamp. Bushy and luxuriant weeds grow there, makeshift shacks have been put up, there are piles of refuse and debris and crowds of runty children, slops are flung from doorways. The town tries to compel these people to build privies, but they would just as soon go in the bushes. If a gang of boys goes down there in search of adventure, it's likely they'll get more than they bargained for. It is said that even the town constable won't go down Pearl Street on a Saturday night. Almeda Roth has never walked past the row housing. In one of those houses lives the young girl Annie, who helps her with her housecleaning. That young girl herself, being a decent girl, has never walked down to the last block or the swamp. No decent woman ever would.

But that same swamp, lying to the east of Almeda Roth's house, presents a fine sight at dawn. Almeda sleeps at the back of the house. She keeps to the same bedroom she once shared with her sister Catherine—she would not think of moving to the larger front bedroom, where her mother used to lie in bed all day, and which was later the solitary domain of her father. From her window she can see the sun rising, the swamp mist filling with light, the bulky, nearest trees floating against that mist and the trees behind turning transparent. Swamp oaks, soft maples, tamarack, bitternut.

III

Here where the river meets the
inland sea,
Spreading her blue skirts from the
solemn wood,
I think of birds and beasts and
vanished men,
Whose pointed dwellings on these
pale sands stood.

ONE of the strangers who arrived at the railway station a few years ago was Jarvis Poulter, who now occupies the next house to Almeda Roth's—separated from hers by a vacant lot, which he has bought, on Dufferin Street. The house is plainer than the Roth house and has no fruit trees or flowers planted around it. It is understood that this is a natural result of Jarvis Poulter's being a widower and living alone. A man may keep his house decent, but he will never—if he is a proper man—do much to decorate it. Marriage forces him to live with more ornament as well as sentiment, and it protects him, also, from the extremities of his own nature—from a frigid parsimony or a luxuriant sloth, from squalor, and from excessive sleeping or reading, drinking, smoking, or freethinking.

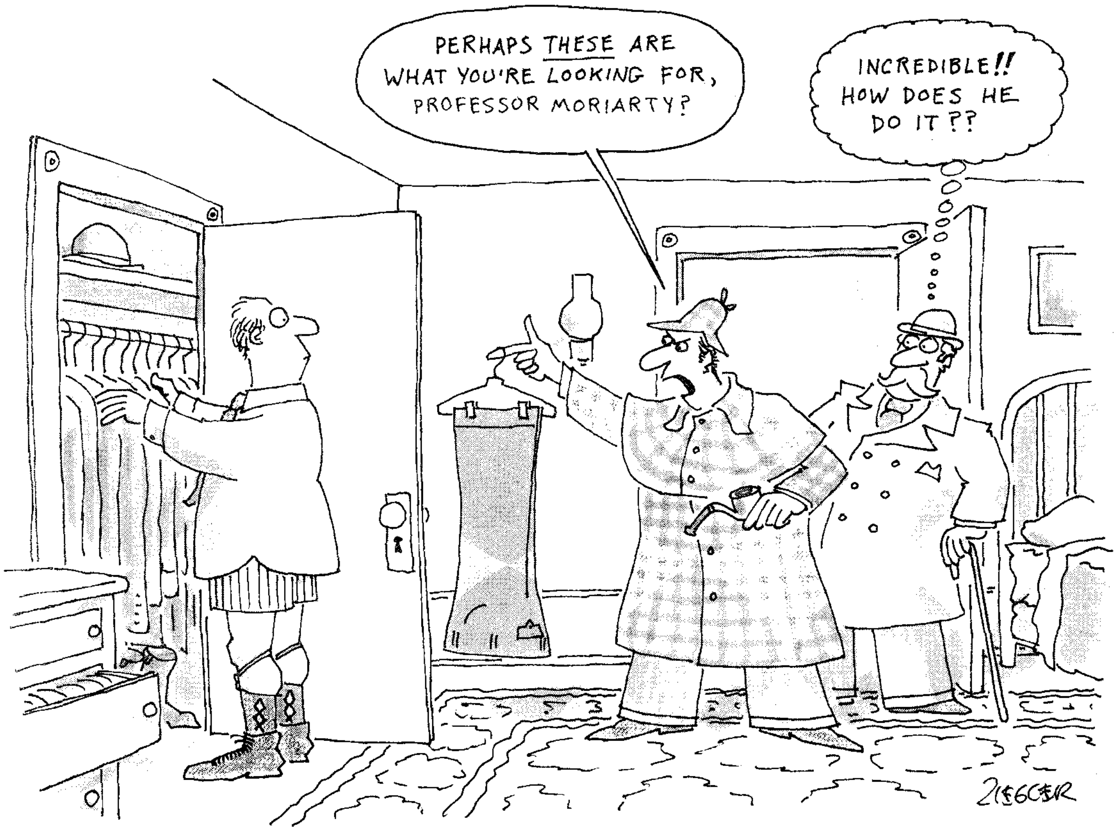


"That looks like fun."

> In the interests of economy, it is believed, a certain estimable gentleman of our town persists in fetching water from the public tap and supplementing his fuel supply by picking up the loose coal along the railway track. Does he think to repay the town or the railway company with a supply of free salt?

This is the *Vidette*, full of shy jokes, innuendo, plain accusation that no newspaper would get away with today. It's Jarvis Poulter they're talking about—though in other passages he is spoken of with great respect, as a civil magistrate, an employer, a churchman. He is close, that's all. An eccentric, to a degree. All of which may be a result of his single condition, his widower's life. Even carrying his water from the town tap and filling his coal pail along the railway track. This is a decent citizen, prosperous: a tall—slightly paunchy?—man in a dark suit with polished boots. A beard? Black hair streaked with gray. A severe and self-possessed air, and a large pale wart among the bushy hairs of one eyebrow? People talk about a young, pretty, beloved wife, dead in childbirth or some horrible accident, like a house fire or a railway disaster. There is no ground for this, but it adds interest. All he has told them is that his wife is dead.

He came to this part of the country looking for oil. The first oil well in the world was sunk in Lambton County, south of here, in the eighteen-fifties. Drilling for oil, Jarvis Poulter discovered salt. He set to work to make the most of that. When he walks home from church with Almeda Roth, he tells her about his salt wells. They are twelve hundred feet deep. Heated water is pumped down into them, and that dissolves the salt. Then the brine is pumped to the surface. It is poured into great evaporator pans over slow, steady fires, so that the water is steamed off and the pure, excellent salt remains. A commodity for which the demand will never fail.


PERHAPS THESE ARE WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR, PROFESSOR MORIARTY?
INCREDIBLE!! HOW DOES HE DO IT??
ZIEGLER

"The salt of the earth," Almeda says.

"Yes," he says, frowning. He may think this disrespectful. She did not intend it so. He speaks of competitors in other towns who are following his lead and trying to hog the market. Fortunately, their wells are not drilled so deep, or their evaporating is not done so efficiently. There is salt everywhere under this land, but it is not so easy to come by as some people think.

Does that not mean, Almeda says, that there was once a great sea?

Very likely, Jarvis Poulter says. Very likely. He goes on to tell her about other enterprises of his—a brickyard, a lime kiln. And he explains to her how this operates, and where the good clay is found. He also owns two farms, whose woodlots supply the fuel for his operations.

> Among the couples strolling home from church on a recent, sunny Sabbath morning we noted a certain salty gentleman and literary lady, not perhaps in their first youth but by no means blighted by the frosts of age. May we surmise?

This kind of thing pops up in the *Vidette* all the time.

May they surmise, and is this courting? Almeda Roth has a bit of money, which her father left her, and she has her house. She is not too old to have a couple of children. She is a good enough housekeeper, with the tendency toward fancy iced cakes and decorated tarts which is seen fairly often in old maids. (Honorable mention at the Fall Fair.) There is nothing wrong with her looks, and naturally she is in better shape than most married women of her age, not having been loaded down with work and children. But why was she passed over in her earlier, more marriageable years, in a place that needs women to be partnered and fruitful? She was a rather gloomy girl—that may have been the trouble. The deaths of her brother and sister and then of her mother, who lost her reason, in fact, a year before she died, and lay in her bed talking nonsense—those weighed on her, so she was not lively company. And all that reading and poetry—it seemed more of a drawback, a barrier, an obsession, in the young girl than in the middle-aged woman, who needed something, after all, to fill her time. Anyway, it's five years since her book was published, so perhaps she has got over that. Perhaps it was the proud, bookish father, encouraging her?

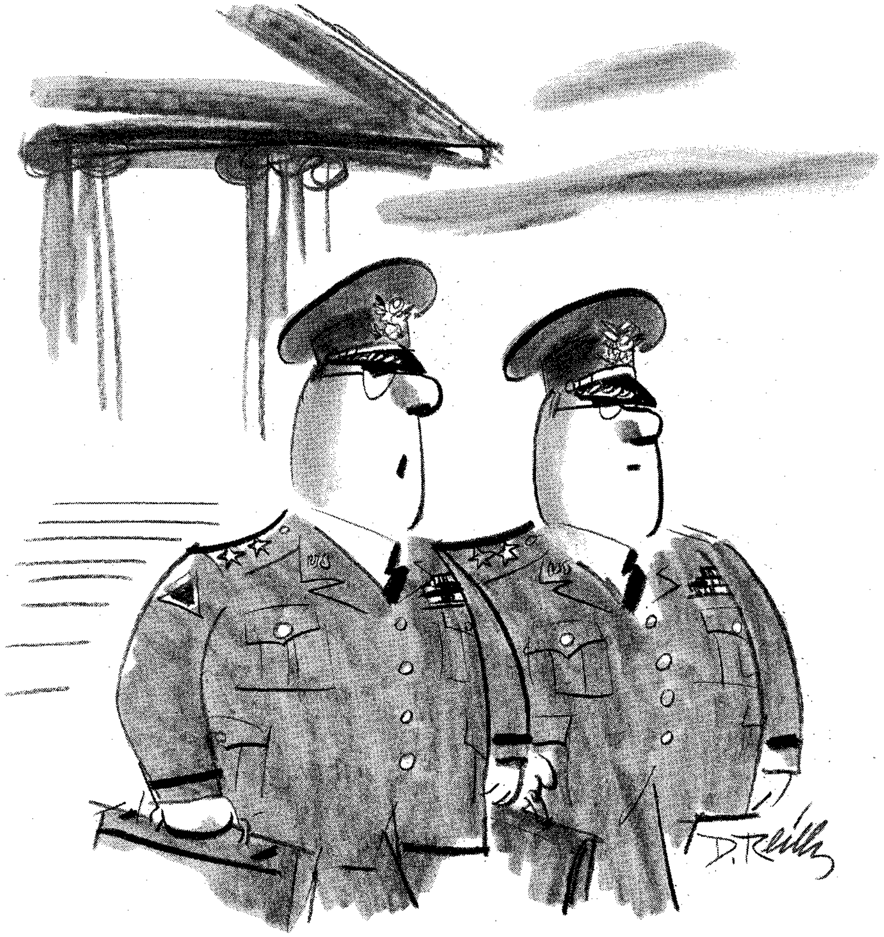
Everyone takes it for granted that Almeda Roth is thinking of Jarvis Poulter as a husband and would say yes if he asked her. And she is thinking of him. She doesn't want to get her hopes up too much, she doesn't want to make a fool of herself. She would like a signal. If he attended church on Sunday evenings, there would be a chance, during some months of the year, to walk home after dark. He would carry a lantern. (There is as yet no street lighting in town.) He would swing the lantern to light the way in front of the lady's feet and observe their narrow and delicate shape. He might catch her arm as they step off the boardwalk. But he does not go to church at night.

Nor does he call for her, and walk with her *to* church on Sunday mornings. That would be a declaration. He walks her home, past his gate as far as hers; he lifts his hat then and leaves her. She does not invite him to come in—a woman living alone could never do such a thing. As soon as a man and woman of almost any age are alone together within four walls, it is assumed that anything may happen. Spontaneous combustion, instant fornication, an attack of passion. Brute instinct, triumph of the senses. What possibilities men and women must see in each other to infer such dangers. Or, believing in the dangers, how often they must think about the possibilities.

When they walk side by side she can smell his shaving soap, the barber's oil, his pipe tobacco, the wool and linen and leather smell of his manly clothes. The correct, orderly, heavy clothes are like those she used to brush and starch and iron for her father. She misses that job—her father's appreciation, his dark, kind authority. Jarvis Poulter's garments, his smell, his movements all cause the skin on the side of her body next to him to tingle hopefully, and a meek shiver raises the hairs on her arms. Is this to be taken as a sign of love? She thinks of him coming into her—*their*—bedroom in his long underwear and his hat. She knows this outfit is ridiculous, but in her mind he does not look so; he has the solemn effrontery of a figure in a dream. He comes into the room and lies down on the bed beside her, preparing to take her in his arms. Surely he removes his hat? She doesn't know, for at this point a fit of welcome and submission overtakes her, a buried gasp. He would be her husband.

One thing she has noticed about married women, and that is how many of them have to go about creating their husbands. They have to start ascribing preferences, opinions, dictatorial ways. Oh, yes, they say, my husband is very particular. He won't touch turnips. He won't eat fried meat. (Or he will only eat fried meat.) He likes me to wear blue (brown) all the time. He can't stand organ music. He hates to see a woman go out bareheaded. He would kill me if I took one puff of tobacco. This way, bewildered, sidelong-looking men are made over, made into husbands, heads of households. Almeda Roth cannot imagine herself doing that. She wants a man who doesn't have to be made, who is firm already and determined and mysterious to her. She does not look for companionship. Men—except for her father—seem to her deprived in some way, incurious. No doubt that is necessary, so that they will do what they have to do. Would she herself, knowing that there was salt in the earth, discover how to get it out and sell it? Not likely. She would be thinking about the ancient sea. That kind of speculation is what Jarvis Poulter has, quite properly, no time for.

Instead of calling for her and walking her to church, Jarvis Poulter might make another, more venturesome declaration. He could hire a horse and take her for a drive out to the country. If he did this, she would be both glad and sorry. Glad to be beside him, driven by him, receiving this attention from him in front of the world. And sorry to have the countryside removed for her—filmed over, in a way, by his talk and preoccupations. The countryside that she has written about in her poems actually takes diligence and determination to see. Some things must be disregarded. Manure piles, of course, and boggy fields full of high, charred stumps, and great heaps of brush waiting for a good day for burning. The meandering creeks have been straightened, turned into ditches with high, muddy banks. Some of the crop fields and pasture fields are fenced with big, clumsy uprooted stumps, others are held in a crude stitchery of rail fences. The trees have all been cleared back to the woodlots. And the woodlots are all second growth. No trees along the roads or lanes or around the farmhouses, except a few that are newly planted, young and weedy-looking. Clusters of log barns—the grand barns that are to dominate the countryside for the next hundred years are just beginning to be built—and mean-looking log houses, and every four or five miles a ragged little settlement with a church and school and store and a blacksmith shop. A raw countryside just wrenched from the forest, but swarming with people. Every hundred acres is a farm, every farm has a family, most families have ten or twelve children. (This is the country that will send out wave after wave of settlers—it's already starting to send them—to northern Ontario and the West.) It's true that you can gather wildflowers in spring in the woodlots, but you'd have to walk through herds of horned cows to get to them.



"*My doctor says I've got to cut down on guns—I mean butter.*"

IV

The Gypsies have departed.
Their camping-ground is bare.
Oh, boldly would I bargain now
At the Gypsy Fair.

ALMEDA suffers a good deal from sleeplessness, and the doctor has given her bromides and nerve medicine. She takes the bromides, but the drops gave her dreams that were too vivid and disturbing, so she has put the bottle by for an emergency. She told the doctor her eyeballs felt dry, like hot glass, and her joints ached. Don't read so much, he said, don't study; get yourself good and tired out with housework, take exercise. He believes that her troubles would clear up if she got married. He believes this in spite of the fact that most of his nerve medicine is prescribed for married women.

So Almeda cleans house and helps clean the church, she lends a hand to friends who are wallpapering or getting ready for a wedding, she bakes one of her famous cakes for the Sunday-school picnic. On a hot Saturday in August she decides to make some grape jelly. Little jars of grape jelly will make fine Christmas presents, or offerings to the sick. But she started late in the day and the jelly is not made by nightfall. In fact, the hot pulp has just been dumped into the cheesecloth bag, to strain out the juice. Almeda drinks some tea and eats a slice of cake with butter (a childish indulgence of hers), and that's all she wants for supper. She washes her hair at the sink and sponges off her body, to be clean for Sunday. She doesn't light a lamp. She lies down on the bed with the window wide open and a sheet just up to her waist, and she does feel wonderfully tired. She can even feel a little breeze.

When she wakes up, the night seems fiery hot and full of threats. She lies sweating on her bed, and she has the impression that the noises she hears are knives and saws and axes—all angry implements chopping and jabbing and boring within her head. But it isn't true. As she comes further awake she recognizes the sounds that she has heard sometimes before—the fracas of a summer Saturday night on Pearl Street. Usually the noise centers on a fight. People are drunk, there is a lot of protest and encouragement concerning the fight, somebody will scream, "Murder!" Once, there was a murder. But it didn't happen in a fight. An old man was stabbed to death in his shack, perhaps for a few dollars he kept in the mattress.

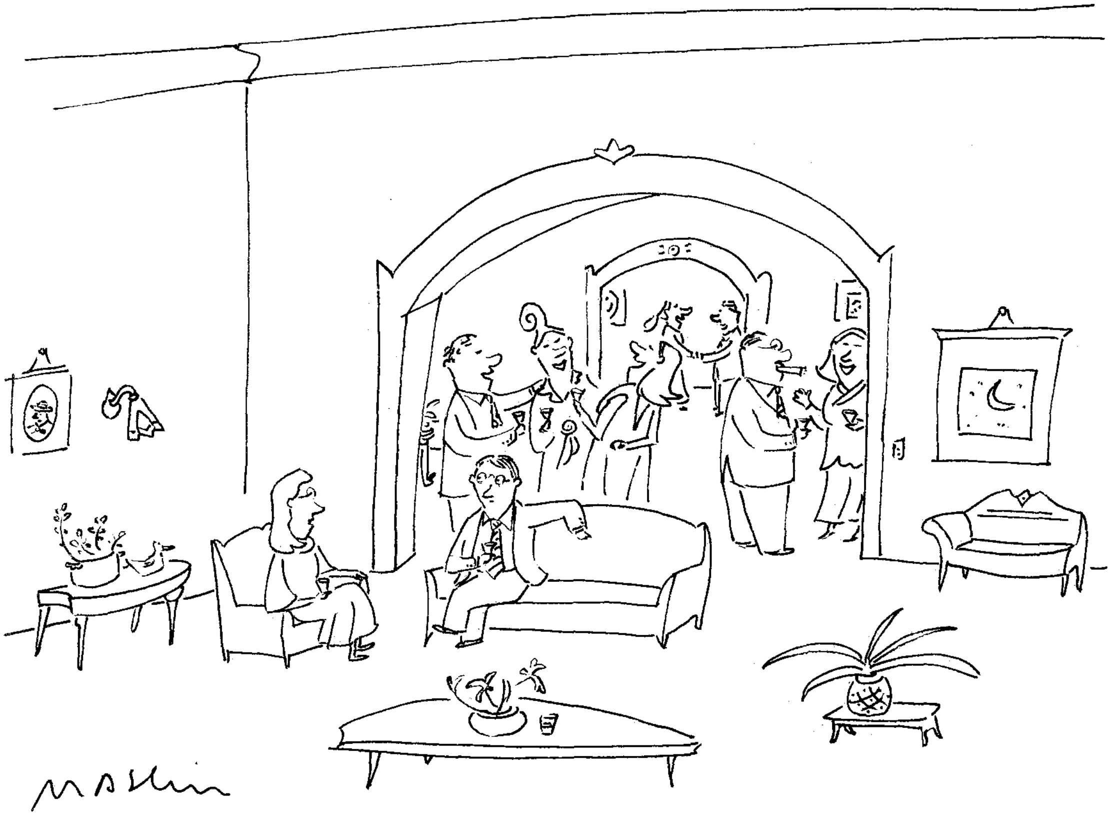
She gets out of bed and goes to the window. The night sky is clear, with no moon and with bright stars. Pegasus hangs straight ahead, over the swamp. Her father taught her that constellation—automatically, she counts its stars. Now she can make out distinct voices, individual contributions to the row. Some people, like herself, have evidently been wakened from sleep. "Shut up!" they are yelling. "Shut up that caterwauling or I'm going to come down and tan the arse off yez!"

But nobody shuts up. It's as if there were a ball of fire rolling up Pearl Street, shooting off sparks—only the fire is noise, it's yells and laughter and shrieks and curses, and the sparks are voices that shoot off alone. Two voices gradually distinguish themselves—a rising and falling howling cry and a steady throbbing, low-pitched stream of abuse that contains all those words which Almeda associates with danger and depravity and foul smells and disgusting sights. Someone—the person crying out, "Kill me! Kill me now!"—is being beaten. A woman is being beaten. She keeps crying, "Kill me! Kill me!" and sometimes her mouth seems choked with blood. Yet there is something taunting and triumphant about her cry. There is something theatrical about it. And the people around are calling out, "Stop it! Stop that!" or "Kill her! Kill her!" in a frenzy, as if at the theatre or a sporting match or a prizefight. Yes, thinks Almeda, she has noticed that before—it is always partly a charade with these people; there is a clumsy sort of parody, an exaggeration, a missed connection. As if anything they did—even a murder—might be something they didn't quite believe but were powerless to stop.

Now there is the sound of something thrown—a chair, a plank?—and of a woodpile or part of a fence giving way. A lot of newly surprised cries, the sound of running, people getting out of the way, and the commotion has come much closer. Almeda can see a figure in a light dress, bent over and running. That will be the woman. She has got hold of something like a stick of wood or a shingle, and she turns and flings it at the darker figure running after her.

"Ah, go get her!" the voices cry. "Go baste her one!"

Many fall back now; just the two figures come on and grapple, and



"Now that we've been introduced, Mr. Kelvey, I'd like to bring an old friend of mine—the interrogative sentence—into our conversation."

• •

break loose again, and finally fall down against Almeda's fence. The sound they make becomes very confused—gagging, vomiting, grunting, pounding. Then a long, vibrating, choking sound of pain and self-abasement, self-abandonment, which could come from either or both of them.

Almeda has backed away from the window and sat down on the bed. Is that the sound of murder she has heard? What is to be done, what is she to do? She must light a lantern, she must go downstairs and light a lantern—she must go out into the yard, she must go downstairs. Into the yard. The lantern. She falls over on her bed and pulls the pillow to her face. In a minute. The stairs, the lantern. She sees herself already down there, in the back hall, drawing the bolt of the back door. She falls asleep.

She wakes, startled, in the early light. She thinks there is a big crow sitting on her windowsill, talking in a disapproving but unsurprised way about the events of the night before. "Wake up and move the wheelbarrow!" it says to her, scolding, and she understands that it means something else by "wheelbarrow"—something foul and sorrowful. Then she is awake and sees that there is no such bird. She gets up at once and looks out the window.

Down against her fence there is a pale lump pressed—a body.

Wheelbarrow.

She puts a wrapper over her nightdress and goes downstairs. The front rooms are still shadowy, the blinds down in the kitchen. Something goes *plop*, *plup*, in a leisurely, censorious way, reminding her of the conversation of the crow. It's just the grape juice, straining overnight. She pulls the bolt and goes out the back door. Spiders have draped their webs over the doorway in the night, and the hollyhocks are drooping, heavy with dew. By the fence, she parts the sticky hollyhocks and looks down and she can see.

A woman's body heaped up there, turned on her side with her face squashed down into the earth. Almeda can't see her face. But there is a bare breast let loose, brown nipple pulled long like a cow's teat, and a bare haunch and leg, the haunch bearing a bruise as big as a sunflower. The unbruised skin is grayish, like a plucked, raw drumstick. Some kind of nightgown or all-purpose dress she has on. Smelling of vomit. Urine, drink, vomit.

Barefoot, in her nightgown and flimsy wrapper, Almeda runs away. She runs around the side of her house between the apple trees and the veranda; she opens the front gate and flees down Dufferin Street to Jarvis Poulter's house, which is the nearest to hers. She slaps the flat of her hand many times against the door.

"There is the body of a woman," she says, when Jarvis Poulter appears at last. He is in his dark trousers, held up with braces, and his shirt is half unbuttoned, his face unshaven, his hair standing up on his head. "Mr. Poulter, excuse me. A body of a woman. At my back gate."

He looks at her fiercely. "Is she dead?"

His breath is dank, his face creased, his eyes bloodshot.

"Yes. I think murdered," says Almeda. She can see a little of his cheerless front hall. His hat on a chair. "In the night I woke up. I heard a racket down on Pearl Street," she says, struggling to keep her voice low and sensible. "I could hear this—pair. I could hear a man and a woman fighting."

PRIVATE BEACH

It is always the dispossessed—
someone driving a huge rusted Dodge
that's burning oil and must cost
twenty-five dollars to fill.

Today before seven I saw, through
the morning fog, his car leave the road,
turning into the field. It must be
his day off, I thought, or he's out
of work and drinking, or getting stoned.
Or maybe as much as anything
he wanted to see
where the lane through the hay goes.

It goes to the bluff overlooking
the lake, where we've cleared
brush, swept the slippery oak
leaves from the path, and tried to destroy
the poison ivy that runs
over the scrubby, sandy knolls.

Sometimes in the evening I'll hear
gunshots or firecrackers. Later a car
needing a new muffler backs out
to the road, headlights withdrawing
from the lowest branches of the pines.

Next day I find beer cans, usually
crushed; sometimes a few fish, too small
to bother cleaning, and left
on the moss to die; or the leaking
latex trace of outdoor love. . . .
Once I found the canvas sling chairs
broken up and burned.

Whoever laid the fire gathered stones
to contain it, like a boy pursuing
a merit badge, who has a dream of work,
and proper reward for work.

—Jane Kenyon

• •

He picks up his hat and puts it on his head. He closes and locks the front door, and puts the key in his pocket. They walk along the boardwalk and she sees that she is in her bare feet. She holds back what she feels a need to say next—that she is responsible, she could have run out with a lantern, she could have screamed (but who needed more screams?), she could have beat the man off. She could have run for help then, not now.

They turn down Pearl Street, instead of entering the Roth yard. Of course the body is still there. Hunched up, half bare, the same as before.

Jarvis Poulter doesn't hurry or halt. He walks straight over to the body and looks down at it, nudges the leg with the toe of his boot, just as you'd nudge a dog or a sow.

"You," he says, not too loudly but firmly, and nudges again.

Almeda tastes bile at the back of her throat.

"Alive," says Jarvis Poulter, and the woman confirms this. She stirs, she grunts weakly.

Almeda says, "I will get the doctor." If she had touched the woman, if she had forced herself to touch her, she would not have made such a mistake.

"Wait," says Jarvis Poulter. "Wait. Let's see if she can get up."

"Get up, now," he says to the woman. "Come on. Up, now. Up."

Now a startling thing happens. The body heaves itself onto all fours, the head is lifted—the hair all matted with blood and vomit—and the woman begins to bang this head, hard and rhythmically, against Almeda Roth's picket fence. As she bangs her head she finds her voice, and lets out an open-mouthed yowl, full of strength and what sounds like an anguished pleasure.

"Far from dead," says Jarvis Poulter. "And I wouldn't bother the doctor."

"There's blood," says Almeda as the woman turns her smeared face.

"From her nose," he says. "Not fresh." He bends down and catches the horrid hair close to the scalp to stop the head-banging.

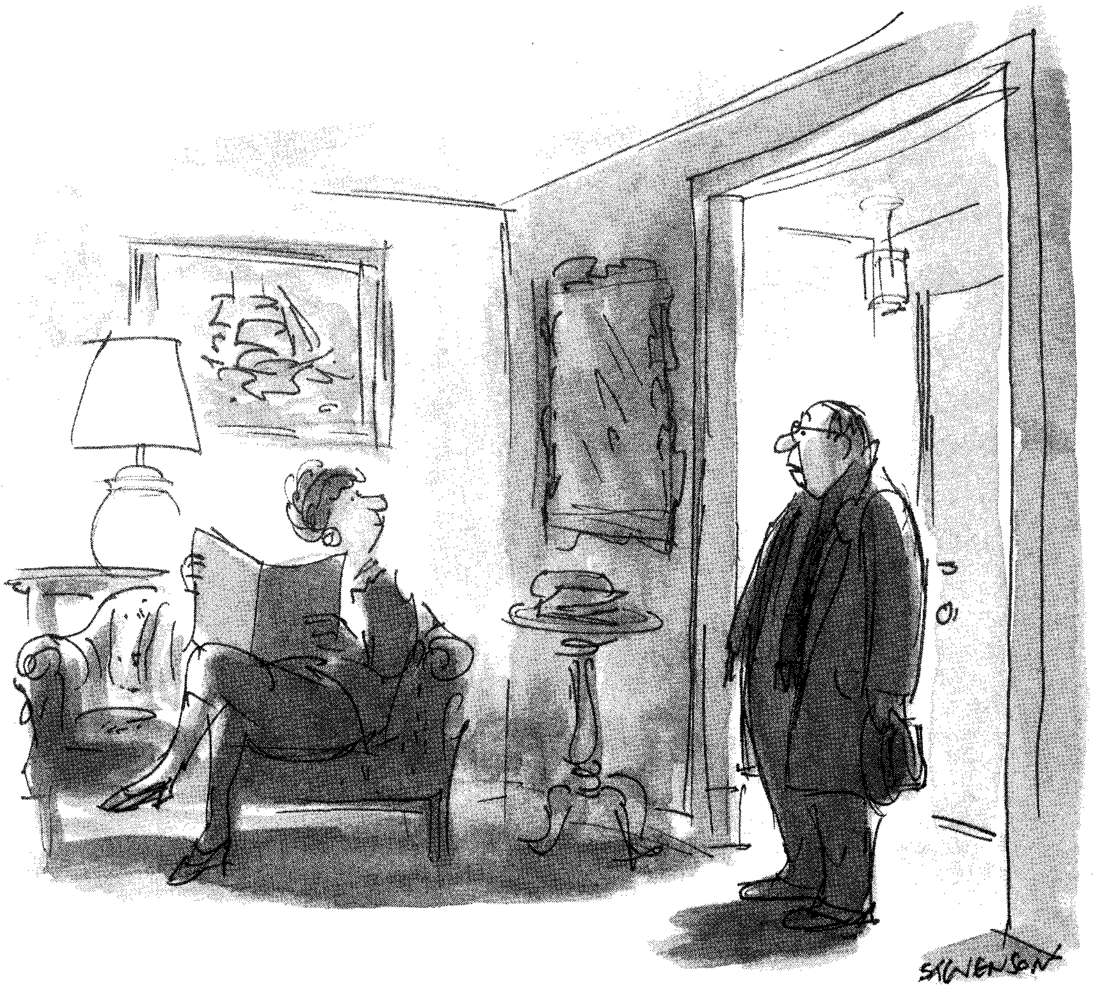
"You stop that now," he says. "Stop it. Gwan home now. Gwan home, where you belong." The sound coming out of the woman's mouth has stopped. He shakes her head slightly, warning her, before he lets go of her hair. "Gwan home!"

Released, the woman lunges forward, pulls herself to her feet. She can walk. She weaves and stumbles down the street, making intermittent, cautious noises of protest. Jarvis Poulter watches her for a moment to make sure that she's on her way. Then he finds a large burdock leaf, on which he wipes his hand. He says, "There goes your dead body!"

The back gate being locked, they walk around to the front. The front gate stands open. Almeda still feels sick. Her abdomen is bloated; she is hot and dizzy.

"The front door is locked," she says faintly. "I came out by the kitchen." If only he would leave her, she could go straight to the privy. But he follows her as far as the back door and into the back hall. He speaks to her in a tone of harsh joviality that she has never before heard from him. "No need for alarm," he says. "It's only the consequences of drink. A lady oughtn't to be living alone so close to a bad neighborhood." He takes hold of her arm just above the elbow. She can't open her mouth to speak to him, to say thank you. If she opened her mouth she would retch.

What Jarvis Poulter feels for Almeda Roth at this moment is just what he has not felt during all those circumspect walks and all his own solitary calculations of her probable worth, undoubted respectability, ade-



"My day? One amazing slam-dunk after another."

quate comeliness. He has not been able to imagine her as a wife. Now that is possible. He is sufficiently stirred by her loosened hair—prematurely gray but thick and soft—her flushed face, her light clothing, which nobody but a husband should see. And by her indiscretion, her agitation, her foolishness, her need?

"I will call on you later," he says to her. "I will walk with you to church."

At the corner of Pearl and Dufferin Streets last Sunday morning there was discovered, by a lady resident there, the body of a certain woman of Pearl Street, thought to be dead but only, as it turned out, dead drunk. She was roused from her heavenly—or otherwise—stupor by the firm persuasion of Mr. Poulter, a neighbour and a Civil Magistrate, who had been summoned by the lady resident. Incidents of this sort, unseemly, troublesome, and disgraceful to our town, have of late become all too common.

V

I sit at the bottom of sleep,
As on the floor of the sea.
And fanciful Citizens of the Deep
Are graciously greeting me.

As soon as Jarvis Poulter has gone and she has heard her front gate close, Almeda rushes to the privy. Her relief is not complete, however, and she realizes that the pain and fullness in her lower body come from an accumulation of menstrual blood that has not yet started to flow. She closes and locks the back door. Then, remembering Jarvis Poulter's words about church, she writes on a piece of paper, "I am not well, and wish to rest today." She sticks this firmly into the outside frame of the little window in the front door. She locks that door, too. She is trembling, as if from a great shock or danger. But she builds a fire, so that she can make tea. She boils water, measures the tea leaves, makes a large pot of tea, whose steam and smell sicken her further. She pours out a cup while the tea is still quite weak and adds to it several dark drops of nerve medicine. She sits to drink it without raising the kitchen blind. There, in the middle of the floor, is the cheesecloth bag hanging on its broom handle between the two chair backs. The grape pulp and juice has stained the swollen cloth a dark purple. *Plop, plup* into the basin beneath. She can't sit and look at such a thing. She takes her cup, the teapot, and the bottle of medicine into the dining room.

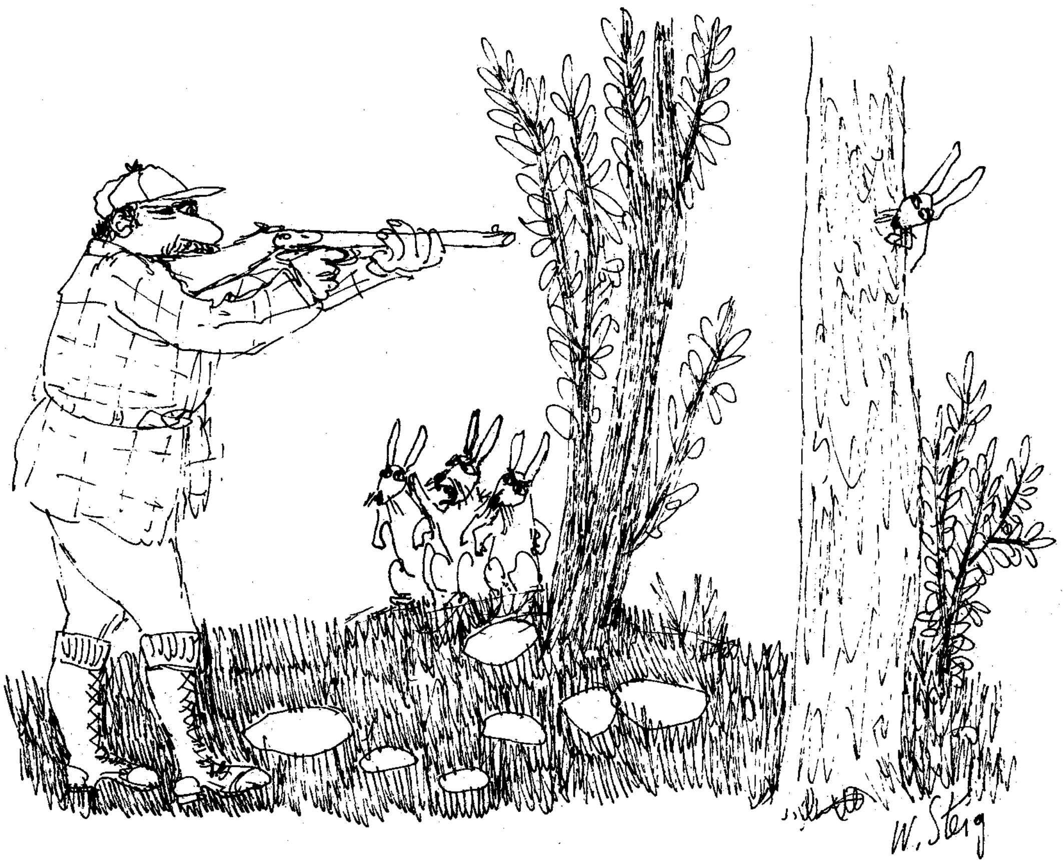
She is still sitting there when the horses start to go by on the way to church, stirring up clouds of dust. The roads will be getting hot as ashes. She is there when the gate is opened and a man's confident steps sound on her veranda. Her hearing is so sharp she seems to hear the paper taken out of the frame and unfolded—she can almost hear him reading it, hear the words in his mind. Then the footsteps go the other way, down the steps. The gate closes. An image comes to her of tombstones—it makes her laugh. Tombstones are marching down the street on their little booted feet, their long bodies inclined forward, their expressions preoccupied and severe. The church bells are ringing.

Then the clock in the hall strikes twelve and an hour has passed.

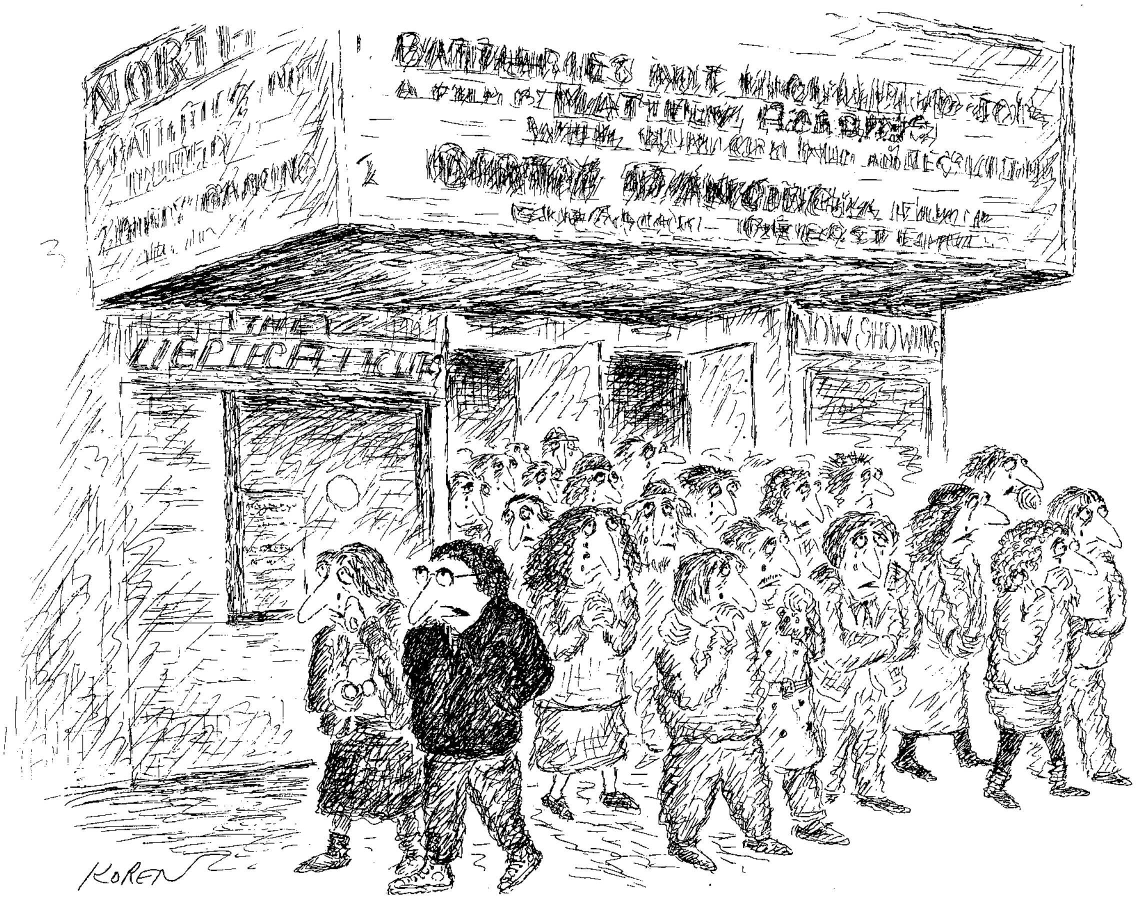
The house is getting hot. She drinks more tea and adds more medicine. She knows that the medicine is affecting her. It is responsible for her extraordinary languor, her perfect immobility, her unresisting surrender to her surroundings. That is all right. It seems necessary.

Her surroundings—some of her surroundings—in the dining room are these: walls covered with dark-green garlanded wallpaper, lace curtains and mulberry velvet curtains on the windows, a table with a crocheted cloth and a bowl of wax fruit, a pinkish-gray carpet with nosegays of blue and pink roses, a sideboard spread with embroidered runners and holding various patterned plates and jugs and the silver tea things. A lot of things to watch. For every one of these patterns, decorations seems charged with life, ready to move and flow and alter. Or possibly to explode. Almeda Roth's occupation throughout the day is to keep an eye on them. Not to prevent their alteration so much as to catch them at it—to understand it, to be a part of it. So much is going on in this room that there is no need to leave it. There is not even the thought of leaving it.

Of course, Almeda in her observations cannot escape words. She may think she can, but she can't. Soon this glowing and swelling begins to suggest words—not specific words but a



flow of words somewhere, just about ready to make themselves known to her. Poems, even. Yes, again, poems. Or one poem. Isn't that the idea—one very great poem that will contain everything and, oh, that will make all the other poems, the poems she has written, inconsequential, mere trial and error, mere rags? Stars and flowers and birds and trees and angels in the snow and dead children at twilight—that is not the half of it. You have to get in the obscene racket on Pearl Street and the polished toe of Jarvis Poulter's boot and the plucked-chicken haunch with its blue-black flower. Almeda is a long way now from human sympathies or fears or cozy household considerations. She doesn't think about what could be done for that woman or about keeping Jarvis Poulter's dinner warm and hanging his long underwear on the line. The basin of grape juice has overflowed and is running over her kitchen floor, staining the boards of the floor, and the stain will never come out.



"I'm having trouble with the ending."

She has to think of so many things at once—Champlain and the naked Indians and the salt deep in the earth but as well as the salt the money, the money-making intent brewing forever in heads like Jarvis Poulter's. Also, the brutal storms of winter and the clumsy and benighted deeds on Pearl Street. The changes of climate are often violent, and if you think about it there is no peace even in the stars. All this can be borne only if it is channelled into a poem, and the word "channelled" is appropriate, because the name of the poem will be—it *is*—"The Meneseteung." The name of the poem is the name of the river. No, in fact it is the river, the Meneseteung, that is the poem—with its deep holes and rapids and blissful pools under the summer trees and its grinding blocks of ice thrown up at the end of winter and its desolating spring floods. Almeda looks deep, deep into the river of her mind and into the tablecloth, and she sees the crocheted roses floating. They look bunchy and foolish, her mother's crocheted roses—they don't look much like real flowers. But their effort, their floating independence, their pleasure in their silly selves does seem to her so admirable. A hopeful sign. *Meneseteung.*

She doesn't leave the room until dusk, when she goes out to the privy again and discovers that she is bleeding, her flow has started. She will have to get a towel, strap it on, bandage herself up. Never before, in health, has she passed a whole day in her nightdress. She doesn't feel any particular anxiety about this. On her way through the kitchen she walks through the pool of grape juice. She knows that she will have to mop it up, but not yet, and she walks upstairs leaving purple footprints and smelling her escaping blood and the sweat of her body that has sat all day in the closed hot room.

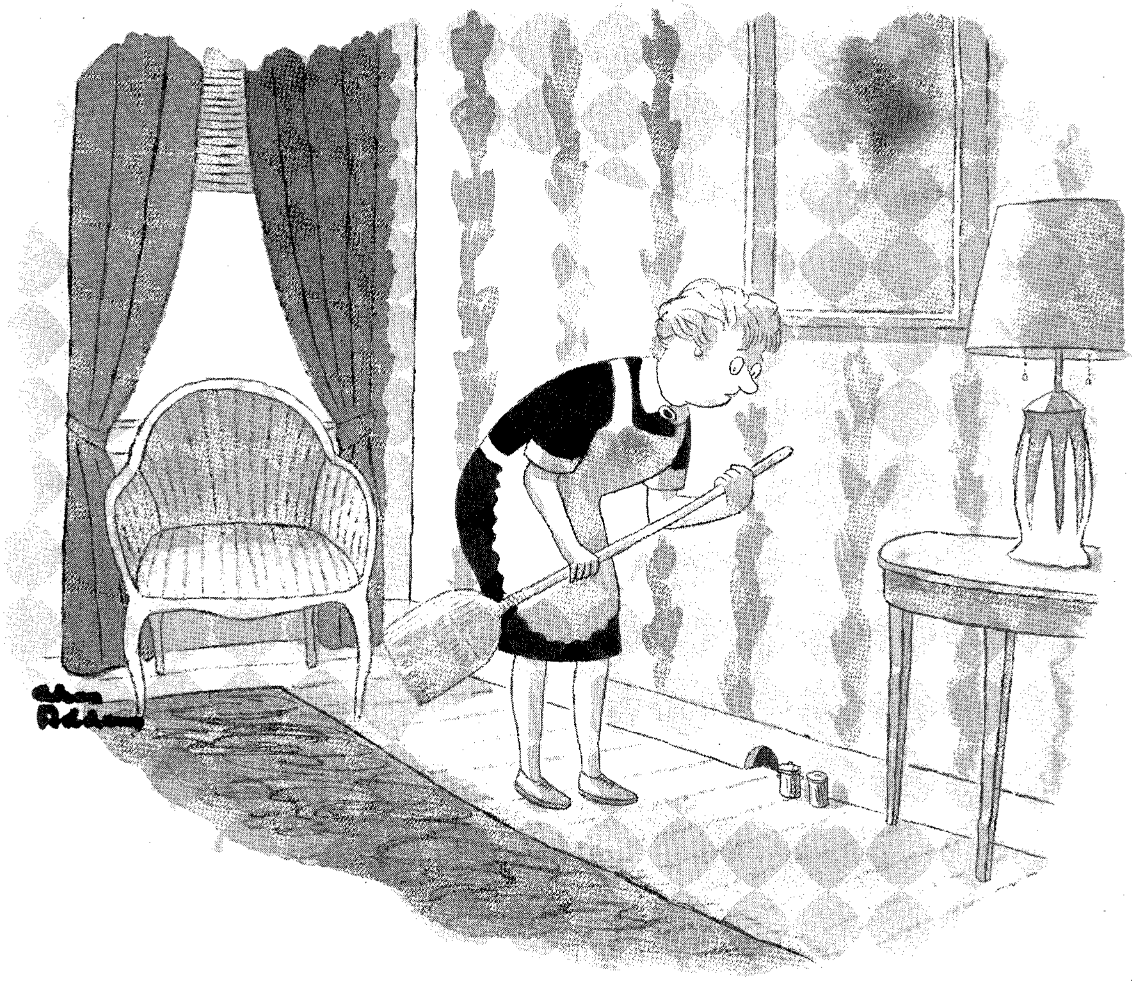
No need for alarm.

For she hasn't thought that crocheted roses could float away or that tombstones could hurry down the street. She doesn't mistake that for reality, and neither does she mistake anything else for reality, and that is how she knows that she is sane.

VI

I dream of you by night,
I visit you by day.
Father, Mother,
Sister, Brother,
Have you no word to say?

April 22, 1903. At her residence, on Tuesday last, between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, there passed away a lady of talent and refinement whose pen, in days gone by, enriched our local literature with a volume of sensitive, eloquent verse. It is a sad misfortune that in later years the mind of this fine person had become somewhat clouded and her behaviour, in consequence, somewhat rash and unusual. Her attention to decorum and to the care and adornment of her person had suffered, to the degree that she had become, in the eyes of those unmindful of her former pride and daintiness, a familiar eccentric, or even, sadly, a figure of fun. But now all such lapses pass from memory and



what is recalled is her excellent published verse, her labours in former days in the Sunday school, her dutiful care of her parents, her noble womanly nature, charitable concerns, and unfailing religious faith. Her last illness was of mercifully short duration. She caught cold, after having become thoroughly wet from a ramble in the Pearl Street bog. (It has been said that some urchins chased her into the water, and such is the boldness and cruelty of some of our youth, and their observed persecution of this lady, that the tale cannot be entirely discounted.) The cold developed into pneumonia, and she died, attended at the last by a former neighbour, Mrs. Bert (Annie) Friels, who witnessed her calm and faithful end.

January, 1904. One of the founders of our community, an early maker and shaker of this town, was abruptly removed from our midst on Monday morning last, whilst attending to his correspondence in the office of his company. Mr. Jarvis Poulter possessed a keen and lively commercial spirit, which was instrumental in the creation of not one but several local enterprises, bringing the benefits of industry, productivity, and employment to our town.

I LOOKED for Almeda Roth in the graveyard. I found the family stone. There was just one name on it—Roth. Then I noticed two flat stones in the ground, a distance of a few feet—*six feet?*—from the upright stone. One of these said "Papa," the other "Mama." Farther out from these I found two other flat stones, with the names William and Catherine on them. I had to clear away some overgrowing grass and dirt to see the full name of Catherine. No birth or death dates for anybody, nothing about being dearly beloved. It was a private sort of memorializing, not for the world. There were no roses, either—no sign of a rosebush. But perhaps it was taken out. The grounds keeper doesn't like such things, they are a nuisance to the lawnmower, and if there is nobody left to object he will pull them out.

I thought that Almeda must have been buried somewhere else. When this plot was bought—at the time of the two children's deaths—she would still have been expected to marry, and to lie finally beside her husband. They might not have left room for her here. Then I saw that the stones in the ground fanned out from the upright stone. First the two for the parents, then the two for the children, but these were placed in such a way that there was room for a third, to complete the fan. I paced out from "Catherine" the same number of steps that it took to get from "Catherine" to "William," and at this spot I began pulling grass and scrabbling in the dirt with my bare hands. Soon I felt the stone and knew that I was right. I worked away and got the whole stone clear and I read the name "Meda." There it was with the others, staring at the sky.

I made sure I had got to the edge of the stone. That was all the name there was—Meda. So it was true that she was called by that name in the family. Not just in the poem. Or perhaps she chose her name from the poem, to be written on her stone.

I thought that there wasn't anybody alive in the world but me who would know this, who would make the connection. And I would be the last person to do so. But perhaps this isn't so. People are curious. A few people are. They will be driven to find things out, even trivial things. They will put things together, knowing all along that they may be mistaken. You see them going around with notebooks, scraping the dirt off gravestones, reading microfilm, just in the hope of seeing this trickle in time, making a connection, rescuing one thing from the rubbish.

—ALICE MUNRO

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AKC REGISTERED long haired Datsuns. Ready to go.—*Adv. in the West Lebanon (N.H.) Valley News.*

Aren't they called Nissans now?

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UH-HUH DEPARTMENT

[*From the Christian Science Monitor*]

Beset with heavy combat losses, Indian military officials bristle at the charges of atrocities. "When I hear things like that," a senior official said, "I get so mad I could just shoot people."

ANNALS OF BUSINESS

THE SWEATER TRADE—I

WHEN the executives of such companies as Calvin Klein, Macy's, Ralph Lauren, and J. C. Penney are out of the country, as they often are, the first place to look for them is the Royal Crown Colony of Hong Kong; and if the executive is sufficiently important the first place in Hong Kong to look is the Regent Hotel, a glass-and-brick fortress that stands atop a mound of landfill along the Kowloon, or mainland, side of the harbor. The Regent is an establishment that for a small extra fee will pick up a guest at the airport in a gold Rolls-Royce, or deliver an order of French goose liver with truffles at, say, three in the morning. Its white-liveried doormen and bellmen anticipate every need, however inconsequential, and stand at attention in their downtime. But the most striking feature of the Regent is the view of the harbor—a view stolen from several older hotels along Salisbury Road, which stood at the water's edge in pre-Regent times. The view is best enjoyed from a window seat in the Harbourside, the Regent's airy, fern-filled version of a coffee shop. Framed against the white skyscrapers and dark, irregular hills of Hong Kong Island is a constant coming and going of fishing boats, freighters, ferries, tugs, and tankers, in an assortment of weather-beaten colors. Every day looks like a Bicentennial, to a visitor from the so-called port of New York.

Jack Listanowsky had his back to the water and his head buried in the *International Herald Tribune* when I found him in the Harbourside one morning in June of 1986. Listanowsky was on his hundredth trip to Hong Kong, give or take a few trips, and the view had lost its novelty for him. Besides, the newspaper was full of disturbing stories—about labor unrest in the Philippines, a riot in a Thai beach resort, and American charges of corruption against the new government of Panama, among other things. Listanowsky is the senior vice-president in charge of knitwear manufacturing for Liz Claiborne, the fashion company. Claiborne buys knitwear not only in Hong Kong and the United States but also in the Philippines, Thailand, Panama, and eleven other countries. To Claiborne, and to Listanowsky, anything that upsets the peace in such places—or the maintenance of a friendly attitude toward American interests—is a threat.

A muscular man with a receding rim of short black hair—as much of it below the ears, in a flowering of beard and mustache, as above—Listanowsky gives the impression of being a Type A personality who has just completed a crash course in Type B behavior. It is the rare phone call or meeting with him that is not interrupted by some other phone call or meeting, and in the occasional scowl or burst of sarcasm with which he typically responds to difficulties there is the hint of a potential for a more emphatic response. He made his first trip to Hong Kong in 1966, while on R. and R. from Marine Corps duty in Vietnam, and he has been a fairly regular commuter to the Far East since 1976, when he joined the Scandia Trading Company. His mission this time out was to negotiate prices and delivery dates for the knitwear part of Liz Claiborne's Spring One season for 1987. While he was at it, he would monitor progress on the Holiday and Pre-Spring seasons and begin to talk about the shape of Spring Two. (At the time of my visit, there were six seasons in a Claiborne year—Pre-Spring, Spring One, Spring Two, Fall One, Fall Two, and Holiday.) I was in Hong Kong to learn a little about the global clothing business, at Listanowsky's side.

Shortly after I sat down at his table, we were joined by Chris Chan, Claiborne's chief knitwear operative in Hong Kong. For want of family funds, Chan terminated his education at seventeen and went to work in a knitwear factory, where his father was an assistant manager. He is short and stocky, and, as Listanowsky told me approvingly, one of the rare Chinese people who appreciate sarcastic humor.

"Manila went on strike yesterday," he announced in the act of seating himself.

"General?" Listanowsky asked.

"Just Vincent's factory," Chan said.

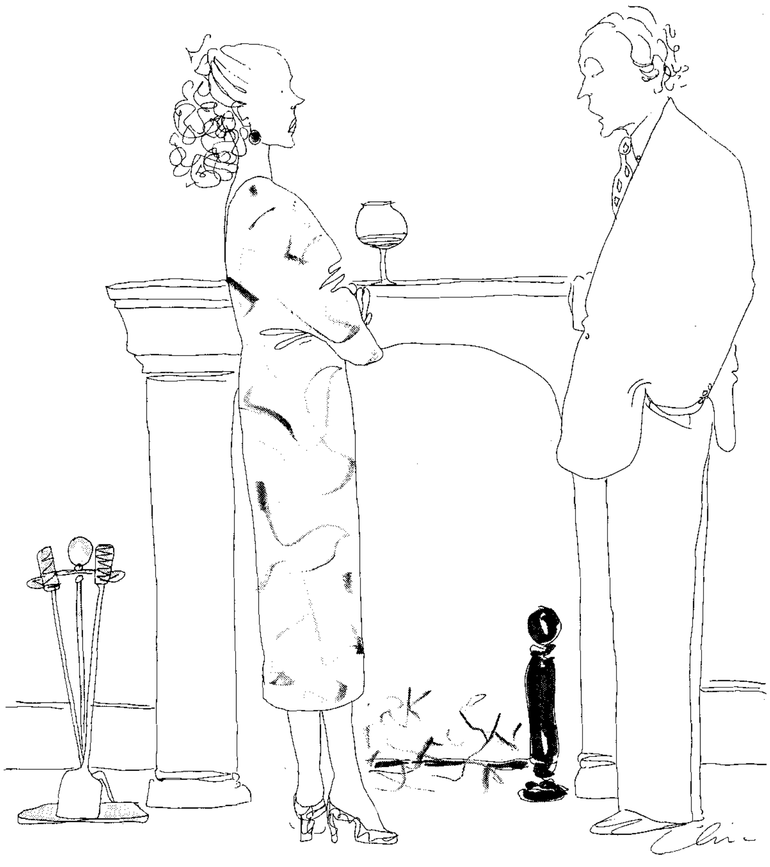
"We have a lot of goods we need right away," Listanowsky said. "Do Kenneth and Jeffrey know?"

"I think they know."

"So what other happy news do you have for me today, Chris?"

"Actually, there's more bad news from Fantastic," Chan answered sheepishly. "A technician was killed yesterday. He fell down an elevator shaft." Fantastic was a knitwear factory we were going to visit in the afternoon.

"Great day for Vincent," Listanowsky



"Love the twigs. Very Vermont."

"Stop looking so married!"

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market arrangements will be preserved for another fifty years.

As we reached the crest of the hills that divide Kowloon from the New Territories, I could see, off to our left along the water's edge, a vast depot full of what looked like bright-colored railroad cars, with several giant cranes towering overhead. This was the Kwai Chung container terminal—the biggest in Hong Kong (which, according to local officials, is the world's second-busiest container port, after Rotterdam and ahead of New York). Then the road descended into an area of factories and housing projects. Architecturally, they were surprisingly alike. Factories in Hong Kong are vertical. Even in the relatively uncramped New Territories, there isn't enough space for the low-slung industrial architecture familiar to Westerners. And there are no grounds to speak of; one factory is smack up against the next. But evidence was visible from the expressway of a modest effort at zoning. The factories were mostly on our right, and the housing projects, which could be identified by the laundry draped over their tiny balconies, were on our left.

Leaving the expressway, we spent about ten minutes on local streets before we came to a nine-story building of sooty grayish-brown brick, which a sign identified as Fang Brothers Textiles, Ltd. The Mercedes made its way past a row of street venders, through a parking lot crowded with trucks and bare-chested men in shorts, and into a garage, which doubled as the main entrance to the factory. From the garage we took an elevator to the fourth floor, and entered a set of offices whose bright décor—white walls, venetian blinds, cabinetry, and plants, all bathed in fluorescent light—reminded me of the Liz Claiborne offices in New York, where I had first met Listanowsky, a few weeks earlier. He seemed nearly as much at home here as there. Without waiting for anyone to acknowledge our arrival, he strode down a hallway and into a conference room, in which we found a young, stylishly dressed Chinese woman preparing for our arrival. Her name was Belinda Chan, and Listanowsky introduced her as "my counterpart at Fang Brothers." Moments later, her boss, Jeffrey Fang, appeared. He seemed absurdly young, in a tanned, thin, smooth-skinned laid-back sort of

commented. He was talking about Vincent Fang, who ran Fantastic as well as the struck factory in Manila. The Fang family, Listanowsky had told me, also owned clothing factories in Thailand, Malaysia, Ireland, and Panama.

Michael Greenberg joined us a few moments later. Greenberg had just been hired by Claiborne as director of knitwear production and planning for sportswear. He had left his former employ on Friday, had got on a plane to Hong Kong on Sunday, had arrived late Monday night, and was to spend today—Tuesday—learning how Listanowsky, and Claiborne, did things. The Far East circuit was nothing new for Greenberg, who had been a buyer for several fashion companies. But the prospect of working for Claiborne was something else. A curly-haired, affable man in his forties, Greenberg had spent the last few years as a free-lance consultant. Now he was working for the hottest company in the business. His hiring was also a noteworthy event on Listanowsky's professional calendar. In Listanowsky's five years with Claiborne, knitwear had grown from ten to thirty-seven per cent of the company's business, and his trips to the Far East had increased proportionately. Of late, he had been spending nearly half his time away from the New York office, so he had pushed for the right to hire some help.

Chris Chan had ordered a car for us—a green Mercedes, which looked fairly ordinary among the Daimlers, Rollses, and such in the Regent's driveway. It was already plenty hot outside, to judge from the few seconds we spent in the unconditioned air between the lobby and the car. Despite the Mercedes' air-conditioning, the exhaust from the caravan of cars in front of us was overwhelming as we merged onto the elevated expressway to the New Territories—an inland appendage to Hong Kong which has absorbed much of the Colony's recent industrial development. Britain leased the New Territories from China in 1898, for a term of ninety-nine years. Under an agreement reached in 1984, the New Territories—along with the rest of Hong Kong—will revert to China in 1997, but with a guarantee (the value of which has been much debated among the Colony's citizens) that existing local autonomy and free-

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way. At Fang Brothers Textiles, Ltd., the torch had clearly been passed to a new generation.

Listanowsky introduced Greenberg to Fang, who asked when Greenberg had gone to work for Claiborne, and shook his head in amazement at the answer.

"At Liz Claiborne, you get hired, you get a boarding pass," Listanowsky said.

Fang, like Listanowsky, had brought a pair of newcomers to the meeting: Chris Ma, who was in charge of yarn and design development, and Damien Chan, who was Belinda's assistant. (None of the Chans in the room were related to each other.) The group settled around a long table, with Fang at one end, the Fang Brothers delegation to his left, and the Claiborne delegation to his right. In front of each participant was a loose-leaf binder containing sketches and specifications for the knitwear part of the Spring One season. Fang and Belinda Chan also had calculators at the ready.

"Why don't I go through the styles?" Listanowsky suggested. "Chris can give the total projections, and I'll give Jeff the target, and we'll go from there." This seemed acceptable to everyone. "O.K., we're in the Fiesta group, in Ready To Wear. The cardigan—total pieces, Chris?"

"Twenty-nine thousand nine hundred," Chris Chan said, not missing a beat.

"Did you already break it down?" Fang asked.

"Twenty-four thousand for Missy," Chris replied, "and five thousand nine hundred for Petite." (By "Missy" he meant the standard, or Misses', sizes.)

"We'd like to be eighty," Listanowsky said. "But if we have to balance off, we can go as high as eighty-five."

For the next hour or so, Listanowsky and Chris Chan went line by line, group by group, and item by item through the Spring One season, while Belinda Chan and her assistant displayed the prototypes of the garments. Liz Claiborne has seven lines: Ready To Wear, Lizwear, Liz Sport, Liz Kids', Claiborne (the men's line, a recent addition), Dresses, and Petites. Within each line, for each season, the clothes fall into groups defined by the use of common yarns and colors. A typical group might consist of a sweater, a skirt, a pair of pants, and a T-shirt. This emphasis on "coördinated dressing" is a feature of the company, and retailers are encouraged to put Liz Claiborne clothing in a designated area, by itself, arranged in the appointed groups. The people at Claiborne believe it sells better that way; sometimes, they say, a customer buys an entire group at once.

The "target" that Listanowsky spoke of was the retail price. For imported clothing, there is usually a ratio of five or six to one between the retail price and the manufacturer's price; the precise figure depends largely on tariff levels, which vary according to the type of garment. Thus, when Listanowsky said "We'd like to be eighty on this one," he meant "We want to sell this item for eighty dollars." And Jeffrey Fang understood that he was being asked to deliver the item for sixteen dollars or thereabouts. Listanowsky wasn't trying to set a firm price just yet, though. He was simply sketching out the big picture, to see if any element was seriously awry. For the most part, Fang merely nodded and scribbled a few things down or punched a few numbers through his calculator. Every once in a while, he

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asked for a clarification; for example, he wanted to know if a certain cardigan was "three thirty-five or three forty-five"—numbers that referred to a Byzantine classification system with which the United States Customs Service enforces quotas on clothing imports.

"Depending on the length of a cardigan, it can be considered a jacket or a sweater," Listanowsky explained for my benefit. "Customs comes up with its own decisions. Why the length of the product affects it is a mystery to me."

From Ready To Wear, Listanowsky moved on to Lizwear—which, he announced with obvious pride, included one sweater that "we're going to do nearly a hundred thousand units on, and it's a long time since we did a hundred thousand units of something."

I had a vision of a woman walking down Fifth Avenue and seeing a hundred thousand other women wearing the same sweater, but the image was disrupted by the discovery that the sweater in question, a cotton pullover, came in several color combinations. Normally, I learned, Claiborne bases the quantity of its production runs on the number of garments it expects to sell in the two-month period that each season, typically, stays in the stores. Most items are sellouts, and sometimes they sell out very quickly, but there is no provision for increasing output in response to demand; nor is a garment ever repeated in a subsequent season, although its success might inspire something similar.

"The total is seventy-nine thousand seven hundred for Missy and fifteen thousand six hundred and seventy for Petite," Chris Chan said.

"The target is forty-two," Listanowsky said.

"And for this one I have a request," Chris went on. "If at all possible, I would like to do the Petite in Shanghai, because I owe them two thousand dozen already."

"Be my guest," Fang said.

"We're trying to develop a supplier in Shanghai, and Jeffrey is helping us," Listanowsky explained to Greenberg and me. "The best way to make sure everything is done properly there is to manage it all from here. You give it to them as a package."

While Fang took a phone call, Listanowsky flipped through several pages in his binder. "I think the rest is T-shirts in Lizwear," he said, and, turning to Greenberg, he added, "Eighty-five per cent of that line is T-shirts. It's a funkier line, more contemporary—moving toward a Jag look, but a bit more expensive than throwaway, weekend-type clothing."

"So the Petite goes to Shanghai, right?" Fang said after he hung up. "Do they take care of the yarn, or do we dye the yarn for them?"

"We dye the yarn—this season," Chris replied. "I already have some lab dips from them, and I'm going to look at their dyeing factory sometime in July. But right now I don't want to take the risk."

"You want to look at Spring Two?" Listanowsky asked, and Fang nodded. This phase of the discussion went quickly, because the plans were tentative, and the idea was simply to let Fang rough out his production schedule with two seasons in mind rather than one.

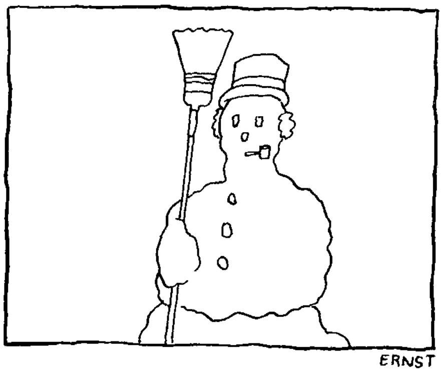
Now, at last, they began to talk money—the money that Claiborne would pay to Fang Brothers. But their differences, if there were any, were all but invisible to an outsider; indeed, from the conversation it was not always easy to tell the buyers from the sellers. Occasionally, Listanowsky tried to nudge the cost of a garment down by saying something like "I'm doing a real push to be under fifty," and Fang and Belinda Chan would hold a whispered consultation in Cantonese and come up with a number. At one point, Fang volunteered that a fifty-two-dollar retail price on a striped sleeveless cotton sweater was "crazy," and it turned out that he meant crazy high rather than, as I had assumed, crazy low. Listanowsky nodded. "I think forty-eight would be terrific," he said.

"I think even forty-eight is high," Fang said.

"Do you really?" Listanowsky asked. "Where would you go—forty-five?"

"Forty-five," Fang said.

A few minutes later, they came to a ribbed cotton skirt in slate blue—it belonged to the same group, called Mariner Mix—and Belinda Chan said the cost would have to go up from the last quote she had given, "because they made it bigger, and now the buttons are mother-of-pearl."



"Then sock it to me," said Listanowsky. "If I have to go tight on one piece, that's O.K."

While Belinda Chan and Fang went into another whispered conference, Greenberg studied the skirt and the strange way in which it combined an elastic waistband with a row of buttons leading from the hem to within a few inches of the waist. "Why not button it all the way up?" he finally asked.

"It's a pull-on," Listanowsky said.

"I see that—it's got to be," Greenberg said. "But if you're going to go to the expense of buttoning, why not button it right up to the waist? Why put an elastic on it, when you've already gone to ninety-nine per cent of the cost?"

"Why are you asking *me*? I didn't design it," Listanowsky said.

"I'm trying to understand the thinking," Greenberg said.

Listanowsky scowled, as if to suggest that "understanding the thinking" wasn't in Greenberg's job description. He turned back to Jeffrey Fang and Belinda Chan. "So where do we have to be on the skirt?"

"How about sixteen-thirty for the dress and ten-fifty for the skirt?" Belinda asked.

"I guess we'll both have to go tight on this one," Listanowsky said.

The discussion was interrupted by the appearance in the doorway of a man wearing an elegantly pressed white shirt and a tie—the latter a rarity in Hong Kong in the summer months. He was Kenneth Fang, at forty-eight the oldest of the brothers, and after greeting Listanowsky and Greenberg he invited me to accompany him to his office. There I asked him about the origins of the family business, and got, in reply, a short history of the clothing-and-textile industry in Hong Kong. In the late nineteen-forties, Kenneth told me, the prospect of revolution, and then the revolution itself, drove two million people from China to Hong Kong, a city, until then, of six hundred thousand. Most of the newcomers were poor and unskilled, but a few, like Kenneth and Jeffrey's father, S. C. Fang, had run spinning or weaving factories in Shanghai. With its popu-

Could that be the Pacific?
Has he put on weight since this morning?

Stout Cortez and Some Wild Surmises

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lation suddenly quintupled, and with the traditional foundation of its economy—trade with China—undermined by the Cold War and the Korean War, Hong Kong needed a new source of revenue. Then, as now, textiles and clothing were an ideal starter industry—one in which capital and technology counted for less than a work force ready to do almost any job at any pay.

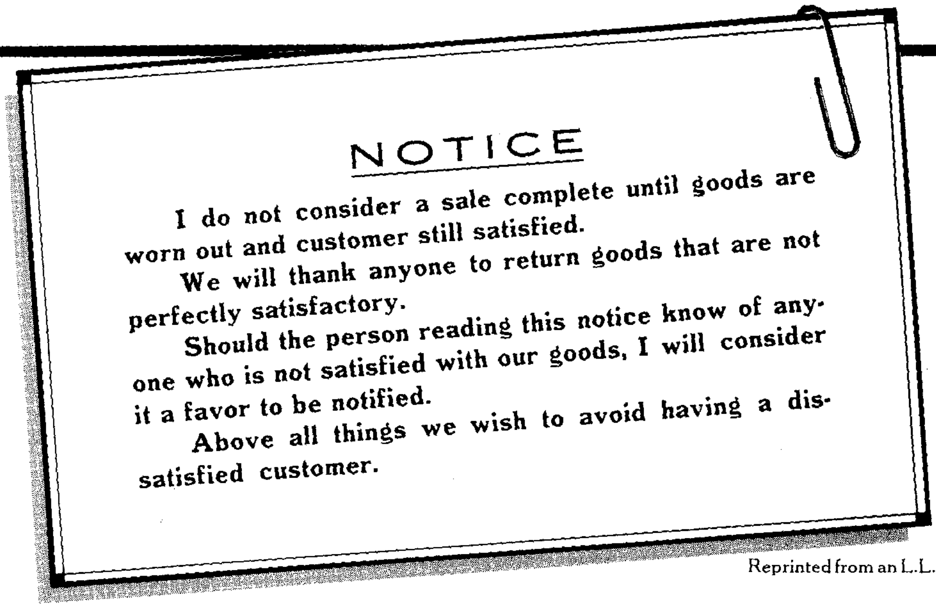
S. C. Fang sent his children—four sons and two daughters—to college in the United States, and in the mid-nineteen-sixties the sons began coming back to Hong Kong. (His daughters remained in the States, where one became a dentist and the other a pharmacist.) Kenneth returned in 1964. It was he who guided the family into the knitwear business, which in those days meant gloves, T-shirts, and two basic types of sweater—pullover and cardigan.

"The Hong Kong garment industry was developed in the middle sixties," Kenneth said. "At that time, the only thing Hong Kong could sell was price. We could make jeans that sold for four ninety-nine and T-shirts that sold for three ninety-nine. But the system forced us to upgrade ourselves."

Hong Kong's success in the textile field had already alarmed manufacturers in Europe and the United States, and, at their urging, the Western governments had set up a system of import quotas. The quotas were calculated in terms of quantity rather than value, on the theory that such an arrangement would be easier to enforce and would better reflect the harm to employers and employees in the importing countries—where costs, after all, were much higher. But that decision, Kenneth explained, had an unforeseen effect: it encouraged the Hong Kong manufacturers to move from textiles to clothing and then from simple to fancy clothing, in order to generate more income and employment per square yard. "Ten years ago, Fang Brothers' customers were K mart and Montgomery Ward," he said. "Today, we are making Liz Claiborne dresses, Liz Claiborne sweaters—everything as complicated as possible. This is the ironic effect. You force us to be a first-class, quality maker. You force the Hong Kong industry to move ahead."

One area in which Hong Kong moved ahead was sweaters, notwithstanding a climate that precluded a home market for any but the thinnest of them. Knitwear was a cottage industry at first, with women in tiny apartments knitting panels on so-called hand-knitting machines, which are about the size of an ironing board and are powered by the operator's arm working a lever. Knitters, or the subcontractors who employed them, delivered the finished panels to factories—typically, a floor or part of a floor of a multi-tenanted commercial building—for assembly. As knitwear fashions proliferated, however, the cottage-industry system became impractical. The hand-knitting machine could not shift over from fine-gauge to heavy-gauge yarn or from a jersey stitch to a cable. To handle changes of that order, the knitter had to have access to more than one machine or to a machine that was too sophisticated and expensive to be entrusted to a worker at home. By the early seventies, many of the knitting subcontractors were opening factories in government-owned "industrial estates" and putting all their workers and equipment under one roof. Some sweater-makers—the Fangs among them—decided to go a step further and, dispensing with the subcontractors, do the knitting and the assembling in one place. By all accounts, the Hong Kong clothing industry had emerged smartly from these transitions. At the time of my visit, Hong Kong, with a population of five and a half million, was exporting nearly as much clothing as China, with a population of a billion. Clothing and textiles accounted for forty per cent of Hong Kong's exports and forty-two per cent of its manufacturing employment, and many of the ruling families of the industry had, like the Fangs, begun opening up satellite factories overseas.

Kenneth Fang had been in Honolulu the previous weekend, advising a Hong Kong government delegation that was trying to negotiate a new quota agreement with the United States. If the American side had its way, the agreement would include a three-year freeze at 1985 trade levels and a crackdown on various categories of textile and clothing exports that, for one reason or another, had been quota-free. Hong Kong deserved better, Kenneth said (I was to hear this point often during my stay), because, unlike Japan, South Korea, and other Asian nations with export surpluses, it practiced true free trade. "There are no import duties in Hong Kong," he told me. "We put a tax on tobacco, cosmetics, and both nonalcoholic and alco-



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holic beverages, whether they are made here or abroad. But that is to raise money. And we have a duty on oil and automobiles, but we are protecting nobody—we do it purely to discourage the number of cars on the streets. If we are not allowed to sell Hong Kong's garments to the United States, how can we afford to buy a Boeing aircraft or American agricultural goods?"

At the negotiations in Honolulu, Kenneth observed, the Americans were playing a good cop–bad cop game. The good cop was the Reagan Administration, which identified itself with the cause of free trade; the bad cop was Congress, which was threatening to override Reagan's veto of a protectionist trade bill—the so-called Jenkins bill—that would unilaterally cut clothing imports from Hong Kong (and from South Korea and Taiwan, the other "major exporting countries") by twenty-five or thirty per cent. "It's like a giant doing battle with a kid," Kenneth said. "We have no bargaining power. The only weapon we have is international opinion."

WHEN I returned to the conference room, Listanowsky and Jeffrey Fang were talking about a chain of retail stores called Florida Adams, which Jeffrey and his brother Vincent had opened in the United States.

"Which city's doing the most business?" Listanowsky asked.

"Houston," Jeffrey said. "Part of the reason is location. In Houston, you have a No. 1 shopping mall—the Houston Galleria, where we are—and it's not like there's a No. 2 and a No. 3. The next one is like No. 16."

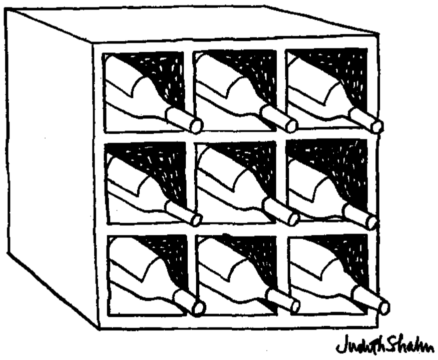
I asked which other cities had Florida Adams stores.

"We opened up seven of them," Jeffrey answered. "Two in California, two in Texas, two in Georgia, and one in Miami we opened this month." The name, he explained, had been inspired by "Indiana Jones." "It's not trendy," he said. "It's a relatively conservative, middle-of-the-road look, a very American look in the sense that we offer only three colors of bottoms—white, khaki, and navy. And not too many items—maybe a polo shirt, a basic cotton sweater. It's a learning process for us. But that's what you're going to see happen in the next five or ten years—more vertical operations, like the Gap, Benetton, the Limited. A lot of the smaller people will drop off."

The meeting broke up, and we went to lunch—Listanowsky, Greenberg, Chris Chan, and I—at the Carlton, a swank French restaurant perched on a steep hillside, with a grand, if distant, view of the harbor. Chan spent most of his lunchtime poring over the day's telexes from New York—a hundred pages or so—while Listanowsky talked about Fang Brothers. "We must have gone through—I don't know—thirty or forty costs this morning," he said. "Maybe ten million dollars' worth of merchandise. With some people, we'd spend all day talking about one garment. With Jeffrey, there's a tremendous trust, because of the number of years that we've been doing business. We spend more time talking about maintaining market share and trying to work tight on a product than we do on 'I need another dime or quarter.' We both explain what our needs are, and then we sharpen our pencils and try to see how we can achieve the best end result. If I could work like this everywhere, I wouldn't take aspirin."

I asked if there had been more haggling over price in earlier years.

"When I first started going to the Orient, I was much more cautious in my negotiating," he said. "After I shook hands with somebody, I wanted to count the number of fingers I had left. As the years passed and I was doing business with people for back-to-back seasons, relationships started to come into play. Today, it's more of an educational process we're going through with our suppliers. We suggest what we would like to retail something for—the profit margin we'd like—and then we try to form a median point of view that will allow both companies to make a reasonable profit, as opposed to one side getting the better of the deal." This kind of easy accommodation was facilitated, Listanowsky said, by Claiborne's willingness to let him make decisions on the spot. Other buyers were forever telling factory people, "I'll have to check with New York on that," but Art Ortenberg, Listanowsky's boss (and Liz Claiborne's husband), never put him in that position. "That's one of the things I admire about Art," Listanowsky said. "He gives people full latitude." The same kind of latitude applied to expenses, he said. "Everyone flies business class at Liz Claiborne, and no one says you can't have a harbor-view room at the Regent."



It was two in the afternoon when we arrived at Fantastic, our second knitwear factory of the day. "Needleworkwise, these people are the best in the city," Listanowsky said as the Mercedes pulled up in front of another soot-coated building. "Our designers can go over a rack and tell you right away whose are Fantastic. A few years ago, there were a lot of strains in this relationship. Now it's back to a nice, even fifteen thousand dozen a month."

To get from the car to the factory entrance, we had to walk past a television-news crew, which, I belatedly realized, was there to report on the man who had fallen to his death the previous day. The four of us became, briefly, part of the correspondent's background décor, and when we got off the elevator I noticed two men standing around with notebooks in hand—detectives or building inspectors, I guessed. But our host, Vincent Fang, made no mention of the incident when we met him in his office, and neither did Listanowsky. They started right in on business.

Vincent Fang is taller than Jeffrey or Kenneth, and something about him—maybe his pale complexion and angular features, or the gold-rimmed glasses he was wearing—made him seem more intellectual. He also speaks better English than his brothers, and, unlike Jeffrey, he came to the meeting without aides. Things did not go as smoothly at Fantastic as they had at Fang Brothers, however. To begin with, Vincent said he would need another few days to see if he could handle the quantities that Claiborne was after for Spring One. He was especially concerned, he said, about a style known as Toughknits. Listanowsky told me that the name referred not only to the type of fabric used—a heavy doubleknit—but to the "tough quota categories" involved. "Pants are tough, and cardigans are tough," he said. "That's what makes this business so complicated. Vincent will have to

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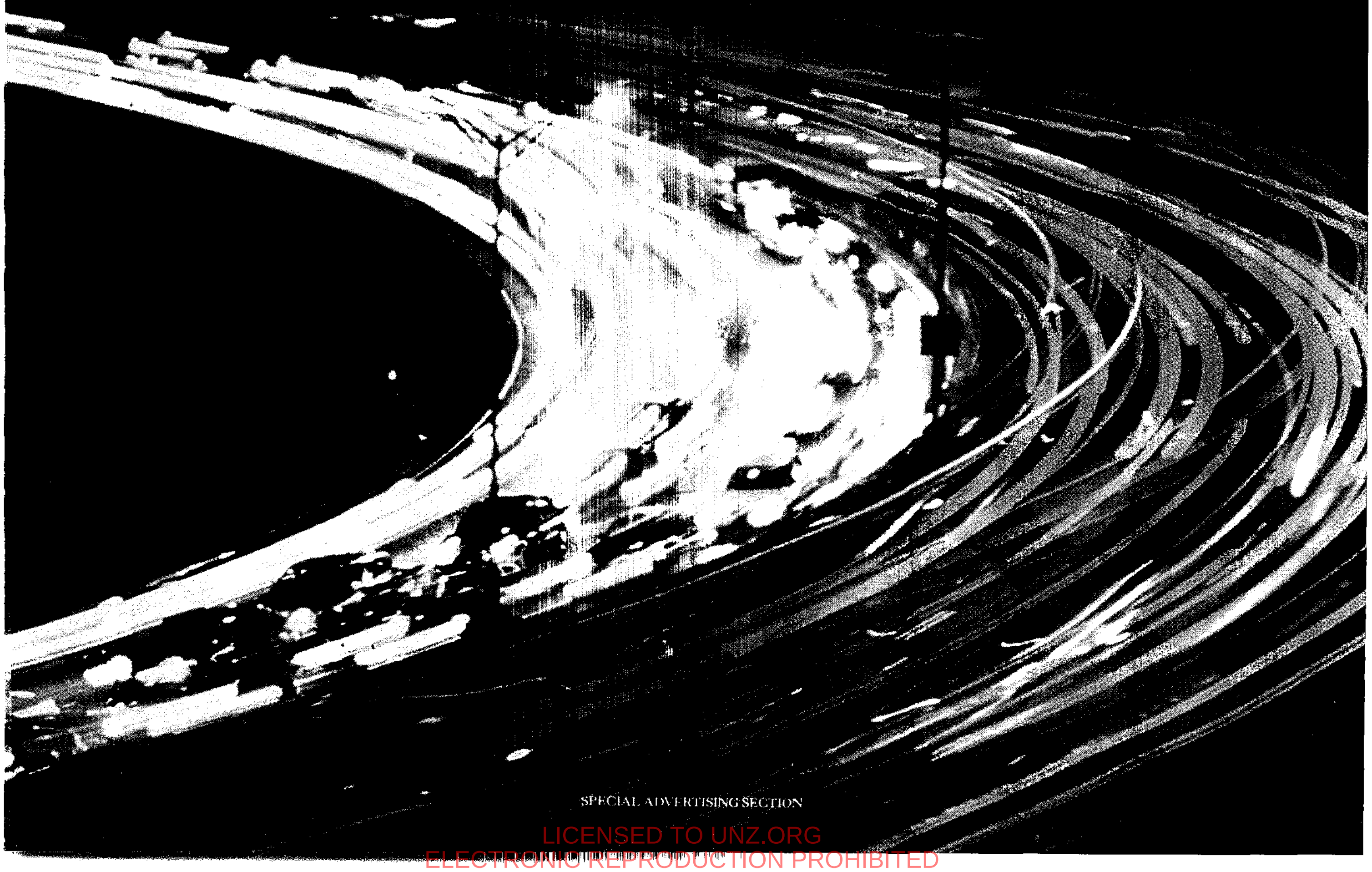

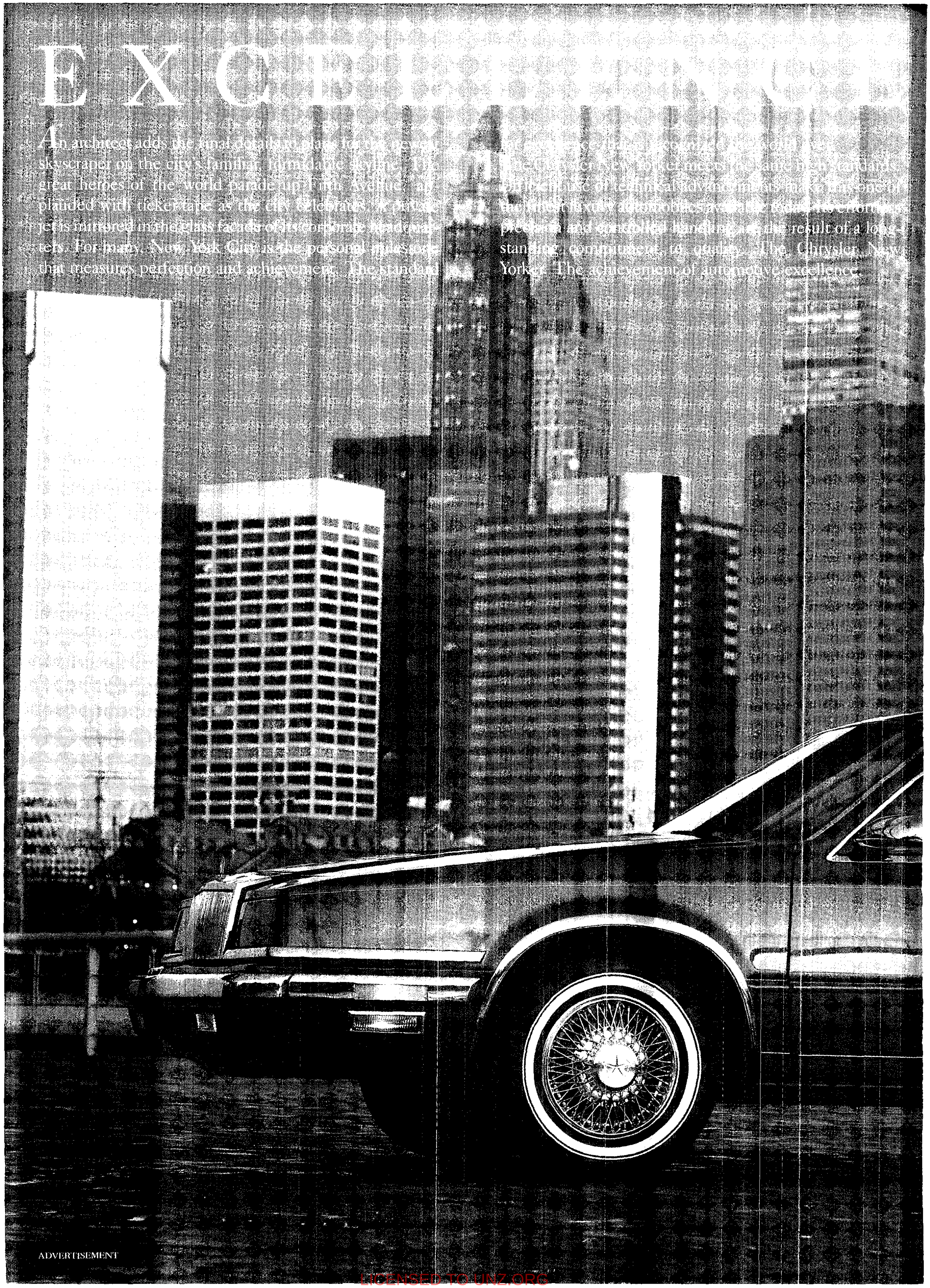

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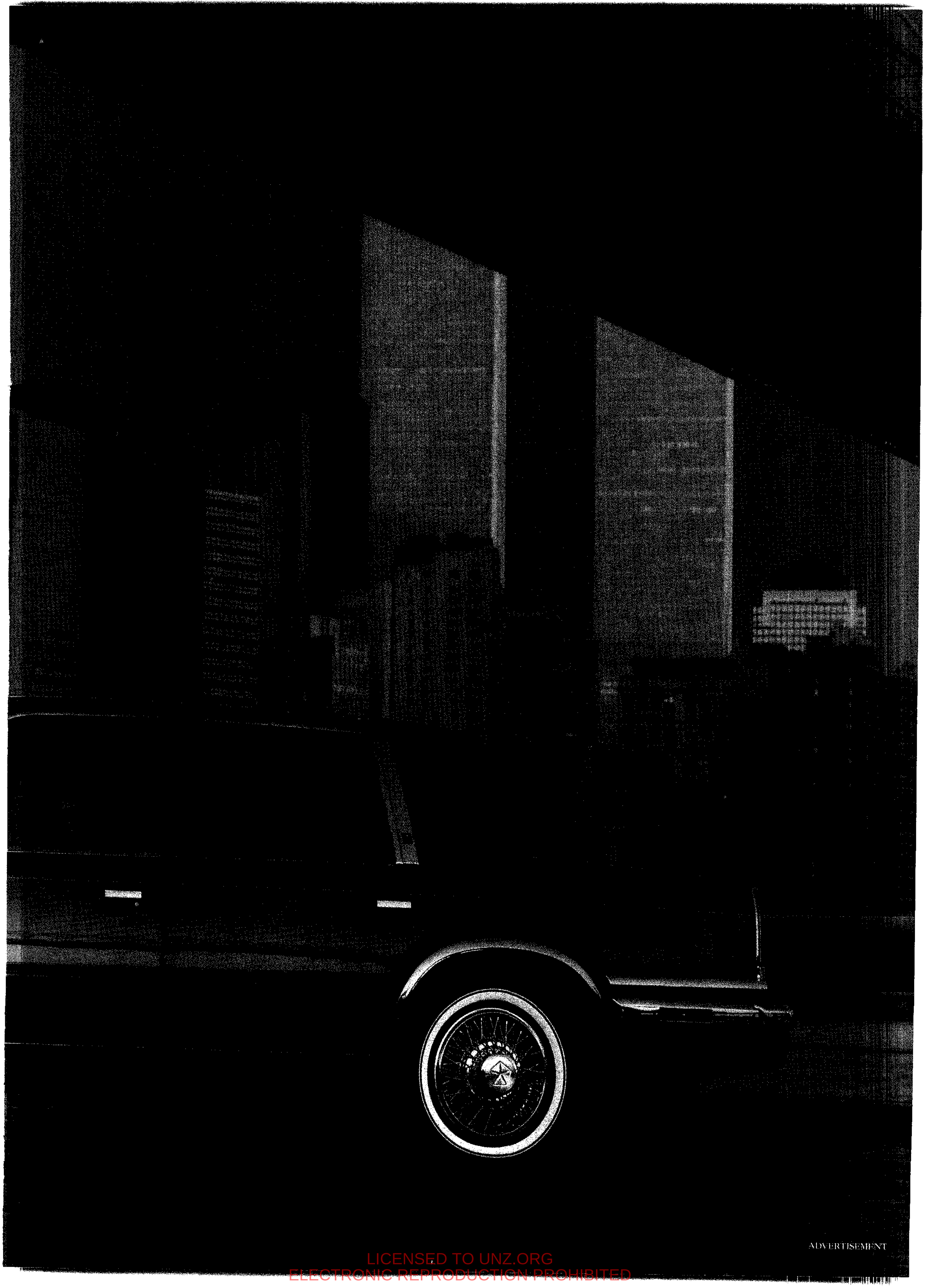
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A Wall Street stockbroker hangs up the phone then bucks a trend on the frenzied trading floor. A top fashion photographer captures a moment of beauty, seen later on a billboard overlooking Times Square. A first-time marathoner crosses the Central Park finish line with a surge of speed. In New York, power is not only the what but the when. It's confidence, an alertness, an immediacy that keeps the city one step ahead of the pack.

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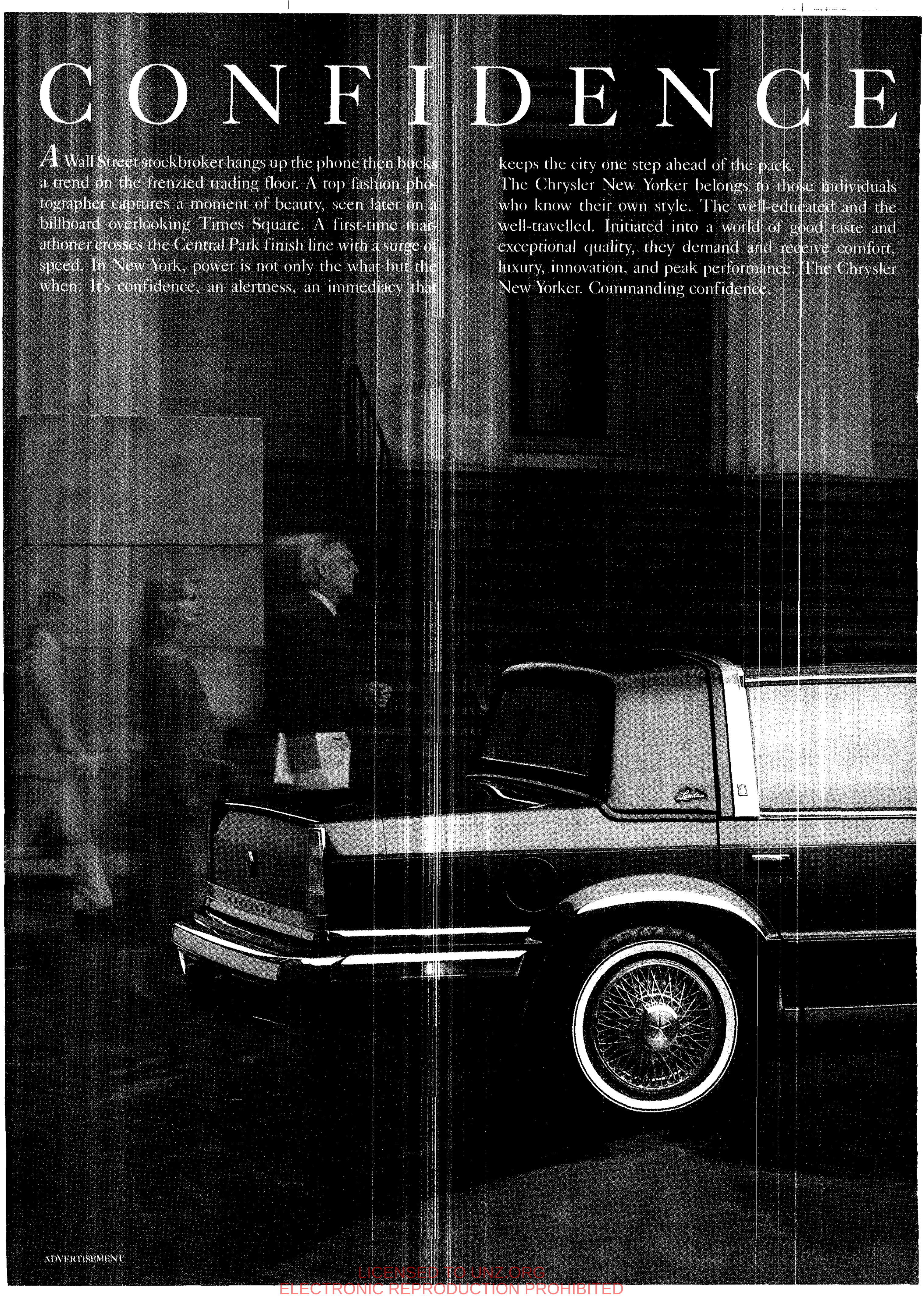

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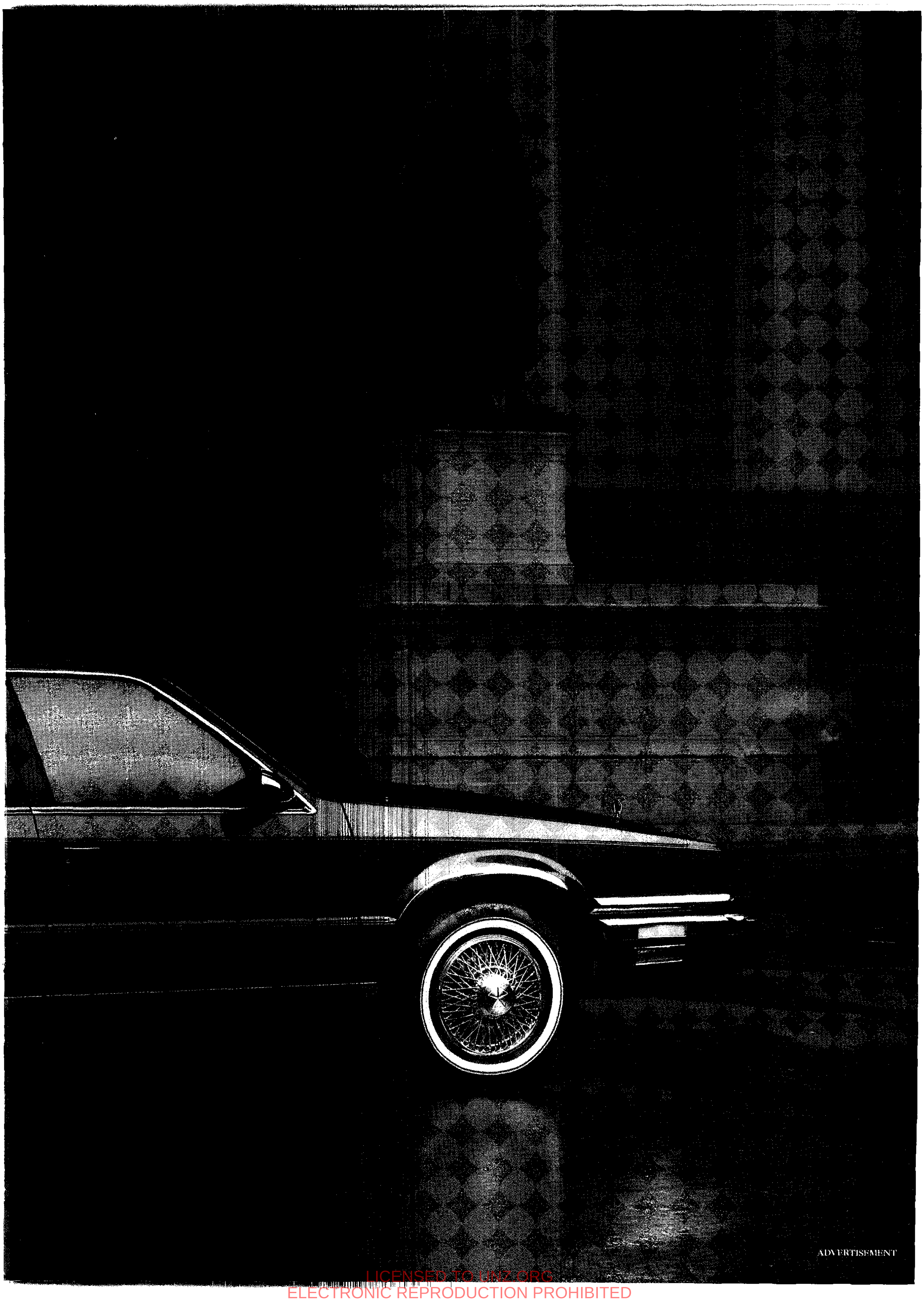
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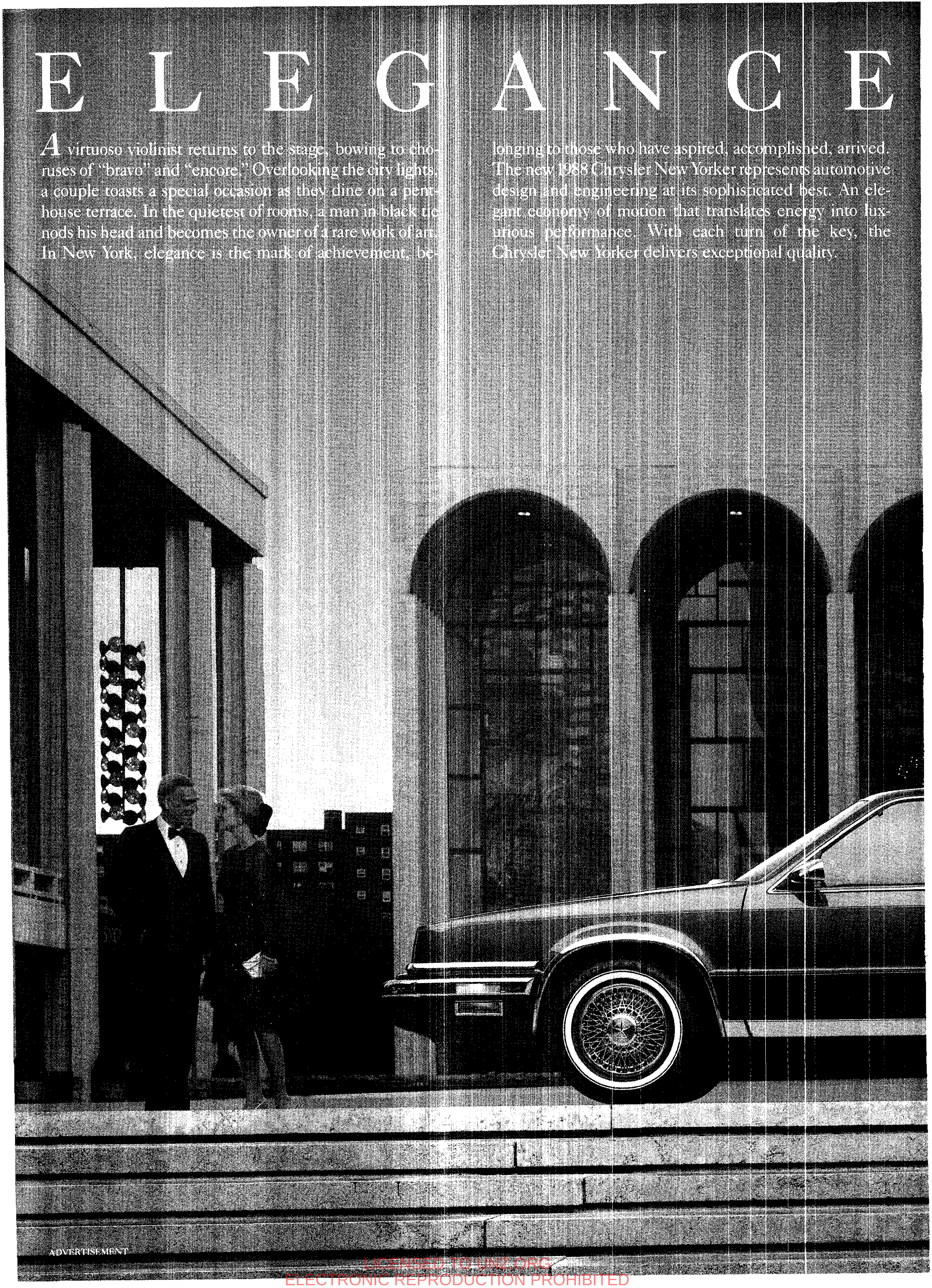

ELEGANCE

A virtuoso violinist returns to the stage, bowing to choruses of "bravo" and "encore." Overlooking the city lights, a couple toasts a special occasion as they dine on a penthouse terrace. In the quietest of rooms, a man in black tie nods his head and becomes the owner of a rare work of art. In New York, elegance is the mark of achievement, belonging to those who have aspired, accomplished, arrived. The new 1988 Chrysler New Yorker represents automotive design and engineering at its sophisticated best. An elegant economy of motion that translates energy into luxurious performance. With each turn of the key, the Chrysler New Yorker delivers exceptional quality.

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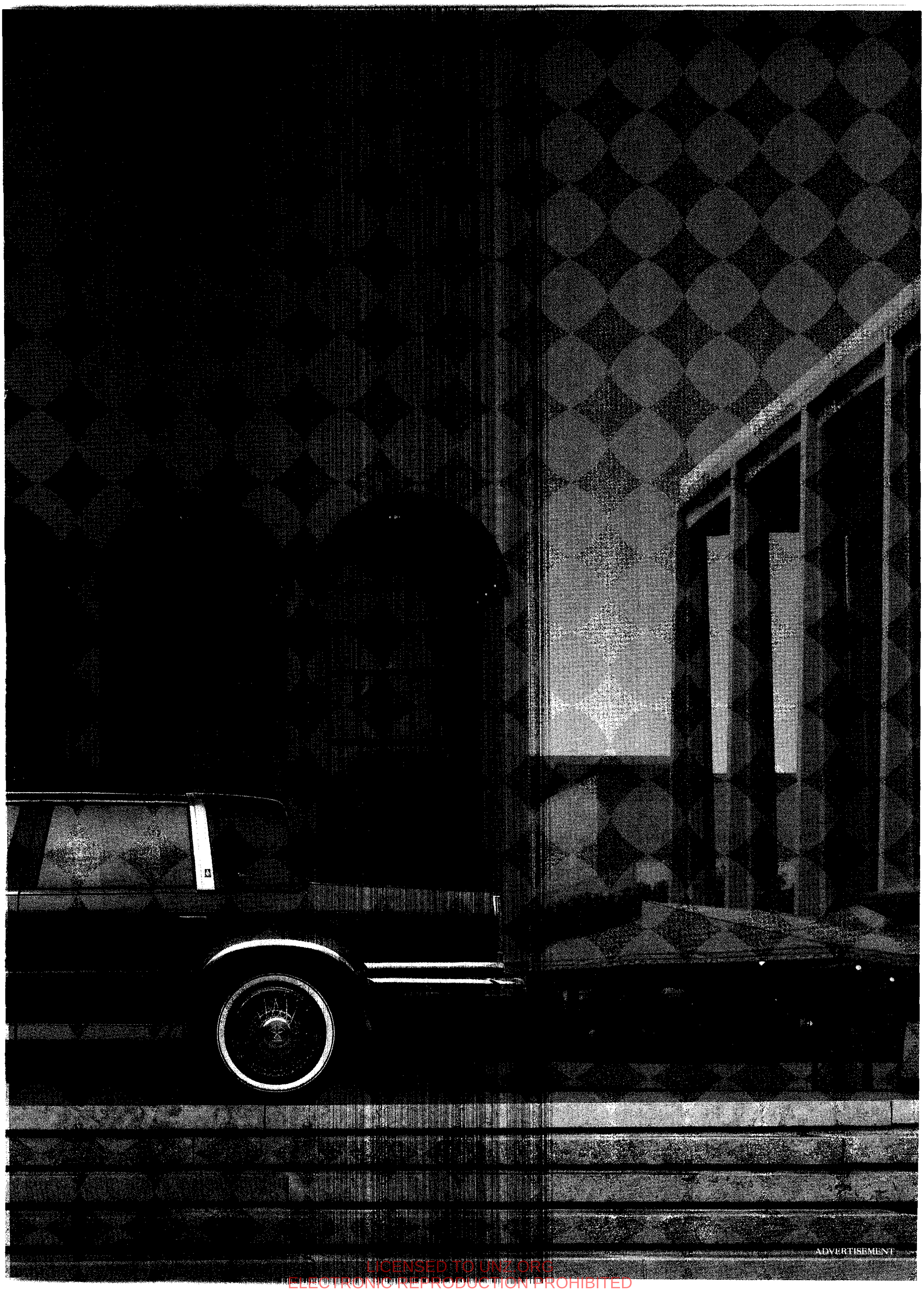
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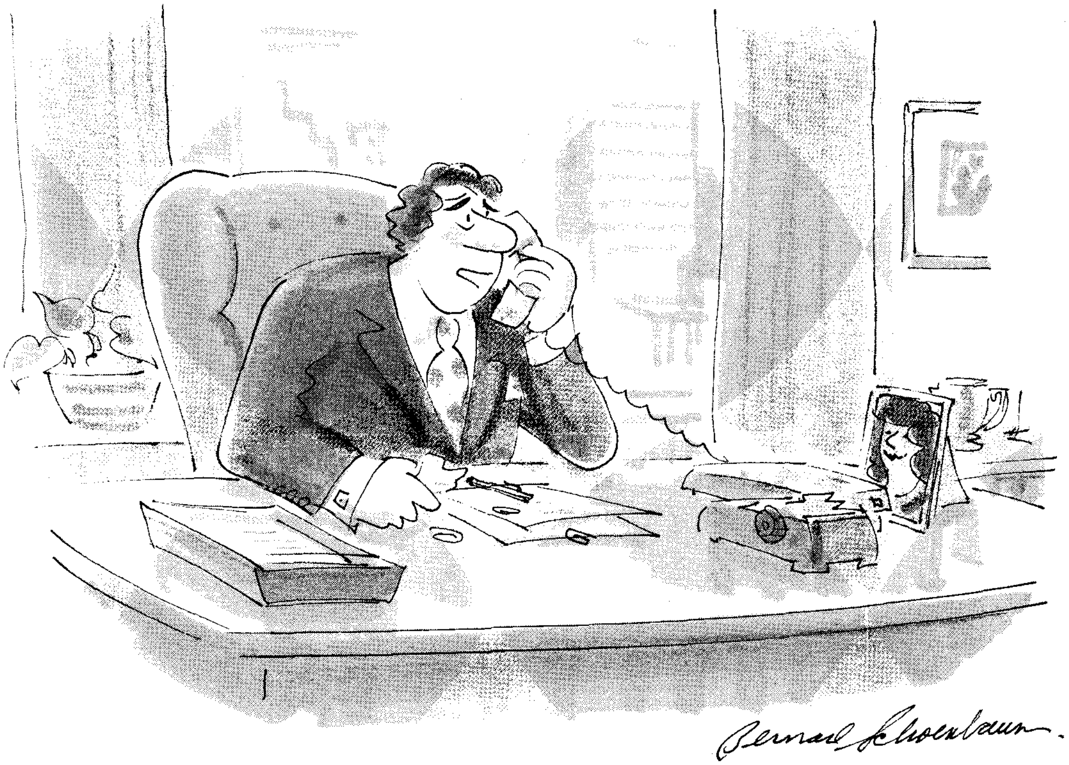


“Joyce, I’m so madly in love with you I can’t eat, I can’t sleep, I can’t live without you. But that’s not why I called.”

• •

make one component in Hong Kong, one in Thailand, and one in Panama to pull it all off. But he can engineer the whole thing from Hong Kong in terms of fabric and supplies, and get them out to the various locations, and, God willing, they’ll all arrive at the warehouse at the same time—barring strikes and monsoons.” He broke off and turned to Vincent. “Sounds like yesterday was quite an event here.”

“Yesterday was terrible—a nightmare,” Vincent said. His jaw tightened.

“It happened in the afternoon?” Chris Chan asked.

“Nobody even knows when he fell,” Vincent said. After a pause, he turned his attention back to a sheet of paper on the table. “The total is twenty-five thousand units,” he said.

“You comfortable with that?” Listanowsky asked.

“I’ll have to jiggle my people around. I really have to see where we can handle the production.”

“You’re talking about a couple of days?” Listanowsky asked.

“Yeah, a few days,” Vincent said, sounding anxious.

“O.K.”

“Thailand will make all the cotton skirts.”

“You’re worried about the time of the year?”

“Yeah, because in November they might embargo again, and I don’t want to be caught in that situation,” Vincent said. The United States, I learned later, had ordered an embargo the previous summer on all clothing exports from Thailand.

The conversation turned to the delivery schedule for the seasons leading up to Spring One, and it was soon apparent that Listanowsky’s and Vincent’s expectations were out of sync.

“Jack, what is the latest date for Pre-Spring?” Vincent asked.

“Probably end September,” Listanowsky answered.

“End September? For Pre-Spring?” Vincent sounded aghast.

“Yeah,” Listanowsky said calmly. “This is June, right?”

“Let’s face it—reality-wise, we’re shipping you Fall Two in July.”

“Right.”

“After Fall Two, Holiday. Holiday we plan to ship you in August.”

“That’s what I figure—August,” said Listanowsky.

“But it will probably go up to September,” Vincent said. “Actually, Holiday we will start July 10th.”

“Start to *ship*?”

“Start to *make*. So from July 10th we will probably go into September 10th or 15th.”

“What we wanted to do was be complete for Pre-Spring by the middle of September,” Listanowsky said, trying to stay calm. “And probably the end of September will not be the end of the world. I was hoping we would use all of October and all of November for Spring One. Say you go as late as end September with the Pre-Spring, and you leave yourself—”

“Pre-Spring complete by end September?”

“Right,” Listanowsky said.

“No way.”

“Don’t say that!” Listanowsky responded, feigning horror—or maybe he wasn’t feigning. “Wait a minute—I have an idea. Why don’t you just pretend that there’s no Gap, no Brooks, no Jean Pierre, and we’re your only customer. Your capacity is thirty-five thousand dozen a month, right? So have everyone work on Claiborne for thirty days, and then you’ll be a month ahead.”

Vincent laughed weakly. “The dates that you gave me,” he said, “are they Hong Kong dates or—”

“It doesn’t matter—ex-Hong Kong or ex-Panama and into the warehouse by air,” Listanowsky said. “Let’s assume, Vincent, that you do fifty per cent by 9/30 and fifty per cent by the first week of October. That still puts it into the warehouse real close to the 10/15 that we want.”

Vincent looked pained. “I don’t think it’s possible,” he said. “For Pre-Spring, I think the best I can do is probably October.”

“But *when* October?”

“Have to go until the end of October.”

“Then I’m dead,” Listanowsky said. “Where’s it all being made?”

“Everywhere,” Vincent said. “But because it’s October a big chunk of it will be in Panama. Once you get into January, then I can produce a lot here. I’m saving this year’s Hong Kong quota for the men's, because I think the men's need more workmanship—more details—than the ladies'. I feel more comfortable about making men's here than in Panama."

"Oh, shit!" Listanowsky said. "Right now, I don't know what this means. What are the options?"

"I have no options, Jack, really. The only option would be to cut the quantity."

"I don't think at this point that we are allowed to cut Pre-Spring," Chris Chan said.

"The Pre-Spring is a Christmas line—it's got to be in the stores by Thanksgiving," Listanowsky said. "That's the third week in November. I guess the key is for us to turn the merchandise out of the warehouse fast."

This acknowledgment of responsibility on Claiborne's end seemed to soften up Vincent Fang a little. "Why don't we both give a push on Pre-Spring?" he suggested. "I guess that's the only way we can do it."

Listanowsky nodded. "But with Spring One," he said, "we can still take a look and say, 'O.K., what's a comfortable level?,' because there I can play with quantity. So you tell me if you think that we're like up to here"—he drew a line across his throat—"and we'll move dollars somewhere else."

The discussion advanced to Spring One, and, for the first time, Listanowsky added up the garments involved. The total seemed to startle him. "What I want to do is send some telexes to New York and tell everyone to cut back twenty-five per cent," Listanowsky told Chan. "Because we're running over a hundred seventy-five thousand dozen. We can't handle these numbers. Not unless you open another factory in Panama," he added, looking toward Vincent Fang.

"The way I'm shipping in Panama," Vincent said, "in maybe three or four months or half a year the U.S. government will—"

"Slap quotas?"

Vincent nodded. "From September onward, Panama will be doing something like forty thousand dozen a month."

"Maybe the smartest thing to do would be to drop the whole kids' division," Listanowsky said. "I said that to some of our people in New York at dinner one night. I said, 'You're working a division where you have the least amount of margin, you're developing factories where you waste your production on goddam kids—for a ten- or fifteen-million-dollar business! You could take the same factory and make an eight-dollar garment instead of a two-dollar-and-fifty-cent garment.' "

"Why don't you drop one of your seasons?" Vincent asked. "You know, you're the only people that work six seasons a year. For everybody else, four or five seasons are enough."

We left Fantastic at about five-thirty, and, in the Mercedes heading back to Kowloon, Listanowsky elaborated on the dangers of growing too fast. Liz Claiborne, he said, could do what other companies were doing—scour the world for new countries that wanted to get into the clothing business and had yet to face import quotas. "But if we do that I'm afraid what happened to Izod will happen to us," he said.

I asked him what had happened to Izod.

"Some people would give you a different answer, but I think the business just got away from them," Listanowsky said. "It's not that Izod went out of fashion. There was nothing wrong with their fashion. Izod started making goods in a whole lot of factories that they didn't know, and the stuff started coming back to them looking like shit. That's what worries me. I mean, these numbers are really mind-boggling. We probably did eighteen million dollars' worth of business today—wholesale. Maybe nine hundred thousand units. Which is truly amazing, because many companies in the industry close sales for an entire year on less than that."

"A lot less," Greenberg interjected.

"Sometimes I lose sight of how fast we've been growing," Listanowsky said. "Last year at this time, we were operating as a five-hundred-and-fifty-million-dollar company. The year prior to that, we were a three-hundred-fifty-million-dollar company. Now it's eight hundred million, and next year maybe a billion." He paused, and added, "Of course, it's a pleasant problem. It's a problem a lot of people wish they had."

NO conversation about the clothing business in Hong Kong gets very far before the subject of quotas comes up—and, once up, it tends to stay up. At the time of my visit, Hong Kong had separate quota agreements with Austria, Canada, Finland, Sweden, the European Economic Community, and the United States—each agreement covering a wide assortment of textile and apparel products. Quota considerations affected every decision that manufacturers and buyers were called on to make. But with the new round of negotiations under way that June in Honolulu between Hong Kong and the United States, the quota system had become an issue as well as a fact of life. Everywhere I went, I heard expressions of helpless indignation directed at the United States position. The existing bilateral quota agreement, people pointed out, was not supposed to expire until the end of 1987, yet the American side was demanding a new agreement, to take effect immediately.

"You have a situation in which one side—Hong Kong—is trying to stick to the rules that both sides have agreed to, and the country on the other side is under heavy pressure to break those rules," Lawrence Mills, the director-general of the Federation of Hong Kong Industries, told me. "The Multifibre Arrangement"—this was an international agreement, generally referred to as the M.F.A., that established ground rules for textile and apparel quotas—"was designed to deal with a particular economic problem said to exist as far as textiles and apparel are concerned: a problem of sudden and extraordinary economic dislocation. Unfortunately, over the years it has been used as a political instrument rather than an economic one, and we've had to more or less succumb to the pressures that weigh on American Administrations." A broad-chested man with curly white-blond hair and a cherubic face, Mills had been Hong Kong's chief trade negotiator from 1974 to 1982, and he had participated in countless quota negotiations with the United States, Canada, and the E.E.C. "Those talks are like nothing else on earth," he said. "The dilemma that invariably faces Hong Kong is whether to stand on principle and have no trade, or sacrifice principle and get *some* trade. The M.F.A. has as its objective the orderly expansion of trade, but the actual outcome of the various negotiations with the United States and others has been to narrow the opportunities for trade. A variety of pseudo-economic excuses has been put forward to justify this, but the reality of it is political pressure, and the recognition by Hong Kong that in the last analysis Goliath wins the battle. It's an exercise in damage containment rather than a negotiation between equals under internationally recognized rules."

At the end of the Second World War, when the victorious powers were exchanging ideas for the future, one idea that met with a lot of favor was to break down barriers to trade. A number of economists had fingered protectionism as a cause of the Great Depression, and, with the war's end, there was fear that the world economy would pick up where it had left off in the nineteen-thirties. To fend off that possibility—and in the reigning spirit of internationalism—representatives of twenty-three nations met in Geneva in October, 1947, and signed the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade, or GATT, which required tariffs and customs regulations to be applied uniformly; the signatories also declared their intention to press on toward the goal of truly free trade.

The next twenty years were a time of falling tariffs and rapid growth for most of the industrialized world—a confluence of trends hailed by the economics profession as proof that politicians ought to make a practice of doing what economists tell them. But politicians cannot always do what economists tell them. As trade in textiles and apparel continued to expand—especially between the so-called developed and underdeveloped countries—it generated political friction. In the underdeveloped countries, the prevailing pattern of raw materials flowing out and manufactured goods flowing in seemed to many people to be designed to maintain an unsatisfactory distribution of the world's wealth. Import substitution—the domestic production of goods previously supplied from abroad—became a rallying cry, and the protection of "infant industries" (or, in some cases, unborn industries) became a widespread policy. In the developed countries, meanwhile, imports met a cooler reception when, as was more and more often the case, they consisted of finished products instead of raw materials.

In the late nineteen-fifties, British and American textile and apparel manufacturers found themselves threatened by new competition, from Hong Kong and Japan, respectively—competition that took the form of cotton cloth, yarn, and a modest quantity of scarves, blouses, sweaters, brassieres, and other simple items of apparel. Long before American automobile, steel, and appliance companies were complaining about cheap Japanese imports, textile and apparel interests were sounding that alarm and calling for measures to avert the "collapse" of their industries.

Textiles had figured in a trade war between Japan and the United States in the thirties, and the trade war had helped bring on a world war. Now, however, the enemy was the Soviet Union—not Japan, which had become an American protégé and a potential soldier in the war against Communism. So the most that the Eisenhower Administration would do to appease the textile interests was pressure the Japanese into signing a "voluntary" quota agreement on cotton and cotton products. (Japan did not resist very strenuously, since its economic planners already believed that the future lay with more sophisticated and lucrative industries.) One political party's reluctance, however, was another party's opportunity. By 1960, the textile and apparel manufacturers were criticizing Japan for failing to abide by its agreement, and were pleading for similar protection against other countries' exports. John F. Kennedy, in his Presidential campaign, promised "a comprehensive, industry-wide remedy," and, once in office, quickly organized another trade conference in Geneva; it drafted an agreement known as the Short Term Arrangement, which authorized quotas on cotton textiles and apparel as a way to avoid job losses and "market disruption." The participating countries were to establish the quotas on a bilateral basis, but an importing country had the right to initiate action if market disruption occurred and an exporting country refused to coöperate.

The cotton quotas, since they did not apply to all countries equally, went against the spirit of GATT. (The letter was not so strict.) To justify them, it was said that the textile and apparel industries were vital and unusually sensitive—vital to the families and communities that depended on them, and sensitive because of the ease with which new countries could begin production. But this reasoning may have played a less important part in bringing about the quotas than the fact that in the United States and Western Europe the textile and apparel industries employed some twelve million people, or seventeen per cent of the industrial labor force. The political clout that went with those numbers was described—in a United States Treasury Department study of the quota program—as "perhaps the most convincing argument put forward by the textile industry."

Hong Kong has had to contend with textile quotas since 1959, when Britain imposed them. "The first restraints came, of course, from the mother country," Lawrence Mills told me. "Then others saw what Mother was doing to us and decided they'd have a go at it as well." When the United States stepped into the act, in 1961, American officials emphasized the temporary nature of their policy: it was to be a brief detour on the road to freer trade. But the Short Term Arrangement was followed by a Long Term Arrangement, which, though initially intended to last five years, wound up, with renewals, lasting twelve; and in 1974 the Long Term Arrangement was succeeded by the Multifibre Arrangement, which covered wool and man-made fibres as well as cotton. The M.F.A. itself was twelve years old at the time of my visit to Hong Kong, and representatives of the signatory nations—now fifty-four in all—were about to assemble in Geneva to try to extend it yet again. "Nothing endures like the provisional," William Dorward, Hong Kong's senior diplomatic representative to the United States, observed. "We are looking at the third negotiation for the renewal of what was itself a temporary extension of a temporary agreement. Textiles and apparel have had systematic protection now for twenty-five years, both by tariffs and by quotas. They've had a far greater degree of protection than any other segment of industry since the Industrial Revolution. It reminds me of what Hamlet said about appetite growing by what it feeds on."

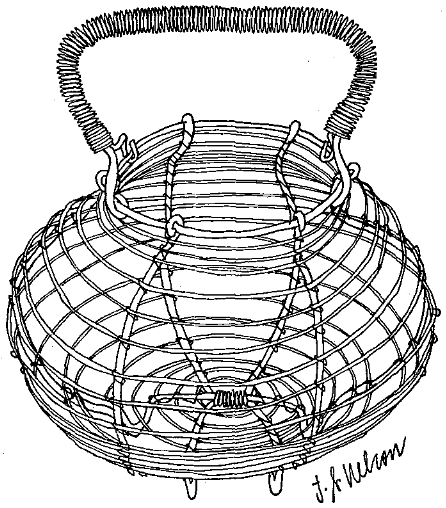
Everybody in the industry seemed to have a story or two to tell about the workings of the quota system. "We make for one of our clients a packable nylon waterproof anorak—a jacket—which goes in a little drawstring pouch," Alex Blum, an American who has been doing business in Hong

Kong since 1961, told me. "The United States Customs now insists that that pouch come in under the handbag quota. The pouch costs us thirty cents to make, but because of this ruling it has to have its own label inside—with country of origin, fibre, and care instructions—and a great deal of additional paperwork."

In the early nineteen-eighties, some companies began making jackets with zip-on sleeves. "The only reason for this was quota," an import-export lawyer explained to me. "That way, the garments could be called vests instead of outerwear, and vests fall into what's called the basket category—'other garments.' Quota on jackets was tight at the time, and there were no quotas on vests or sleeves. So people were bringing in vests with half-zippers on the armholes and separately shipping the sleeves with the other half of the zippers, and the stores would zip the sleeves and the vests together, or the customer would do it. This was actually an important fashion item while it lasted, and it lasted until Customs broadened the definition of outerwear to include vests with attachments for sleeves. Then some people said, 'O.K., let's take the zippers off and just leave the armholes open, and the sleeves can be sewn on after they get to the United States.' That worked for a while, until Customs said, 'No, we aren't going to treat as a vest anything that in its imported condition is not commercially viable as a vest. We don't think it's a finished vest; we think it's an unfinished jacket.' So then the importers actually went to the trouble of putting a commercial finish on the armholes, and, after the vests got into the country, removing the finish and adding the sleeves. Well, Customs finally put an end to *that* one by saying, 'If you bring in a part of a jacket, we're going to make you use jacket quota, and that means if you bring in two sleeves we want *two* jackets' worth of quota.' A lot of things you see in the stores are being generated by quota requirements rather than by some designer's great idea. U.S. Customs is the designer, you might say."

The system was quite mad, according to practically all the people who explained it to me. But many of them added that the Hong Kong manufacturers had a knack for turning adversity to advantage. In September of 1984, I learned, the United States government unilaterally reinterpreted the so-called country-of-origin rule for knitwear. Until then, all the importing countries had treated the assembly of a garment—the most complex and labor-intensive phase of production—as the factor that determined its country of origin for quota purposes, and, with that understood, many Hong Kong knitwear companies had moved some or all of their knitting operations to China, to take advantage of lower labor costs. The new ruling threatened to turn a lot of Hong Kong sweaters into Chinese sweaters, thereby barring their import into the United States, since China, as a relatively new participant in the market, had only a small fraction of Hong Kong's quota rights.

William Dorward recounted the country-of-origin controversy for me in highly undiplomatic terms. "There are between twenty-four and thirty manufacturing processes in the production of a sweater," he said. "One of these processes involves the knitting of pieces, of which, generally, five go into the finished sweater. Now, some rather simplistic individual or body—which has probably never been nearer to a knitting factory than the second floor of Bloomingdale's—blindly assumed that the only manufacturing element of any significance was the knitting of the panels. It's an understandable mistake, for anyone who doesn't know the industry. In fact, the knitting is one of the simpler parts of the manufacturing process—and a part that accounts for a small fraction of the cost of production, because it's automatic. If you were to go to one of these factories in China, you'd see dozens of girls standing there pushing levers. That's how difficult it is. However, we live in a world of perceptions, and the perception in the United States was that, somehow or other, those no-good foreigners were being devious again, and exploiting slave labor to produce unreasonably competitive garments in order to disrupt the American industry. It was a unilateral and substantial change in the rules in the middle of the game, and it really threw the industry here into turmoil. Our manufacturers had to start knitting these garments themselves in Hong Kong instead of in China—and because they couldn't find enough workers in Hong Kong to do that kind of job they had to buy an enormous amount of new, computerized knitting machinery. One stroke of Commissioner Von Raab's pen"—William Von Raab is the United States Commissioner of Customs—"forced the industry in Hong Kong to spend hundreds of millions of dollars."



The new country-of-origin rule was a response to pressure from the American knitwear industry, which presumably hoped to weaken the Hong Kong competition. The effect, however, was evidently just the opposite—to make the Hong Kong industry, with its ultra-modern equipment, more competitive than ever. Another beneficiary, I learned, was Shima Seiki, a Japanese manufacturer of electronic knitting machines. As one American expatriate summed up the whole experience: "It was as if the United States government had written a huge check to this one Japanese company."

WHEN people in the clothing industry get to comparing Asian governments, Hong Kong comes away with top marks. Under the M.F.A. and the various bilateral agreements, the exporting countries have the job of deciding which of their manufacturers get how much quota, and the job of making sure that they stay within their assigned limits. Some countries have been known to take a lax attitude toward these responsibilities. The Chinese government, for example, has usually delegated the task of monitoring exports to provincial officials, who don't always bother; as a result, the important quota categories have sometimes been exhausted by summer or fall. A shipment of thousands of dozens of Shetland-wool sweaters was delayed for two years after China accidentally exceeded its 1983 quota. By the time the buyer, K mart, received the sweaters, fashion had pretty much passed them by, and the company was forced to settle for about sixty cents on the dollar.

In Hong Kong, the industry trusts the government to see to these things.

The quota system is the principal concern of six or seven hundred civil servants in the employ of the Trade and Customs Departments. They monitor the quota holdings of some nine thousand textile and clothing companies, keep a running count of each company's shipments by quota category and country of destination, and conduct regular—and irregular—inspections, in which, as the situation warrants, government agents tear open export cartons to see if they contain anything they shouldn't, and comb through orders, contracts, account books, wage cards, and other relevant documents for evidence of a company's failure to comply. The system they administer deals with three things: the allocation of quotas; the conditions under which a quota holder may use his quotas; and the extent to which quotas may be transferred.

In Hong Kong, quotas are allocated according to the principle of past performance. Put simply, what any company exports one year, it gets to export the next year; quotas have to be earned and re-earned. But companies are also allowed to sell their quota rights to others, either permanently or temporarily—an arrangement that was causing some controversy at the time of my visit. Charles Cheung, an assistant director of the Hong Kong Trade Department, defended the practice. "Temporary transfers provide the flexibility for the trade to reflect changing fashion trends over the years, and the changing needs of particular quota holders from year to year," he told me. "They also give the newcomer, or the small company with no or insufficient quotas, the opportunity to obtain them. For example, if a quota holder has only a few orders in a particular category in which he holds a lot of quota, he can let people use some portion of quota in that category in return for quota in categories in which he has less quota. It's a kind of exchange."

Some companies, however, were treating quotas as a commodity—indeed, as their main stock-in-trade—and in January of 1986 the government announced a use-it-or-lose-it rule, which put a ceiling on temporary quota transfers. No company, in any one year, could sell more than thirty-five per cent of its quota in a given category. People in the industry had been telling me that the new rule was causing problems: that some companies were so scared of losing quota rights that they were holding on to

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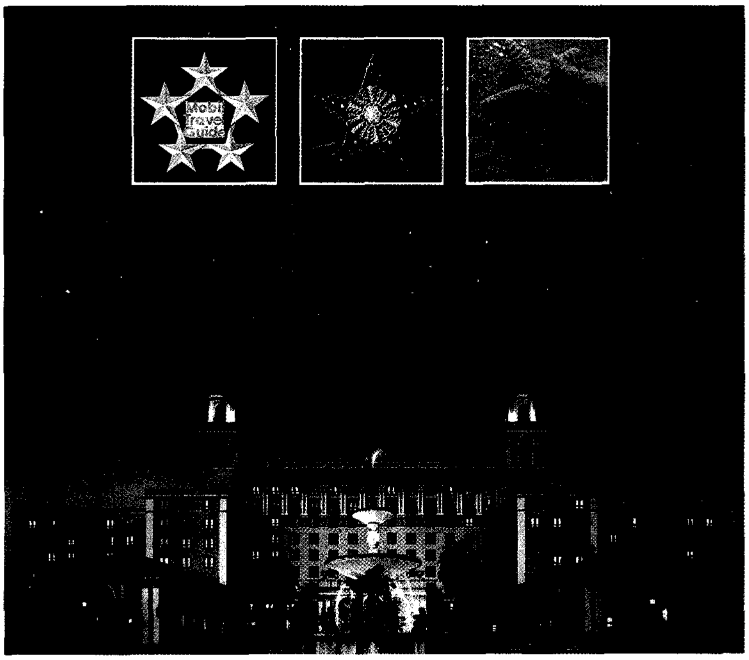

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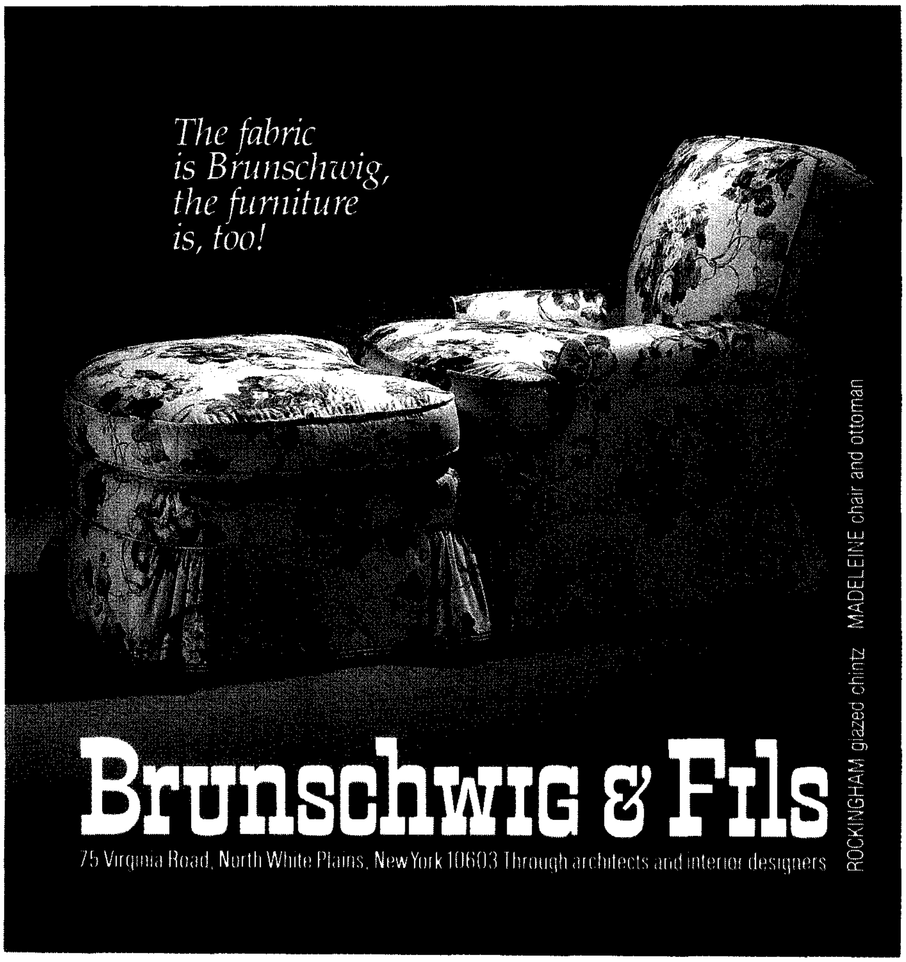
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quota they didn't need; that it had become harder than ever for new or small companies to break into the business; and that a few manufacturers, in desperation, were falsifying papers to make it seem as if clothing made by one company had really been made by another.

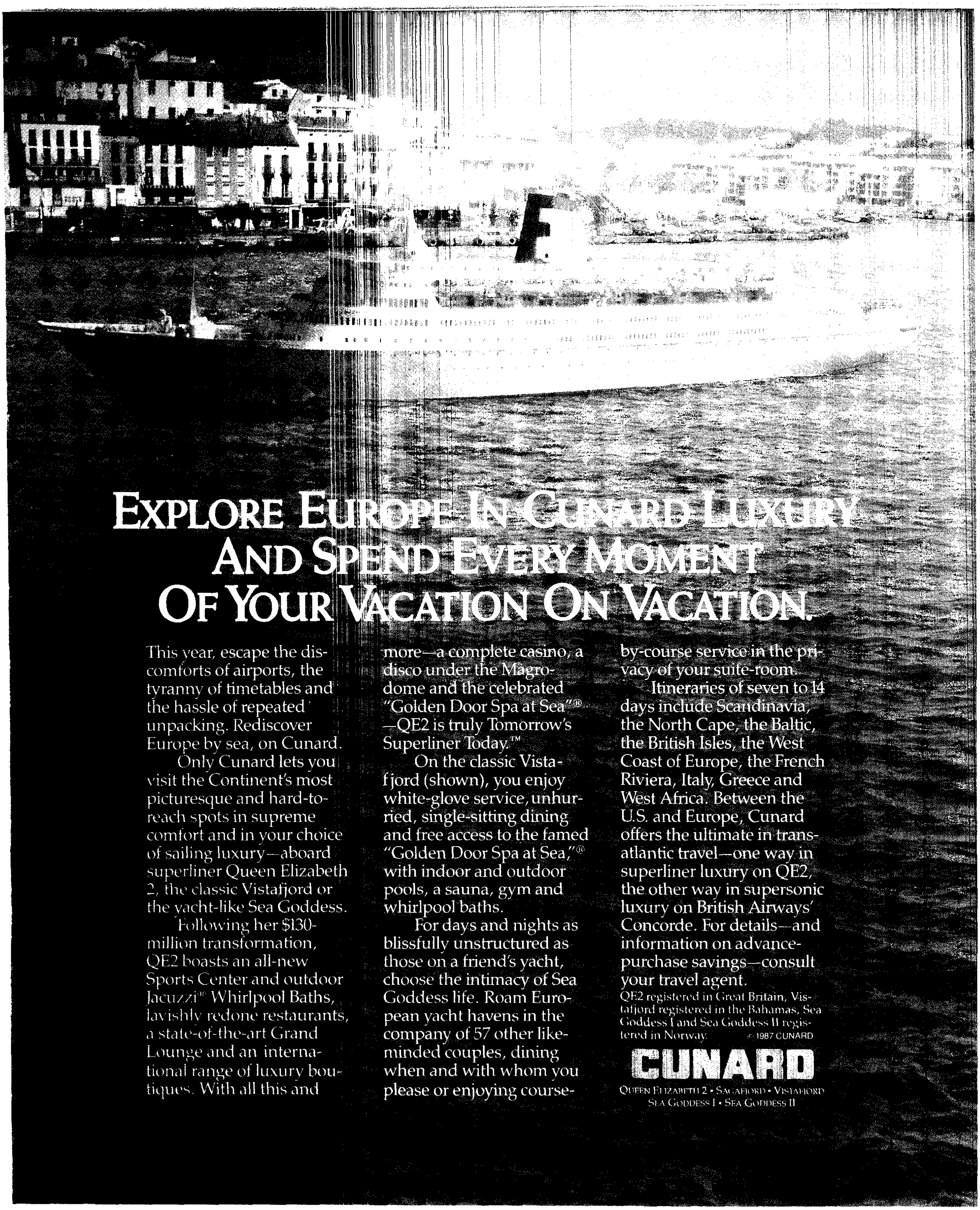
"They're improper—they're not countenanced!" was Cheung's emphatic reaction when I raised the issue of these so-called "underground transfers." As for the other complaints, he said, the Trade Department was monitoring the situation, and so far the new rule seemed to be having the desired result: fewer temporary transfers and continued high levels of quota utilization. While other countries have consistently let much of their quota go unfilled, he said, Hong Kong, year after year, has used well over ninety per cent of its quota.

Hong Kong has also been, by general consent, a champion at the cat-and-mouse game of quota evasion, or, to borrow a term from the tax field, quota avoidance. A garment is subject to quota if an M.F.A. fibre accounts for either its chief value or its chief weight. In 1985, exports of M.F.A.-controlled apparel from Hong Kong to the United States increased by 1.3 per cent, while exports of non-M.F.A.-controlled apparel increased by well over a hundred per cent. The majority of that growth was attributable to the use of blended yarn made of cotton and—in a proportion of slightly more than half—a quota-free fibre known as ramie, which few people in the industry had even heard of a year or two earlier. The art of quota avoidance is one in which other considerations—cost, comfort, ease of manufacture, and so on—count for nothing; fashion, however, has a way of smiling on the unlikeliest ideas. Ramie costs twice as much as cotton, and ramie-cotton sweaters tend to be coarse and wrinkly. "Ramie-cotton has been around for a few years now," Alex Blum said, "and wouldn't you know? Suddenly, the American fashion look is pro-wrinkle."

It was an American businessman named Tom Goetz who educated me about the wonders of ramie. Virtually all the clothing factories in Hong Kong are locally owned, but there is a sizable community of expatriate Americans, like Blum and Goetz, in the business—either as buying agents for large American and European companies or as free-lance traders who see to the interests of buyers too small to maintain Hong Kong offices of their own. A certain pioneer spirit animates these people; Hong Kong is their Wild Wild West—a don't-fence-me-in kind of place, where somebody can realize a dream, unfettered by regulation. I met Goetz for lunch at a nouvelle-cuisine Chinese restaurant named Lai Ching Heen, in the basement of the Regent. Goetz proved to be a remarkably energetic man in his mid-forties, impeccably dressed in a gray blazer, with a golden-yellow tie, and a perfectly folded handkerchief that peeked out of the breast pocket. Before we touched a morsel of food, he began passing me documents. First came a brochure for Goetz Trading, Ltd.—a unit of "the Goetz Group of companies," I learned when I got around to reading it. I also learned that "the Goetz name" was "synonymous with efficient sourcing and top-level quality control in Hong Kong, and its communications system is second to none." Next came a Federal Trade Commission study of the effects of the quotas on the American economy, according to which, Goetz informed me, a decision to end the quotas on Hong Kong alone would benefit the United States to the tune of three hundred million dollars a year in reduced clothing prices, while unemployment benefits for displaced American workers would cost less than seventeen million dollars.

"Ramie is the oldest fibre in the world," Goetz told me after I confessed that I wasn't quite sure what it was. "The Egyptians wrapped mummies in it. It's a tall perennial shrub—a variety of hemp. You can harvest it up to seven times a year." For my further edification, he handed me a copy of an English translation of an article prepared by a Japanese textile company. Much of it was in question-and-answer form:

> Q: There has been concern that Marihuana can be derived from HEMP. So what about RAMIE and LINEN?
>
> A: In the female flowers, etc., of the hemp, we can find particles which contain substance of anesthetic nature but RAMIE and LINEN are pure fibers absolutely free from such poisonous particles. There is no worry for such!
>
> Q: Hemp has always been an image of hard feeling. Are there any hemp product of soft touch?
>
> A: The hemp texture mainly consists of long and large fiber of rigid and crystal-like structure which, therefore, results in a hard touch feeling. Despite this, people like to buy hemp-made product because of the entire cool feeling qualities they give to users . . . new technologies have been applied to manufacture soft-feel hemp-



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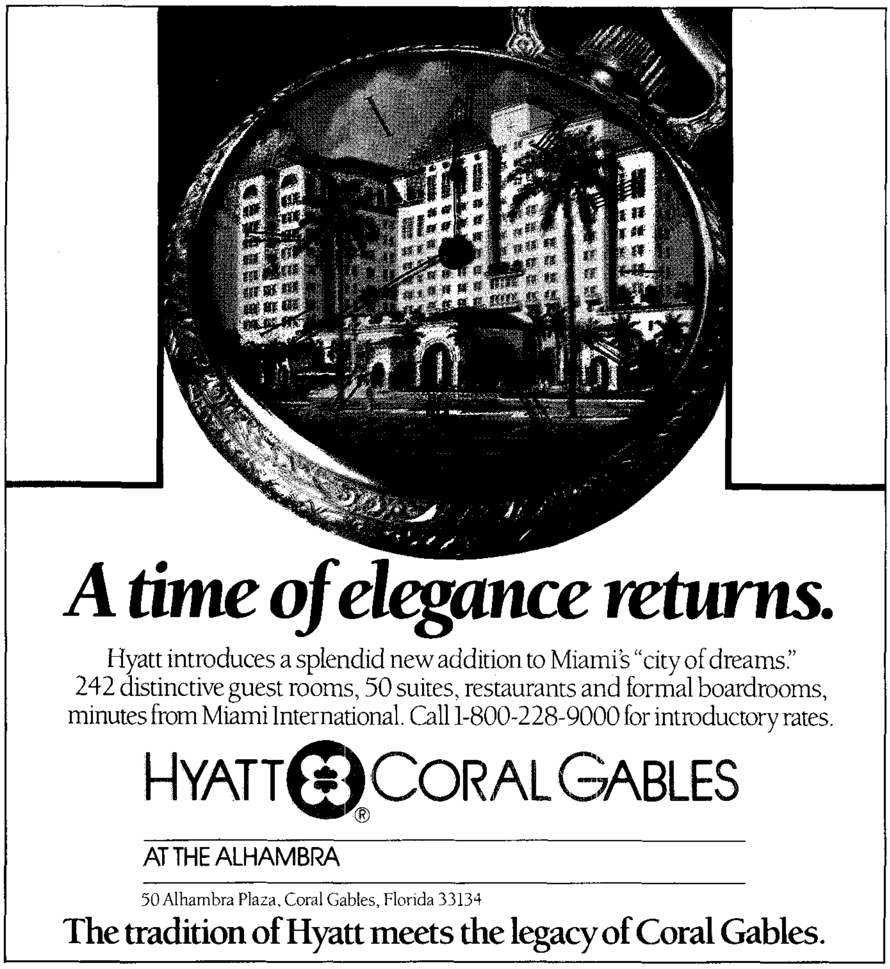

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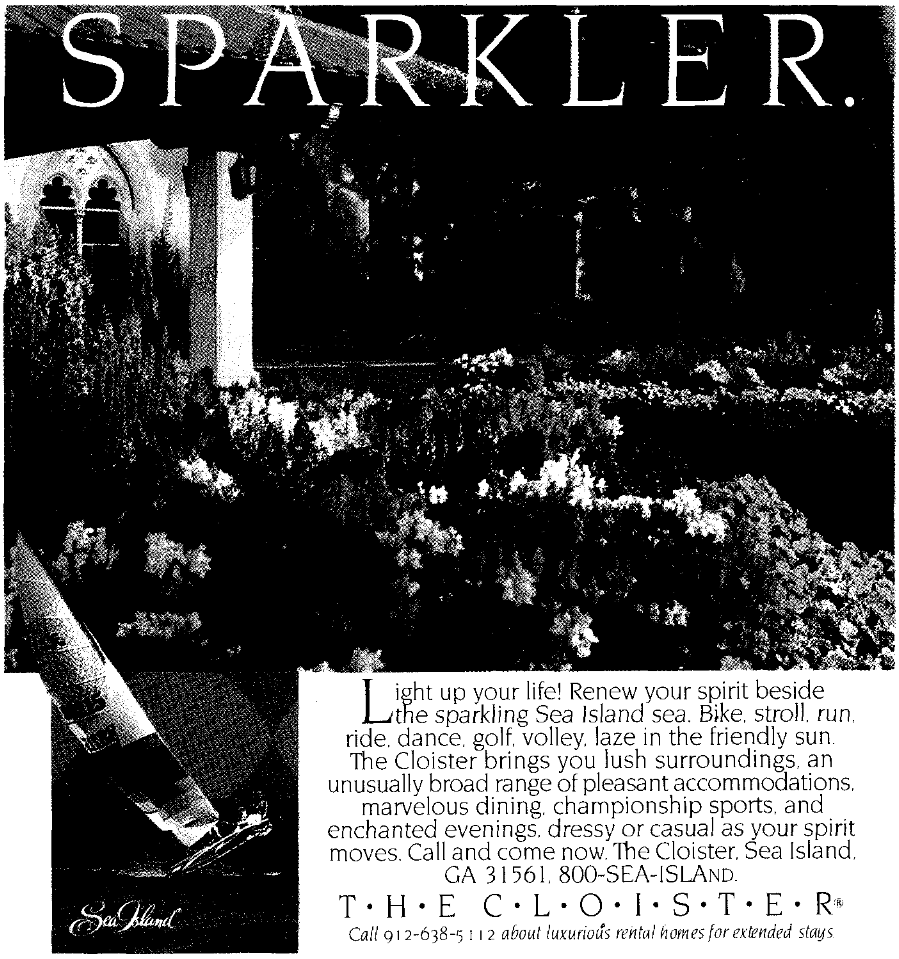

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The elegant appearance of Hemp product
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  begins another day
With the delicious and good-odour baked
  bread
And the rattling coffee beans sound like
  greeting you "Good morning."

The Reagan Administration's textile negotiators in Honolulu were pressing to have ramie brought under quota, and most of the people I talked to regarded this as an inevitable development. Goetz, however, had a secret plan to keep the ramie boom going. Among the eight or nine companies in the Goetz Group, he told me, was a new venture with offices in Manila. It was his hope, he said, to help make the Philippines a major-league clothing exporter, and in order to achieve that goal he intended to take advantage of its position as one of the three biggest producers (along with China and Brazil) of ramie. Philippine ramie, according to Goetz, was the best in the world, and only two serious obstacles stood in the way of his program for flooding the Western clothing market with it. The first was the unpleasant coarseness of the fibre. "The Philippine Army uses a ramie-polyester blend in its uniforms," Goetz told me. "A guy said to me, 'Hey, would you like to see the cloth we use?' and he showed me this thing—God, what a terrible piece of cloth! I said, 'No wonder Filipino men are hairless—this'll take it off in no time.' But they can enhance it. They can do amazing things in the laboratory—things that have never been done before." Scientists were on the verge of perfecting techniques that would produce ramie blends as soft as cashmere, to hear Goetz tell it. The other obstacle, of course, was the American plan to bring ramie under quota. But Goetz figured that an exception might be made for the Philippines, in view of its terrible economic problems and its special relationship with the United States. Only a few days previously, he had met with a leading member of Corazon Aquino's government: "And I told him, 'Whatever else you do, under no circumstances should you let them put ramie under quota.' I told him that if he held out on that one issue, five years from now I could make Philippine ramie famous."

In his capacity as self-appointed adviser to the government of the Philippines, Goetz was preparing to send a cable to Mrs. Aquino about the importance of including hand-knitted as well as crocheted garments in a quota-free category of "traditional" exports. He recognized the possibility that Mrs. Aquino might not personally see his message, though, since he had read in the *Asian Wall Street Journal Weekly* that she was getting four hundred letters a day. In any case, Goetz did not expect financial compensation from the government in Manila. "I'm offering my services as an unpaid consultant," he said. "I figure I'll make my money somewhere down the road."

AN economics professor could not ask for a better picture of "vertical integration" than one of the Fang brothers' Hong Kong factories, viewed in cross-section. Short of raising sheep or growing cotton on the premises, it would be hard to put more of the stages of sweater-making under one roof, and, as in a textbook flowchart, the raw materials ascend as they come to resemble the finished product. Dyeing and knitting—the processes that call for heavy machinery—take place on the lower floors. Then the yarn is carted upstairs for the more labor-intensive processes of sewing, mending, laundering, and the addition of labels and accessories.

Dyeing is my nominee for the least pleasant stage. A week or so into my visit, I made a tour of two Fang Brothers factories, with Chris Chan and Belinda Chan as my guides. On the ground floor of one factory, I looked on as a young man stacked hundreds of cones of yarn, amounting to some three miles of yarn in all, on a steel plate, and then, with a winch, lowered the plate into an enormous vat filled with a steamy yellow brew. Like the other workers in the area, he wore shorts, shoes, and nothing else—a uniform that presumably made the intense heat a little easier to bear. As for the noxious odor, resignation was the only answer. Chris Chan told me that the jobs in this section of the factory tended to go to an underclass composed of relatively recent immigrants from China. Some of the dye workers, he said, had taken factory jobs after failing to make a go of it as fishermen.

On the knitting floors, noise is the major annoyance. Later that day, I revisited the factory where I had first met Jeffrey and Kenneth Fang. In the knitting department, several styles and generations of machines coexisted in clusters. The oldest models, which sat in puddles of their own oil, sounded like pounding locomotives as the knitting mechanisms drove back and forth, adding a new row of loops to the fabric with each pass. The next-oldest knitted in a circle, producing cylindrical bolts of cloth and a loud but even roar. The circular machines sacrificed delicacy on the altar of speed; they were so fast that each machine was surrounded by a kind of shower curtain to keep flecks of yarn from penetrating the works of adjacent machines and leaving spots of one color in fabric of another. The most modern machines—the Japanese marvels that had transformed the Hong Kong knitwear industry—were low-slung and comparatively lightweight; they sounded like giant typewriters, and as the knitting mechanism rushed from one end of the fabric to the other it trailed a black sleeve of wires, which folded and unfolded the way an elephant's trunk does collecting peanuts.

On the fifth floor, one of three finishing floors in this factory, the workers greatly outnumbered the machines. Except for a few offices and a large walled-in area that turned out to be the laundry, it was a single undivided space, in which row upon row of seated women in plain slacks and blouses were intently performing various operations upon knitted panels in the bright colors favored by Liz Claiborne. The entire floor, Chris explained, was devoted to Claiborne, an arrangement that simplified packing and shipping and, as a dividend, kept other companies' buyers and quality-control inspectors—semipermanent presences at the factories—from seeing what Claiborne had in the works. (It also discouraged spying in the other direction, of course.)

This was certainly no sweatshop—not in any literal sense. The area before me was bright, clean, and air-conditioned, with "No Smoking" signs posted on the walls, in Chinese and English. But I had never before seen laborers show such single-minded

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devotion to their work. All but a handful of the hundred or so people on the floor had been caught in the act of doing exactly what they were supposed to be doing; and they were doing it, I knew, six days a week, at least eight hours a day, for perhaps a quarter of the hourly income that an equivalent job in the United States would command. "These people are the fastest sewers in the world," Tom Goetz had said. "They just don't seem to daydream about the date with the boyfriend tonight." According to Chris Chan's informed assessment, Hong Kong knitwear workers are at least three times as productive as the workers in any of the other countries he has been to. This is partly because in Hong Kong clothing factories virtually every job that can be paid for on a piecework basis is. Some of the workers in the Fangs' overseas factories were also paid that way, Belinda said, but minimum-wage laws tended to undercut the effect.

"You take Ireland," Chris said. "The unemployment insurance in Ireland is very generous. If you work, you get only a little bit more than unemployment. People don't want to work overtime in Ireland. If they work overtime, most of the money goes to the government, because of the taxation. In Hong Kong, the maximum tax is seventeen and a half per cent, and that kind of bracket is for the very high-income people."

I asked if Hong Kong workers received any government benefits.

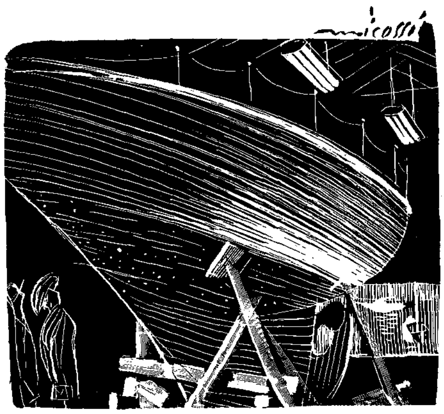
"The only benefits are free education for nine years, the government hospital when you get sick, and low-rent housing if a family has an income of less than three or four thousand Hong Kong dollars a month," Chris said. (The exchange rate at the time was roughly eight Hong Kong dollars to one American dollar.) "But it takes ten years for you to get the O.K. for housing. And there is no unemployment insurance, or medical insurance for non-hospital expenses." Fifteen per cent of the Colony's workers, I learned, belong to unions—organizations that in Hong Kong are best known for setting up Sunday picnics and other diversions, although they also do some polite lobbying for improved working conditions.

Each job on the fifth floor seemed to have its own distinct demographic profile. At a long table at one end of the floor, men—and only men—worked with stencils and scissors, cutting pieces of foam for shoulder pad

A short distance away, young women sat at sewing machines, stitching covers on the pads at a furious rate—about ten seconds a pad, I calculated—and tossing the end products into large plastic bags. The shoulder pad, Belinda Chan informed me, shot out of nowhere a few years ago to become standard equipment in women's sweaters. I expressed surprise that something so simple and routine should have to be made in this time-consuming and labor-intensive way; here, it seemed, was one process that could be automated. The problem, Belinda explained, was that every design called for a slightly different shoulder pad. "Liz Claiborne has developed so many kinds of shoulder pads, you won't believe—ten or fifteen," she said. "All different shapes. The designers are crazy about shoulder pads."

Like shoulder pads, the clothing industry in general has resisted automation. Not many years ago, styles of dress in the industrialized world seemed to be moving toward utilitarian simplicity and standardization. Had the trend continued, the clothing market in the Western nations might still be dominated by domestic products, for Europe and the United States remain reasonably competitive at the capital-intensive end of the apparel-making spectrum. Instead, the market has shifted back, with a vengeance. People of means used to consider it important to have the right outfit for every occasion. Now there is less punctiliousness about such matters—less demarcation between formal and informal, day and night, home and church, and so forth. But as affluent people have become freer to choose their modes of dress, they have taken to using that freedom to identify themselves—to say which other people they are like and unlike; and since, in the developed countries, the number of affluent people has grown in recent years, the clothing industry has turned toward complexity, ornamentation, and variety, all of which require human labor. This is a tendency that has been of financial benefit not only to Third World countries and companies but also to upscale retailers and designers everywhere, for it has enabled them to sell high-priced, high-profit clothes to a wide slice of the population.

In the knitwear world, the high-fashion trend is exemplified by the "fully fashioned" sweater, in which he pieces are knitted rather than cut shape. The fully fashioned sweater depends on a process called looping, which creates an elegantly even seam. (The seam in a cut-and-sewn sweater, the more automated alternative, has a slightly bulky look.) Almost no fully fashioned sweaters are made in the United States; the American knitwear industry can't produce such a labor-intensive garment at a competitive price. Hong Kong, by contrast, is reputed to have the best loopers in the world. At Fang Brothers, the loopers work four or six to a long and narrow table with room for scarcely anything on it beyond the looping machine and a supply of yarn in the colors of the garments being assembled. The main element of the looping machine is an aluminum disk, about the size of an L.P. record, with tiny needles around its rim. To these needles the looper attaches the edges of first one panel and then another; then, with a foot pedal, she causes the disk to rotate, pulling the overlapping loops into a jawlike mechanism that passes a fresh strand of yarn through them, making the two panels one. It is a task that gives no quarter. The looper's fingers are hardly ever still, her eyes hardly ever wander. The job calls for exceptional vision and small as well as nimble fingers. Until a few years ago, one could find in Hong Kong—as one can still find in poorer places—thirteen- and fourteen-year-old girls working as loopers. Now there is fairly general observance of a law that sets the minimum age at sixteen. Loopers, too, are paid by the piece, the rate ranging from about fifty Hong Kong dollars a dozen for a simple style of sweater to a hundred and fifty dollars a dozen for a more difficult style. Loopers sometimes make five or six thousand Hong Kong dollars a month—a good deal more than their salaried co-workers. When they get into their thirties, however, their eyesight tends to deteriorate, and the advantage tilts the other way. "You don't see any old ladies in the looping area," Chris Chan said. "When they reach their late thirties, they cannot efficiently work in that department. You see some old ladies working as loopers in the sample room, though. They can do a nice job, but in a slower way."



The fact that most loopers fall within a narrow age range has helped create an employees' market, and this, I was told, explained such amenities as air-conditioning; any factory that tried to do without would lose its best workers. It struck me that there was probably another explanation—the desire to impress the high-fashion companies that are Hong Kong's best customers. I had asked Jack Listanowsky if he ever found himself doing business with a factory whose working conditions were oppressive, and he had answered no. "But it's tough to generalize when you go to a country and don't understand the language or the customs," he had added. "I mean, you could be appalled by seeing people working at eight-thirty at night, and you might say, 'These workers are exploited.' But maybe that's the rule of the industry in that country. If I walk through a factory that's filthy, though, it says something to me about the owner's mind-set. Housekeeping is a reflection of what the product will look like."

I talked to one of the Fang Brothers' loopers, using Belinda as my interpreter. Her name was Chan Shuihing, and I was amazed by her energy and concentration as I watched her on the job—the more amazed when she told me that she was thirty-three, a ripe old age for a looper. Having the good fortune to work next to a wall, she had decorated it with a collage of snapshots and cutouts—two of herself and, surrounding them, an array of singers and movie and TV stars. Except for Sylvester Stallone (the only one I recognized, and the only Westerner of the lot), it was a youthful group—they were faces that one would expect to see on a teen-ager's wall—and Chan Shuihing, who was wearing her hair in a short ponytail, seemed young for her years. Like the other loopers, she sat on a small semicircular bench. She had made room for a radio-cassette player and a covered teacup on the table she shared with three other workers. Above her corner of the table was a small red sign identifying her as Looper No. 46, and it was part of her job, I learned, to loop a "46" label into a side seam of each sweater, so that serious problems could be brought back to her for correction.

As she worked, Chan Shuihing's

fingers moved as swiftly as a pianist's. When she broke off for our interview, however, she sat still and kept her hands folded. She had been with Fang Brothers for eleven years, she said, and before that she worked in several other knitwear factories. All told, she had been a looper half her life. I asked if she had become faster over the years, and she laughed, and said, "I think I reached my peak a long time ago."

Had she ever thought about moving on to another kind of work?

"I think I'm probably a little old," she answered, but she added that she felt no great attachment to looping. "It's just what I learned."

When I raised the issue of deteriorating eyesight with Chan Shuihing, she told me that she would occasionally exercise her eyes by focussing on trees and other distant objects. In addition to the normal forty-eight-hour workweek, she said, she put in a modest amount of overtime when the factory had a rush job. She lived with her parents and siblings—a family of eight in all—in a public-housing flat a twenty-minute walk from the factory. On Sundays, she said, she liked to shop or go to the movies. Sometimes she would eat out in a restaurant. She had left Hong Kong once in her life—to visit Beijing. When I asked her what she thought about the notion of a five-day week, she answered, "There would be too much time to kill. Resting on Sunday is enough." In response to further questioning, though, she admitted that "it would be different if I were paid on a monthly salary—then I would prefer more holidays." Her only complaint about working conditions concerned a law—one of the few such regulations in Hong Kong—that limits overtime to two hundred hours a year. She said she would like to work more than that. The limit, I learned later, applies only to women and to male workers under the age of eighteen. An adult man can work twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week.

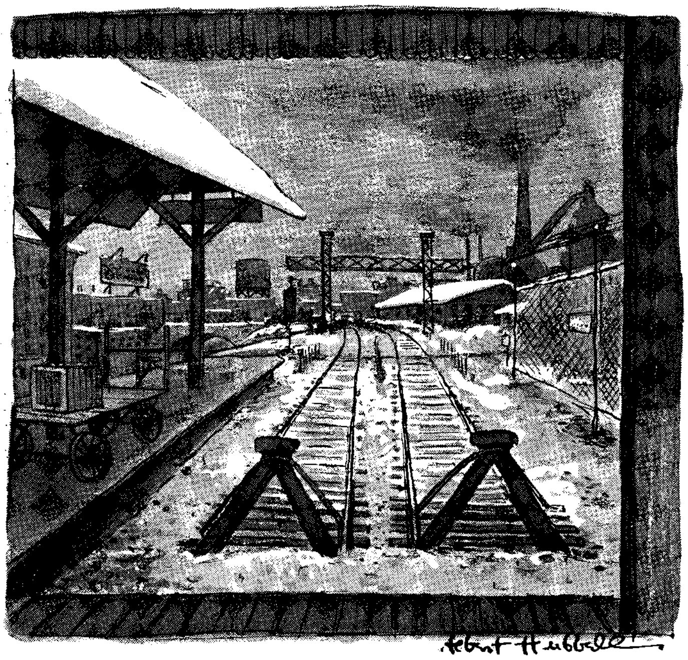
We moved on to an area in which older women worked at low tables outfitted with luminous plastic cones and cylinders; these were special lamps designed to highlight errors in a piece of knitwear. A worker would wrap the body or a sleeve of a sweater over one of the lamps, search for dropped stitches, holes, and so forth, and apply clothespins to any problems she found. "The ladies you see doing the inspection or the stitching on the shoulder pads are over fifty, most of them," Chris Chan told me. "My understanding is that they didn't have to work when they were young. When they were young, they liked to stay at home and take care of their kids, but when their kids grew older they had spare time and didn't want to stay at home. That's why they do these unskilled jobs. Anybody can walk in and sit down and do this work."

The inspected garments moved on, as did we, to the menders—women who fixed what was wrong, using scissors, sewing needles, and cones of replacement yarn. Then came the laundry, which contained the biggest washing and drying machines I have ever seen. The laundry was a male domain; in fact, there seemed to be a pattern of using women for the delicate jobs and men for everything else. The ironing room, alongside the laundry, was the only place in the factory where I saw men and women —or, rather, about a dozen men and one woman—doing the same job. They stood around a single long ironing table—an iron to each worker, and each iron connected by a kind of umbilical hose to a steam pipe overhead—swiftly inserting boards of various shapes and sizes into the body and the sleeves of the sweaters. After ironing came another inspection-and-mending cycle, and then the addition of labels, shoulder pads, buttons, buttonholes, and small mending kits that contained a tiny shank of matching yarn. Finally, the sweaters went into clear plastic bags, which went into bigger plastic bags, which went into export cartons. "Liz C, P.O. No. 82593, Style No. 205685A, 4 Emerson Lane, Secaucus, N.J. 07094" was the legend stamped on one carton. "Made in Hong Kong. Color: Plum. Size: M. Qty.: 2002."

My tour concluded with an interview with Jeffrey Fang, which he prefaced by a declaration that Kenneth was in fact the family spokesman. In Jeffrey's sixteen years with the business, its clothing production had grown by a factor of thirty—from about four thousand dozen sweaters a month in 1970, he estimated, to perhaps a hundred and twenty thousand dozen sweaters, T-shirts, woven pants, and blouses a month in 1986. A lot of the growth had been in the Fang brothers' overseas factories. I could not begin to comprehend what it would be like to open a factory in a foreign country, and said so. To begin with, I asked, how do you choose the country?

"You go in if it offers either a quota advantage or a labor advantage," Jeffrey said. "Then you start talking to the government people and see what kind of incentives they're giving for foreign investment. For instance, Ireland will give you a tremendous amount of incentive, because it wants to cut down its unemployment. Panama is a bit different. The government can subsidize you only to a certain extent, because the country is relatively poor. But the Panamanian government helped us find a building, and gave it to us rent-free for a period of time to compensate for the work of repair. There was no knitwear industry in Panama before we went in, so we don't have to worry about quota for a few years."

Three main factors come into play when Fang Brothers is deciding which job to send to which country. "First, quota," Jeffrey said. "In the United States right now, with people like Ellen Tracy and Liz Claiborne, what we call coördinates are very important. A coördinate group could mean a jacket, a sweater, maybe a T-shirt inside piece, and a skirt and a pant and



dress—you're talking about six quota categories. Some of the categories are hard to get in Hong Kong. Wool-skirt quota, right now, costs like fourteen dollars U.S. There's no way we can afford that. So what we have to do is make the skirt in China or in Thailand." If Fang Brothers did not have overseas factories, he added, it would be unable to fill these orders, and that was indeed the situation with a lot of the smaller companies in Hong Kong: because of the quota system, they could no longer compete. "This is the consequence—you kill the small guy," Jeffrey said.

The other considerations, he told me, were the type of machinery and the complexity of workmanship a garment called for. In Hong Kong, the old-fashioned hand-knitting machine had been abandoned, but for certain kinds of sweaters these arm-powered machines were ideal. "When it comes to a very expensive cashmere, for example, you'd rather do it by hand machine," Jeffrey explained. "If the yarn is thick in one place and thin in another place, the power machine will drop a needle and produce a hole, or whatever. On a hand machine, the operator sees a 'slop' coming, and she can adjust. So we might decide to do a cashmere sweater in Thailand, where we have only hand machines." The general rule, Jeffrey said, is to do the most difficult jobs in Hong Kong, or, failing that, somewhere else in the Far East. "In the Philippines, I can ask them to do a more complicated style, and if they have a problem I can send technicians there easily," he said. "Ireland and Panama are farther away. I'd rather send them something for which they don't have to change the style for maybe a month or so, because that way I can give it to them and forget about it. A bigger-quantity order. A relatively simple order. Changing the style usually slows down production." In any event, he said, the workers in the Philippines, Malaysia, and Thailand were more productive than the Irish and the Panamanians. "I think maybe the Oriental person has to struggle harder to make a living, and that makes him a little bit tougher," he said.

I asked Jeffrey how he would feel if he heard that all quotas would be lifted next week—and I could tell from his expression that he had not had any previous occasion to consider this possibility.

"See, with the quota system, at least it's predictable," he said at last. "We know what we can do next year. Without the quota system, it could be a little bit scary."

In other words, I offered, Fang Brothers had become "comfortable" with the system.

"Only because we hold a lot of quota," he said. "I would say that, out of the whole world, the people of the Far East probably work the hardest to beat the system. And out of the Far East, Hong Kong works hardest to beat the system. And out of Hong Kong, our company works hardest. That's the whole story."

Since Hong Kong was getting on so well, I said, I wondered which countries, if any, had been hurt by the system. If I wanted to see pain and suffering, he said, I should visit the countries that had begun exporting relatively recently—Thailand or Malaysia, for example. The Thai clothing industry had been devastated a year earlier by the American embargo. Workers had been fired. Factories had gone out of business. That very morning, the United States had issued a "call" on cotton shirts from Malaysia. A call is the first step in bringing a certain category under quota, Jeffrey explained. "If there is a call, we have to cut back, but we can go on producing," he said. "And next year"—he laughed—"maybe we'll have to find another country to open a factory in."

"Where would that be?" I asked.

"With the quota the way it is, it may be economic to open up something in the United States," Jeffrey answered. For a moment, I thought he was kidding, but he wasn't. "Which state or what kind of product we don't know yet," he said. "Maybe in North Carolina, as far as the fabric and finishing are concerned, because that seems to be a traditional area. On top of that, we might open a sweater factory in the North—maybe Brooklyn or Pennsylvania or Massachusetts. Or it could be on the West Coast, because there's a lot of Chinatowns there—a lot of Orientals who seem to be relatively good at needlework. We already have a tiny operation in San Francisco. I would say the theory is, If you can't beat 'em, join 'em."

THE flight from Hong Kong to Bangkok takes about four hours and passes over the South China Sea, Vietnam, Laos, and southeastern Thailand. I arrived in Bangkok late on a Thursday morning, and was met at the airport by William Cheung, a Liz Claiborne quality-control inspec-

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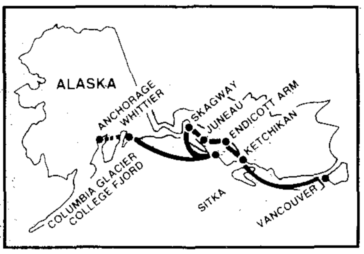

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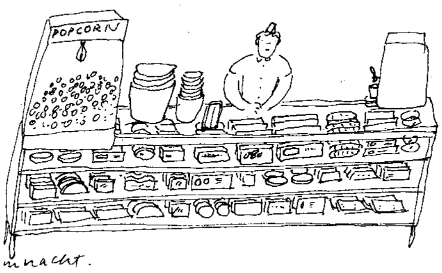
tor, who had been based there for two years, although he generally got back to Hong Kong for a few days every second week. He took me straight to the factory, an hour's drive through the center of Bangkok and out into some sparsely settled suburbs. We travelled most of the distance along a brand-new highway—the government's contribution to a hoped-for spurt of industrial development. Then came five bumpy minutes on an unpaved road that cut through a wilderness of tall grass, low shrubs, and trees. Finally, a brick wall topped by barbed wire appeared on our left, and after another few hundred feet we came to a sign that read "Fang Brothers Holding (Thailand) Co., Ltd." and a wooden gate manned by a uniformed sentry, who, recognizing the car, waved us in.

Inside the compound, I noticed a small, gold-trimmed Buddhist shrine bedecked with dried flowers. We entered a courtyard, in which a driveway circled an island of green with a fountain in the middle—nothing fancy, but hardly what I had expected of a clothing factory in the Third World. The factory itself was a large prefab metal structure, whose carport-style doors had been raised as high as they would go, so that even from the car we had a fair view of the inside: of mountains of plastic bags stuffed with sweaters, and rows of young women folding, mending, weighing, sewing, looping.

As I followed William Cheung into the factory, I was startled by its openness. Around the perimeter were stairs leading to a balcony level of offices. The structure was basically one story, and the story was thirty feet high where the roof—of corrugated aluminum, punctuated by skylights—reached its peak. Bangkok has the reputation of being one of the muggiest places in the world, but I had come on a temperate day. With the doors wide open and a number of fans going, a pleasant breeze blew through the building. High overhead, a bird had camped out in the metal rafters.

Apart from the airy surroundings, the scene was similar to what I had observed in Hong Kong: a production floor divided into neighborhoods, each populated by its own class of workers and machines. While William Cheung saw to some business of his, I paused at the edge of the loopers' territory and, bearing in mind what Chris Chan had told me about the productivity differential, tried to compare the pace of work here with that in Hong Kong. The difference was one of skill, not of dedication: the fingers of these women moved stiffly, like a piano student's rather than a pianist's. In another part of the floor, women were working at a kind of machine I had not seen in Hong Kong—an Erector Set affair in which the mechanism and the table supporting it were one. It looked like a piece of gym equipment for building arm strength; the pumping of a lever moved a knitting element back and forth across a bed of needles. This was the traditional hand-knitting machine I had heard about. Each machine required the full-time attention of an operator, and the operators were young women—in their twenties, at most—wearing gray aprons over blouses and slacks. As an operator worked the lever, a panel of knitted fabric descended from the underside of the machine. It was a monotonous job, but the actual knitting rarely lasted for more than a minute or two before the need arose for some small adjustment—a shift from one color to another, perhaps, or the removal of some lint that had accumulated in the mechanism.

In Hong Kong, there had been a number of male domains, such as the laundry. Here women did just about everything—young women, at that. Almost every employee was between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five. As I walked past some of them, I tried not to stare, and I noticed that they were making a similar effort; the majority, I learned, were from the countryside and had not laid eyes on many Westerners. (Some of the more primitive clothing factories in Bangkok, I had been told, practiced a form of indentured servitude upon teen-age girls from poor families in the north of Thailand. Such factories, needless to say, do not encourage the attention of the press.) The factory manager, to whom William Cheung delivered me after a few minutes, was also a woman. She had a pageboy haircut and a disarming smile, and, at twenty-nine, was one of the oldest employees on the scene. Her name was Sumana Maha-Ithidol. "In Thailand, the men don't want to work," she said matter-of-factly when I asked about the absence of men in the factory. "They prefer the women to make a living for the family. The girls are more disciplined, more obedient, more patient." She laughed as she saw me writing this down. "It's not that I don't like men," she said. "What I said is fair—isn't it, William?"



"Yes," William Cheung replied, without apparent embarrassment.

I asked Sumana Maha-Ithidol if it was common in Thailand for women to hold positions like hers. She said that it was extremely uncommon and would probably never have happened if the factory had been owned by Thais. Even in Hong Kong, she said, there were few corporate executives whose personnel policies were as liberal as those of Jeffrey Fang, who had hired her. She had gone to work for Fang Brothers in the summer of 1984, after answering an ad for a "manager trainee" in the Bangkok *Post*. Her previous experience had consisted of studying clothing design in France and working as a buyer for a Bangkok department store. She had never set foot in a knitwear factory before Jeffrey Fang brought her to Hong Kong for a two-month interneship. "The other factories are surprised that he would give this responsibility to someone with no experience," she said.

I mentioned the American embargo, and she told me that it had come about because Thailand had exceeded its aggregate annual limit for clothing exports to the United States—a limit that no one had really worried about, because it had seemed unattainable in 1982, when the Thai government signed its first quota agreement with the United States. After warnings from Washington early in 1985, the Thais hoped to work things out informally, but in September, when a Thai delegation rejected American demands for severe cutbacks, the embargo was ordered. (A Thai government official I talked to noted that the issue had come to a head at a moment when the Reagan Administration was struggling to fend off protectionist legislation and could not afford to seem soft on imports. He said that Thailand had been made a scapegoat.) Sumana Maha-Ithidol had been forced to lay off nearly two hundred workers and ask others to volunteer for a vacation or a one-day-on, one-day-off schedule. Most of the workers had been brought back within three months. "But other factories were not as lucky as we were," she said. "A lot of factories found that their customers had lost confidence in them, so they didn't get any more orders. They had to sell their quota." I remarked that her own factory seemed to have recovered smartly from the embargo. The appearance was deceptive, she said, explaining, "If you come back in another two or three months, you'll see a different picture. Our non-wool quota for all of 1986 is almost used up. We have orders for wool sweaters to keep us busy through August, but then the wool quota will run out. Quota is the main capital of the factory. No quota, no work." Fang Brothers had already been forced to buy—or, to use the approved government term, "borrow"—quota from other factories, she said, and it looked as if the cost of these transactions would keep the factory from going into the black in 1986.

The embargo had been resolved, at the insistence of the United States, by an agreement requiring Thailand to accept, over a three-year period, export cutbacks of about thirty million square yards—the amount by which the country had exceeded its aggregate limit for 1985. With a glut of leftover 1985 exports to ship, the practical effect of this formula was to compel the Thai clothing industry to cut its 1986 production of goods for the American market by a fourth or more. Fang Brothers might be better off than other factories, Sumana Maha-Ithidol said, but she was afraid there would have to be another round of layoffs—maybe even more severe than the previous year's. There were already murmurings among the workers. "They look very depressed," she said. "A few have come to me and said that they know we're in a difficult situation, and that if it gets to be very bad they would prefer that we cut their salary in half, if necessary."

I spoke with a worker named Charoon Cheuncheu, who bowed when we were introduced, and told me that she lived with her father-in-law and her two sons, aged four months and three years, in a bamboo hut with a tin roof. The hut was about twelve feet square, she said, and had no partitions. The only appliance was a television set. Her husband was away in the Army, earning about nine hundred baht (forty dollars) a month. Charoon Cheuncheu herself made upward of four thousand baht a month, running a sewing machine. For her, the embargo had meant a three-month layoff and a lot of worry, "because I have many responsibilities." The news of her rehiring had come by postcard. "I was very happy," she said. It was odd and a little frightening to think that this woman, who would probably never visit the United States, was so much at the mercy of a United States government policy—indeed, of a policy that few Americans had ever heard of.

Nue Eamyin, another sewing-machine operator, told me that she lived with her parents and a brother and sister in a one-room shack with a tin roof and a mud floor. It had electricity and a television set, but no plumbing. "Right now, I take home about three thousand baht a month," she said. "Normally—not in a rush season like this—I will take home about eighteen hundred baht. We're paid every two weeks. Each time, I reserve for myself about seven hundred baht and give the rest to my family."

For the last five months, she had been working from eight in the morning until ten at night (and, as usual, six days a week). "I like working overtime, because when I go home I

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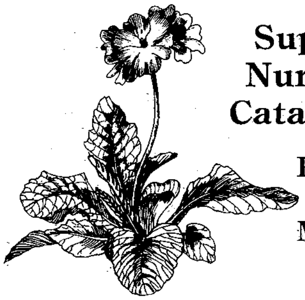
don't have anything to do," she said. She had spent a little of her extra income to register for a dressmaking course, which she hoped would someday help her open a shop that would double as a dressmaker's and beautician's. But, with all the overtime, she added, it wasn't easy to keep up with the classes. She, too, had been through a three-month layoff. "I was positive I would never have a chance to work again, because I didn't think I had the qualifications," she said. "I wasn't devoted enough to my work—my skills weren't developed enough. Sometimes I was careless. Now I think I have improved."

I asked her if she knew the reason for the layoffs. From reading the newspaper, she answered, she knew that they had something to do with cuts in quotas, but she wasn't sure what quotas were. "I don't understand these things too well," she said, with an embarrassed smile.

WHILE I was in Bangkok, the quota talks between Hong Kong and the United States shifted to Washington, and on July 1st—the day after I returned to Hong Kong—the two sides reached an agreement. The Hong Kong newspapers were full of the story the next morning. According to their accounts, the new bilateral agreement would add ramie, linen, and silk blends to the list of controlled fibres, and would allow for total annual growth in minuscule percentages, from 0.5 per cent in 1986 to 2.5 per cent in 1991. "HK INDUSTRY IN 'STRAITJACKET': U.S. TIGHTENS GRIP ON TEXTILE EXPORTS" was the headline in the *Standard*. "HK TEXTILE TEAM YIELDS TO PRESSURE" was how the *South China Morning Post* put it. On their editorial pages, both newspapers—neither especially given to flamboyant rhetoric, as a rule—cast the story in stark terms. An editorial in the *Morning Post* observed:

> The Americans send delegations junketing around the globe looking for deserving cases among Third World countries to whom preferential export treatment is then given. Their assessment of what constitutes a worthy cause caused one US diplomat to comment recently that unless they see a water buffalo roaming the streets outside the airport, these delegations consider their host country to be fully developed. Hong Kong is well placed to feel the full force of US hypocrisy. If a US manufacturer can find a market for his products in Hong Kong, he is welcome to exploit it. The US Government responds by demonstrating its utter ignorance about



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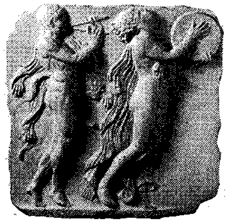

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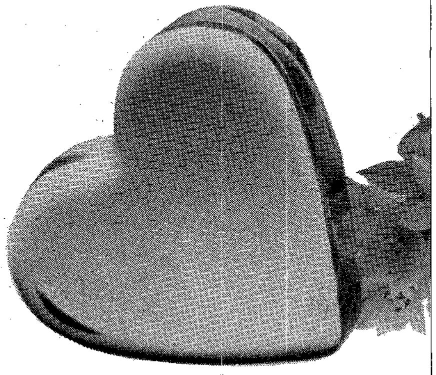

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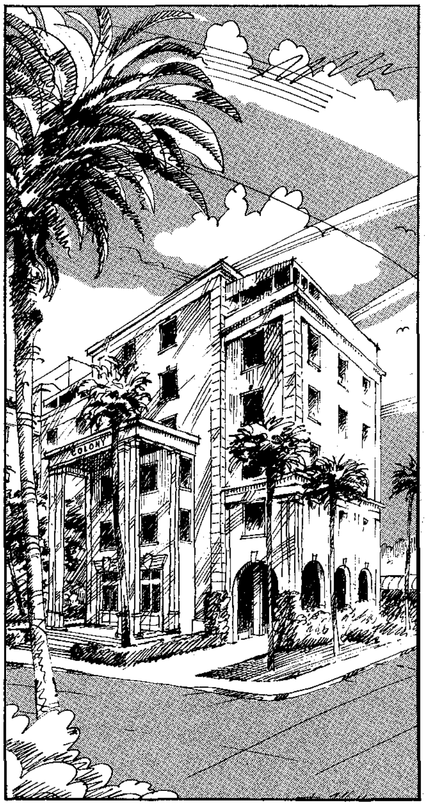
The television-news shows featured interviews with government officials and industry people, all of whom condemned the tough-guy tactics of the Americans and lamented the helplessness of their own negotiators.

One would never have guessed from most of this coverage that the American textile-and-clothing industry, far from congratulating itself on a political victory, was apparently just as angry about the new bilateral agreement as the Hong Kong industry was. Angrier, in fact. "This agreement is outrageous," Dewey Trogdon, the president of the American Textile Manufacturers Institute, declared. "It compounds the import problem facing this industry and its workers by guaranteeing that a major supplier can continue to take more American jobs." According to Representative Ed Jenkins, a Democrat from Georgia, the new bilateral agreement was "like saying to an alcoholic who has increased his drinking consumption to a quart of liquor a day that it is perfectly all right for him to continue to drink a quart of whiskey a day so long as he does not increase much beyond that level." Jenkins was the chief sponsor of the Textile and Apparel Trade Enforcement Act, which summarily reduced textile and clothing imports from Hong Kong, Taiwan, and South Korea—"the big three"—by some twenty-five or thirty per cent and imposed smaller reductions on other exporting nations. The Jenkins bill, as it was known, had passed both houses of Congress by overwhelming margins at the end of 1985, only to be vetoed by President Reagan. Its supporters had then resolved to put off the veto-override vote until August, in the hope of using the override threat as leverage to compel the Reagan Administration to take the problem of imported textiles and apparel more seriously. The date of the vote was now only a month away, and the bill's supporters—most of the leading figures in the Democratic Party and many prominent Republicans—were saying that the Administration had failed to get the message.

—JAMES LARDNER

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)



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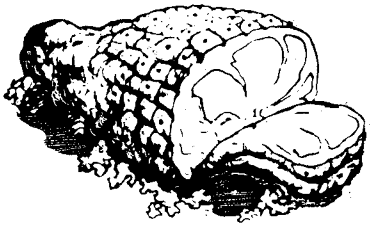

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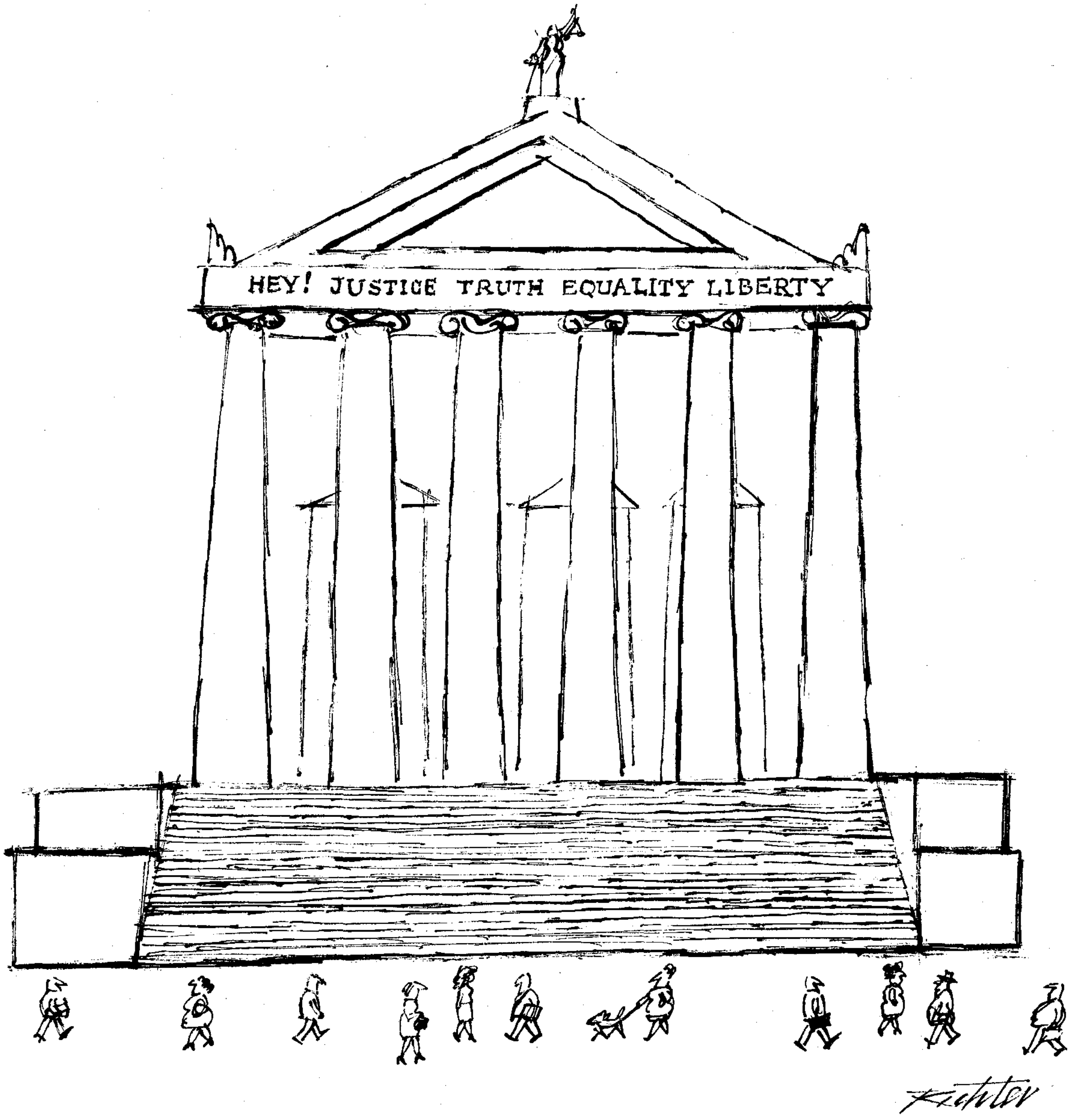
THE THEATRE

Who's the Boss?

I'M told—though not by a reliable source—of a form of psychotherapy where they tie you to a table, tickle you, and repeatedly shout at you, "Who's the boss?" Whether such a cure really exists (and how effective it is) I'm not in a position to say, but the question "Who's the boss?" is one that, in one form or another, has dogged intellectual man for centuries. It has baffled philosophers and moralists, and absorbed theologians. At the moment, it is puzzling audiences at the Manhattan Theatre Club, where "The Day Room" opened last week to mixed reviews. A first play by the novelist Don DeLillo, "The Day Room" isn't a play so much as an essay, a metaphysical speculation on the themes of madness and theatre. Its spiritual setting is neither the hospital room where the first act takes place nor the motel room where we find ourselves in Act II but another place entirely—a mental ward that may or may not exist somewhere offstage—and its spiritual hub is Arno Klein, a character we may or may not ever see. The hospital room—occupied by Budge and Wyatt (Mason Adams and John Christopher Jones)—is said to be adjacent to the Arno Klein Psychiatric Wing. As characters in Act I prove not to be the patients, doctors, and nurses they seem to be but lunatics who have wandered in from the Klein wing, it becomes less and less clear to the audience who the real doctor is. In Act II, "the Arno Klein wing" has become "the Arno Klein group," a touring theatrical company that Gary and Lynette (Timothy Carhart and Mary Beth Hurt) have come in search of. But the Arno Klein group turns out to be as difficult to locate as the Arno Klein wing. And as characters in the second half wander into the motel room babbling about the elusive theatrical troupe it becomes less and less clear who the real audience is. Are these actors or madmen, we wonder. Are they performing for us? For each other? For themselves?


HEY! JUSTICE TRUTH EQUALITY LIBERTY
Richter

If all this sounds faintly pretentious and irritating, that's probably because "The Day Room" is a slightly pretentious and, at times, irritating play. Long stretches of it sound as though they were written by a precocious high-school student who had recently read "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead" for the first time—a play that "The Day Room" in fact resembles in many ways. Of course, Stoppard's play took stock of itself in relation to its own literary tradition (Molnár, Pirandello, and Beckett as well as Shakespeare); DeLillo's play doesn't: it seems unaware of the whole history of absurdist drama. But American playwrights don't tend to be terribly conscious of their literary roots. It's part of their charm: they burst on the scene wide-eyed and breathless, making familiar observations about important things as though no one had ever thought of them before. Actually, if you can get past the preciousness of some of DeLillo's dialogue "The Day Room" turns out to be entertaining. This is due largely to the comic flair of its director, Michael Blakemore, and a first-rate cast, led by Miss Hurt, Mr. Jones, and J. T. Walsh. Mr. Blakemore, who's a dab hand at staging farce (he directed Michael Frayn's "Noises Off" in London and New York), transforms DeLillo's rather bloodless play into a metaphysical farce in which mistaken existence takes the place of mistaken identity. It's mostly a question of orchestration. "The Day Room" is about the degree to which we make epistemological judgments on the basis of what we think is plausible behavior. Its wit resides in the extreme plausibility of the performances: Miss Hurt's as Nurse Walker, Mr. Walsh's as the loopy Dr. Bazelon, Eric Swanson's as two vastly different prissy young men. Mr. Blakemore has also collected around him a design team of great ingenuity. The production is full of arresting aural and visual evocations of madness: footsteps in a corridor, a snatch of classical music, an indeterminate buzzing noise, a child's painting scrawled on a wall. In the second half of the play, Mr. Jones gives a tour-de-force performance as the motel-room television set. The act begins with a wonderful *coup de théâtre* executed by the scenic designer, Hayden Griffin, who also designed the costumes. Even the set and the lighting (by Natasha Katz) contrive to echo the themes of the play. Visually, the production is full of frames, like the frames of reference that the play is about: the frame of stage flats out of which two actors build the motel-room set around Mr. Jones; the tasteless painting that hangs in it; the frame of darkness into which we see his face receding at the end of the play; and the windowlike apertures in the flats which the two hospital beds slide back through when we go back to the beginning again.

"The Day Room" may not make any discoveries about the nature of theatre or of existence—it's too far removed from realistic, consequential action to be anything but mute about the human condition. But it does provide a kind of comic therapy. And it comes up with some lingering images: the television as lunatic; the elusive theatrical company as an expression of that transforming aesthetic experience we're all looking for. Best of all, perhaps, is an image of Theatrical Man himself: the figure who walks across the stage at the end of the evening dressed in a hat and coat that were there signalling to us in the first scene—eloquently, if we'd only known how to read the signs. —MIMI KRAMER

◆

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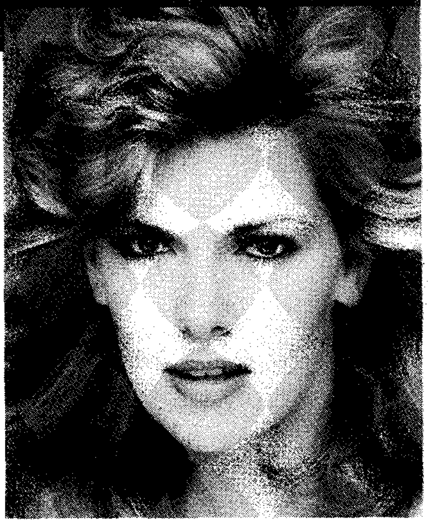

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Fakers

“Broadcast News” has some witty dialogue and it’s moderately adult, so I guess we should be grateful. But it lacks any filmmaking excitement, and before it was over I was thinking, Is this all there is to it? The writer-producer-director James L. Brooks (his only previous film was “Terms of Endearment”) puts us inside the world of a network’s Washington bureau. He sets up an adversarial relationship between the six-foot-three reddish-blond charmer Tom (William Hurt), a former sportscaster who has an intuitive grasp of how to sell himself to audiences, and dark, broody Aaron (Albert Brooks), a newsman whose brain is a briefing book about the crisis areas that re-ignite. Tom (who’s on his way to becoming the network’s next anchorman) has to rely on the newsroom team to prepare his copy and coach him, while Aaron—a Renaissance pedant—can do his own writing and thinking yet doesn’t know how to present himself. Basically, what the movie is saying is that beautiful, assured people have an edge over the rest of us, no matter how high our I.Q.s are. But, by applying this specifically to the age of television, Jim Brooks uses it as the basis for a satirical critique of what TV is doing to us. On the surface, at least, he’s saying that Aaron represents substance and integrity, while handsome, slick Tom—a faker who’s essentially an actor-salesman—represents TV’s corruption of the news into entertainment. The picture suggests that this view is the lowdown on TV: it satirizes anchorman punditry by showing the rising star as a boob with a smooth, practiced manner. And its thesis may give moviegoers a tingle, because it connects with some of what we see anchormen doing: reading sentences so rhythmically that the meaning is lost, asking questions of the reporters and then not following through even when their answers raise much bigger questions, smiling so falsely that it seems to rot their facial muscles.

This is such a tiny tingle, though. Broadcast news—what’s considered newsworthy and why—is what the picture doesn’t deal with. It accepts the whole structure of the way the news is packaged, fastening on this one issue, as if everything about the quality of the news depended on whether a Tom reads somebody else’s material or writes his own. English television simply calls its anchorpeople “newsreaders;” of course, there’s a difference between newsreaders who are honestly treated as that and newsreaders who are presented as thinkers, and the fakery is an insult to the public. But Tom reads the news well; what he does takes skill and concentration. And the fakery he represents is a small insult compared with the systematized way that the evening news skitters across the day’s events, giving us headlines, snippets, quick flashes of the world’s trouble spots, and assorted horrors and disasters—all of this with almost no interpretation. The heroine of “Broadcast News,” Jane (Holly Hunter), is a producer who’s a whizbang at punching up these news segments, and the movie seems to applaud her showmanship.

Jane and Aaron are supposed to be high-principled professionals, as well as close friends who confide in one another. The romantic-comedy dilemma in the film is that Jane finds herself falling in love with Tom, who incarnates everything that she despises. He’s the Enemy. Even if you didn’t know that Jim Brooks was the co-creator of “The Mary Tyler Moore Show,” you could feel the link between the Mary Richards character in that series and Jane. This new heroine is quicker and more driven and smarter, but she’s appealing in much the same way. She’s a demon pro who never hesitates, but she agonizes over personal decisions—she doesn’t know her own mind. (She interrupts a date with Tom just when things are heating up between them, in order to look in on Aaron.) She’s a bit of a mess: when she’s alone and can take the time, she has brief nervous breakdowns—crying jags. (And, from the reaction of the audience, young women careerists must love to think of themselves as pros who are adorably screwy kids underneath.) The picture is a sophisticated version of “The Mary Tyler Moore Show,” with Tom as a network version of the poseur Ted Baxter, and Aaron as the reliable Murray. Now they’re a romantic triangle, they’re dressed up in network garb, and they’ve got big-time anxieties.

It’s entertaining to see a workaday world presented so that it moves and keeps you off balance and looks authentic; this Washington-newsroom world has a hum to it. Jim Brooks (and a lot of other people) must have worked hard to achieve this hum. What limits the interest of the film is that he never questions the routine operations of the newspeople. And so the movie glamorizes a particular version of professionalism—not the glitz that Tom is bringing in but, rather, the professionalism that’s being threatened by the present-day cuts in news budgets. (You get the feeling that Jim Brooks thinks the network news of ten years ago was great.)

What I find dispiriting about this film is not just the lightweight conventionality of its satirical approach—it’s that, with all the surface authenticity Jim Brooks gives us, he himself represents the corruption of movies into TV. There’s not even a try for any style or tension in “Broadcast News.” It’s all episodic, like a TV series. When Jane addresses a conference of local news producers and broadcasters and is so tediously moralistic that she empties the hall, the staging is as lax as it often was on “The M.T.M. Show.” And when Jane and Aaron are filming a combat report in Nicaragua, she stops the members of her team who are coaching a Contra on how to put on his new American boots for the camera; she tells him he can do anything he wants, and then accepts it when he does exactly what he had been doing anyway. The directing is so feeble that the joke falls apart, and the feebleness gets you down the way it does when you watch TV. (Something else got me down: the barefaced steal from Budd Schulberg’s “What Makes Sammy Run?,” with the sexes reversed, when Tom, making his pitch to Jane, says, “More and more I’ve been feeling . . . I’ve been wondering what it would be like to be inside all that energy.”)

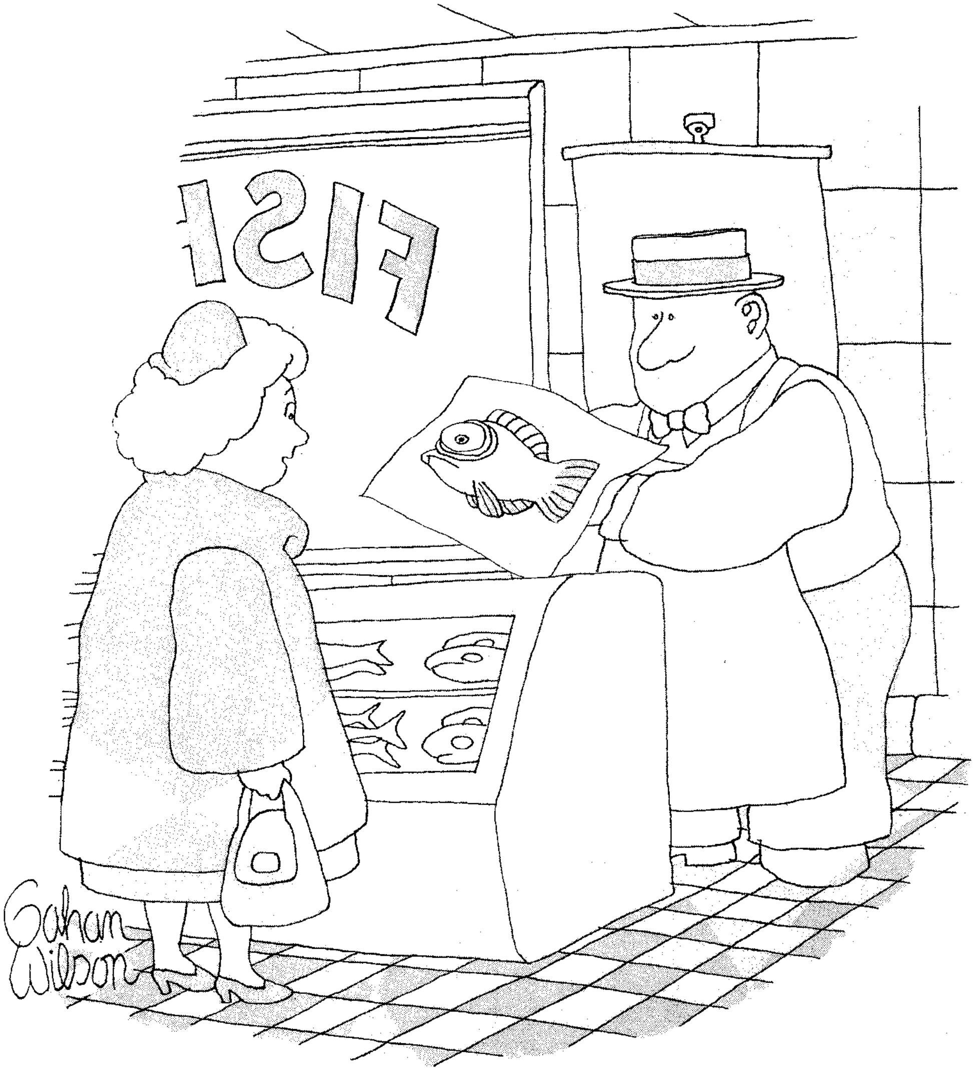
Even so, this is a more sustained piece of work than “Terms of Endearment” (though it doesn’t have that movie’s cartoonish highs), and the actors are vivid; they’re like pop-up figures in a child’s book, as they often are in sitcoms. Joan Cusack, who has dark-red hair that's always mooshed around in different shapes—derangements that suggest what goes on in her head—is an assistant director who's a shameless (and comic) groveller when the high-muck-a-mucks are in the vicinity. She has a slapstick victory scene—hurtling and sliding around the newsroom to get a tape on the air in time. Lois Chiles is right on target as a suave, groomed correspondent. And Jack Nicholson, who's not listed in the credits, appears as the big cheese, the New York anchorman who makes millions of dollars a year, surveys the world through mildly curious, jaundiced eyes, and holds his head up high, in full confidence that it's a national treasure. All the actors get chances to shine, because the characters are rumpled and have depths, and are individualized by sudden, tilted bits of dialogue. Yet even their depths are sitcom depths. These pop-up figures are human and complex in sitcom ways.

Albert Brooks is the only one who goes beyond that: he gives the picture its bit of soul. Brooks has made the terrain of the pesky, brilliant schlemiel—the near-genius who doesn't know how to use what he knows—his own. His scene of snookered, man-of-the-world torment—swigging down a vodka and orange juice while singing along in French to Francis Cabrel's "L'Édition Spéciale" and reading a book—is the comic high point of the movie. Luckily, Albert Brooks is tall and trim and has perfectly presentable features, so it's clear that the barriers to Aaron's success are in his psyche—they're in his infatuation with his own knowledge, they're in how he turns pasty and anxious on camera and his curly hair becomes a mop. When he's at his most desperate, he's funniest. Jim Brooks gives Aaron choice opportunities, but also uses him—maybe not intentionally—to give the film a layer of self-pity. Underneath its satire, "Broadcast News" is saying "O to be one of the Gentile beautiful people!"

William Hurt plays dumb and not dumb. He uses his little blue eyes to very cagey effect, and he shows you the ways in which a man who isn't really interested in anything but his own success and his own pleasure—a man who's an ethical idiot—can be smarter than an Aaron. Tom is astute about what works on camera: that's about the only thing he ever studied. But he has something else going for him. Hurt gives him a suggestion of sensitivity: Tom isn't glib like Aaron and Jane—he needs pauses before he speaks, he needs to register things. So at times he seems genuinely attractive.

Everything Holly Hunter does is unexpected. She gets wacky effects from her Georgia twang, and she manages to bring some surprise to every one of her line readings—sometimes just by jumping in so fast that the line explodes. She's amusingly dinky (five feet two)—a cunning, bossy little girl. But I missed the hick charm that she had in "Raising Arizona." And she doesn't show much emotional range here; the performance seems closed in and tight-faced. I wanted something more expansive, some suggestion of other, grownup possibilities in Jane—a sense of what her compulsiveness about her work is costing her. (Those were only mock crying jags.) As Hunter plays her—which is just how she's written—Jane is funny but a little less than human. She's trivial, and so, in terms of the film's romantic triangle, there isn't a lot at stake. She's also trivial as the pivot for a look at journalistic ethics.

Jim Brooks has made a movie about three people who lose themselves in their profession, and it's all cozy and clean and clever. He plays everything right down the middle. He can't seem to imagine having a conflicted, despairing relationship with your profession. He has no perspective on the disaffected people who work in TV: the ones who become so tired of fighting the constraints of the nightly-news format—tired of fighting to do something besides the attention-grabbing stories that make the network look good—that they give up trying to have an effect on the end result and just do their jobs (or quit). Jim Brooks gives us a newsroom in which people work at peak capacity and believe in the value of what they're contributing



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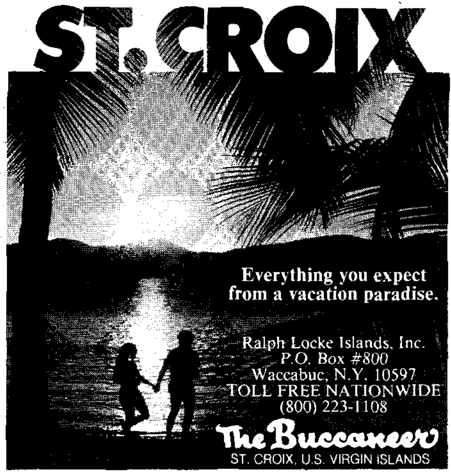

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to. There are no naysayers in this movie; despite the characters' ambitions and their talents, they're as parochial in outlook as Mary Richards and her pals. Jane and Aaron never ask themselves if maybe Tom isn't the perfect front man for the kind of mechanized news that they are so proud of.

"IRONWEED" may not be an unparalleled disaster, but it would be sad work to dredge up the parallels. William Kennedy's adaptation of his Albany novel, set in 1938, has no momentum. The picture is sombrely artistic right from its first, bluish-gray predawn frames, with Francis Phelan (Jack Nicholson), the hobo hero, who has been sleeping against a wall in an alley, slowly disentangling himself from the cardboard and newspapers that have been his protection against the cold, getting up, and walking down the street to where some other guys on the bum have got a fire going in a garbage can. The alcoholic Francis, who deserted his wife and children twenty-two years ago, is torn by guilt, and he sees the phantoms of men he has done violence to. And that's it. For the viewer, stunned to find that the director, Hector Babenco, has treated Kennedy's story as a joyless classic, the running time (two hours and twenty-four minutes) is like a death sentence.

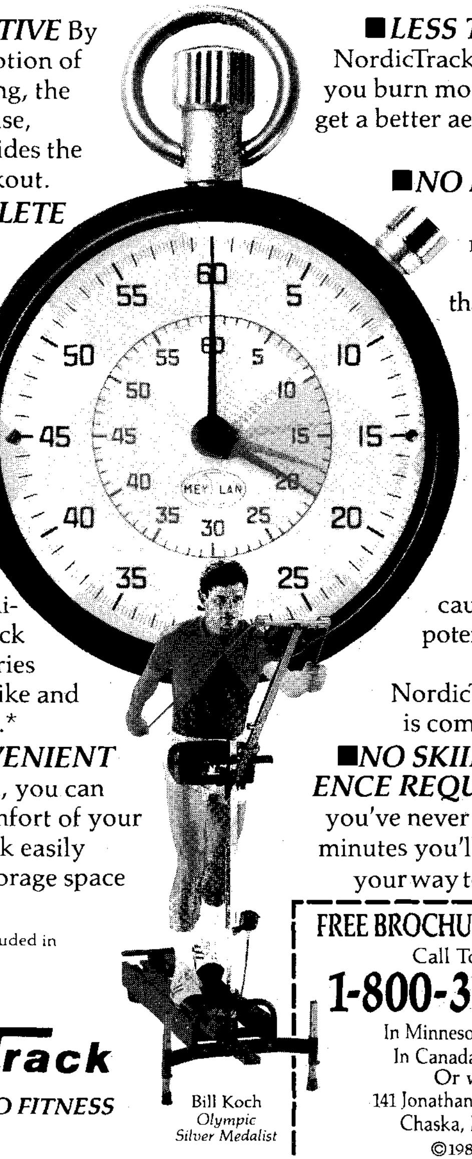
Nicholson drops his voice down so heroically low he even has to talk slowly. And Meryl Streep, who is Francis's hobo crony Helen, forces her voice down deep, too. The only moments of reprieve from the reverential slowness come when Streep sings "He's Me Pal" in the all-out, sentimental-Irish manner of a balladeer of a decade or two earlier. It's a spectacular re-creation of the old technique for "selling a song," and Streep's vibrancy lifts the film's energy level. The moviemakers immediately lower it when the song is revealed to be Helen's fantasy. (The "reality" we're given is too bitter, too crude; it would have been far more effective if something of Helen's former skill still came through.) In early glimpses of Tom Waits, as a simpleton standing outside a soup kitchen, he looks right for the period, and he has a soft, childlike expression; soon there's too much dwelling on his otherworldly sweetness, and before he's finished, the camera has given him a phony poetic aura. As the old junk man who briefly employs Francis, Hy Anzell brings the film a change of mood—he's an amorous, pennypinching old buzzard. And, as the sexual provocatrice who seduces the teen-age Francis, Margaret Whitton has no more than the twinkling of an eye in which to do it, but she's a twinkler to cherish—a true madcap.

THE only fresh element in American movies of the eighties may be what Steve Martin, Bill Murray, Bette Midler, Richard Pryor, Robin Williams, and other comedians have brought to them. They've stirred things up even when they've been in squalid excuses for movies (such as Martin's current hit "Planes, Trains and Automobiles"). The one with the best record is Robin Williams, who made his début in "Popeye," in 1980, and then appeared in "The World According to Garp," "The Survivors," "Moscow on the Hudson," "The Best of Times," and "Club Paradise." He hasn't had many hits, but his films weren't smarmy—not until now. His new picture, "Good Morning, Vietnam," makes him out to be a vulnerable, compassionate, respectful-of-the-Vietnamese, wonderful guy, and the director, Barry Levinson, has a numbing sense of rhythm: he labors the jokes. Williams plays Adrian Cronauer, a disk jockey on Armed Forces Radio who's brought to Saigon in 1965 to improve the morale of the troops during the first major escalation of the war. Adrian's rock records and line of patter blast everybody awake. The role makes it possible for Williams to do his own manic riffs, but they're chopped short—they don't get a chance to build. And we might as well be listening to a laugh track: we're told Adrian is funny, instead of being allowed to discover it. The film keeps cutting to soldiers breaking up over his spiel before it's out of his mouth, and the men in the field become passionately enthusiastic about him within two minutes. Throughout the movie, we're alerted to how terrific and how irreverent he is, even though he isn't so terrific and his irreverence sounds tinny. Worse, Levinson goes for heart: we're shown the serious side of what's going on in Vietnam, and that's when you may remember that this is in fact a Disney picture. When Williams is being concerned and thoughtful and arguing with a terrorist, he looks all scrunched up with discomfort, as if he were biting into a lemon, as indeed he is. There is an Adrian Cronauer, and the movie is very loosely based on his exploits, but the way the story line (from the script by Mitch Markowitz) has been directed, it's a clumsier version of the plots of fifties musicals. The priggish officers (played by Bruno Kirby and J. T. Walsh) who give Adrian a bad time, ordering him not to tell his listeners anything about what's really happening in the war, are such dumb meanies you can't even laugh.

Williams' acting is amiable enough. In a subplot, Adrian takes over the teaching of a class in English for adult Vietnamese and turns it into a class in American slang. This device doesn't seem promising, but it provides Williams with some pleasantly relaxed scenes. When he asks the students questions, the straight-faced, skewed answers given by an elderly Vietnamese man (Uikey Kuay) make him laugh with a pleasure that looks utterly spontaneous. But there's more of Williams the hero than of Williams the comic. People who want to see him running wild within a character ought to take a look at Michael Ritchie's 1983 "The Survivors" or Roger Spottiswoode's 1986 "The Best of Times." (The only good laugh you get from Williams here is from his joke about three up and three down.)

Sanctimoniousness and comedy are a queasy combination. (They may also be the recipe for a hit.) When Adrian, who has become the hero of the troops (though he's only in Saigon for five months), is on the street talking to a truckload of soldiers heading into action, he asks where they're from and ribs them about their sexual innocence, and says things like "I won't forget you," and there's forlorn music on the track. You wonder how the picture can take potshots at Bob Hope and still have Williams do this celebrity-entertainer routine. On Adrian's arrival in Saigon, he's met by a black soldier, Garlick, played by Forest Whitaker, and it's Garlick who laughs hardest at Adrian's jokes all through the movie. But this jovial fellow doesn't have the courage to stand up to the brass and say what he thinks. (Only one man does.) When Adrian is forced out by the prigs, he gives Garlick a final truth-telling tape to put on the air, and Garlick takes the risk of putting it on—he becomes his own man. This movie has had the bad judgment to turn Robin Williams into a role model. "Good Morning, Vietnam" takes a real culture hero and turns him into a false one.

—PAULINE KAEL



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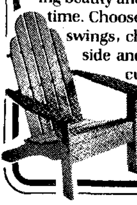

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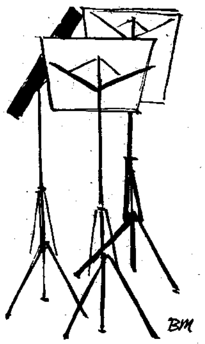
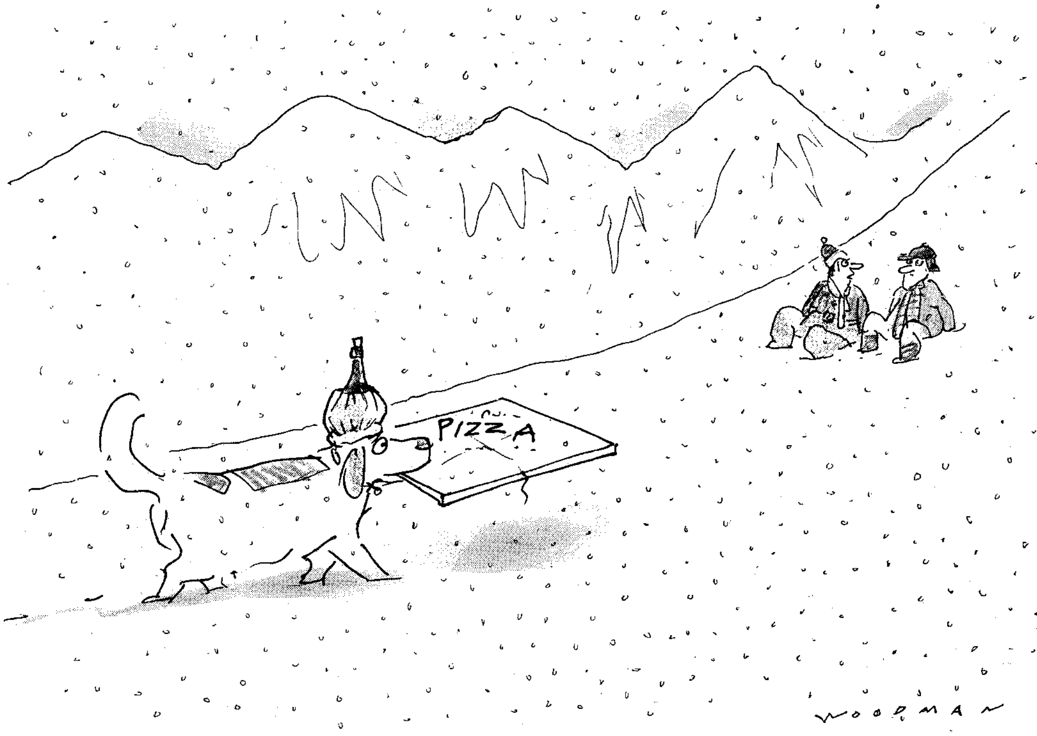


New York's opera season took a more interesting turn last month, when John Adams' "Nixon in China" came to the Brooklyn Academy of Music for seven performances—part of the Next Wave Festival—and the Juilliard American Opera Center put on three performances of Wolfgang Rihm's "Jakob Lenz." Adams' music seems richer, more varied at each hearing. The individual performances had grown since the Houston première, in October; they were more confident—more freely, poignantly, or wittily inflected. The Brooklyn opera house contained the drama more effectively than Houston's looser Brown Theatre had done. The conductor was now Edo de Waart, an Adams specialist and champion. Some episodes of the score had been slightly tightened. The last scene was performed in sharper focus; its linked ensembles and solos held one spellbound. On the debit side, there was amplification of Broadway crudity.

If "Nixon in China" is a modern grand opera, "Jakob Lenz" is one of the compact modern chamber operas that are being much performed in Europe. Others are Peter Maxwell Davies' "The Lighthouse," Hans-Jürgen von Bose's "Die Leiden des Jungen Werthers," and Udo Zimmermann's "Weisse Rose." (Opera/Omaha will be doing "Weisse Rose" later this year.) "Jakob Lenz" was first produced by the Hamburg Opera, in 1979, when Rihm was twenty-six. It was taken up by several other companies, and it has been recorded (on German Harmonia Mundi). Rihm's flair for dramatic music was quickly recognized: last year his "Hamletmaschine" appeared at the Mannheim Opera, and his "Oedipus" at the West Berlin Opera; he is working on a Montezuma opera for Hamburg, due next year. I have not heard his later music. "Jakob Lenz," which I reviewed after its American première, in Bloomington seven years ago, is a short, taut musical drama—lasting about seventy minutes—in thirteen scenes. The orchestra is an ensemble of eleven players. There is a vocally and emotionally exigent role for the protagonist (baritone) and shorter roles for Oberlin (bass), the Alsatian pastor—for whom the Ohio college is named—and for Christoph Kaufmann (tenor), who was the friend of several *Sturm und Drang* writers but in the opera is assigned an almost Mephistophelean character. A six-voice ensemble represents Nature in dialogue with Lenz; his inner voices; and actual people in the valley where the action is set. There are also parts for two or four children.

Since that Bloomington première, I have thought about "Jakob Lenz" often. It is an example of what has been called *Literaturoper*—works to be apprehended not independently (as, say, "The Lighthouse" can be) but in relation to earlier works of art on which they are built. At least seven minds play upon "Jakob Lenz." The historical Lenz, once Goethe's friend, wrote the play "Die Soldaten" (1776), which influenced Georg Büchner's play "Woyzeck" (1837); Büchner also wrote the novella "Lenz" (1835), based on a diary that Oberlin kept while Lenz stayed with him. Alban Berg's Büchner opera "Wozzeck" (1923) influenced Bernd Alois Zimmermann's Lenz opera "Die Soldaten," and both works have influenced Rihm's opera, which has a libretto, by Michael Fröhling, boldly and freely fashioned from Büchner's novella. It's a complicated set of relationships. Anyone contemplating it is struck anew by Lenz's and Büchner's modernity. It was a long while before opera discovered forms and manners to match the swiftness and strangeness of what Lenz wrote in the year of Paisiello's "Le Due Contesse" and Büchner in the year of Donizetti's "Roberto Devereux." Büchner's "Lenz" is a disturbing masterpiece: an "objective" yet poetic account of schizophrenia, of a mind driven to madness by the conflicting pressures of the world's horrors and its beauties and consolations. It dramatizes the choice people make between suicide and acceptance. (Lenz died young, Büchner even younger; Zimmermann killed himself.) "Werther" is a romanticized, sentimental



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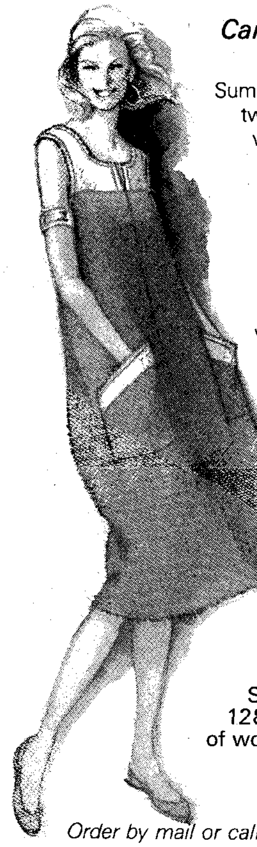
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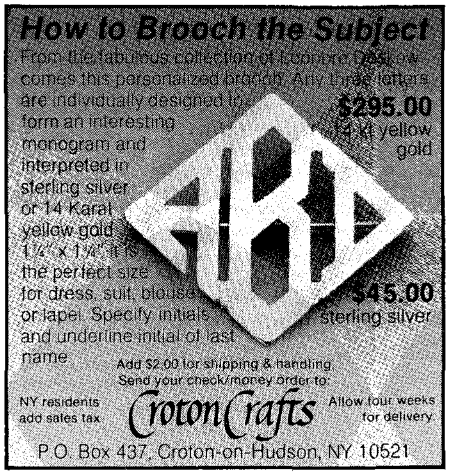
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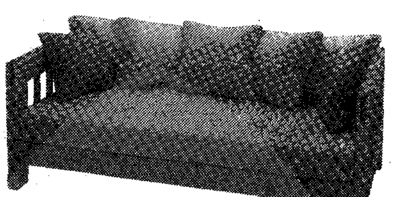
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presentation of what in "Lenz" is terse and direct.

Rihm's music could be described as eclectic-Expressionist. There's a fair amount of Berg in it. There are fragments of old chorale tunes, rising through modern dissonances. (The tritone ascent of "Es ist genug"—also used by Berg in his Violin Concerto—seems to underlie some of the harmony.) There are rhythmic ostinatos that thud like obsessions. There's a rustic waltz. The vocal writing encompasses speech, full-voiced lyricism, jagged chromatic lines, cries of anguish. The score seems to have been composed not by precept but in ever-shifting response to the scenes, yet it is not incoherent.

The Juilliard had two casts. At the first performance, Wolf-Andre Sturm was a subtle, striking protagonist—a vivid declaimer of the text and a singer prepared to use wide dynamic range. The opera was sung in German (Bloomington had used English): Elmore James's portrayal of Oberlin was hampered by what seemed to be words pronounced rather than sentences tellingly uttered. Charles Workman's Kaufmann was aptly incisive. Klauspeter Seibel, who had conducted the Hamburg première, drew keen, dexterous playing from the Juilliard Orchestra Ensemble. Ian Strasfogel's staging was precise and potent. Juilliard opera presentations are seldom economical: the setting, designed by Franco Colavecchia and lit by John Gleason, was strong and dramatic but almost distractingly ingenious in its mechanical devices. Imagery of nature, which is important to the argument, was perhaps underrepresented.

LAST month, the Boston Symphony, conducted by Seiji Ozawa, performed Strauss's "Elektra" in Carnegie Hall. The performance was distinguished by Hildegard Behrens' account of the title role; she was back in steady, shining form. Christa Ludwig was a magnificent Clytemnestra. Ruth Falcon was a vocally untidy, unconvincing Chrysothemis. The singers wore an odd mixture of garments. Miss Behrens, in black, and Miss Ludwig, in red, were dressed in character (though not in costumes). Miss Falcon, who is not slim, wore a tight black slit skirt and a sequinned top. Orestes (Brian Matthews) sported a tabard and an antique helmet. Aegisthus (James King) was a sashed diplomat. The singers performed on a little platform of tabletop size high above the back of the stage, behind the orchestra. It was a misconceived presentation, acoustically and dramatically. One longed for Miss Behrens to abandon her distant perch, come forward, and connect directly with the audience. The ruined acoustics of "new" Carnegie Hall—nothing has been done yet to restore the lost blend and warmth—are particularly unkind to sumptuous, extravagant scores. Mr. Ozawa's reading was energetic, but the sound of the orchestra was sometimes harsh. All the "standard" cuts were made. With Miss Behrens as the heroine, one minded losing Electra's fierce vision of her mother's death and so much of her cajoling love songs to her sister.

EARLIER in the month, the Collegiate Chorale, conducted by Robert Bass, presented, also in Carnegie Hall, the New York première of Respighi's opera "La Fiamma" (1934). It's the tale of a young second wife who falls in love with her handsome stepson, set amid tone pictures of Byzantine Ravenna. Powerful acting and imposing décor (the final scene plays in San Vitale) might bring it to life, but musically it is almost without interest. Such impact as it might make in a concert performance was dulled by placing the singers behind the orchestra. Carnegie's lighting resources after the rebuilding are almost as meagre as they were before; at the Boston "Elektra" a battery of extra spotlights had been installed above the singers, but at "La Fiamma" not even such spotlights as are there were used.

However, Alessandra Marc sang the principal role, and she is always worth hearing: hers is perhaps the richest, fullest, most beautiful big-soprano voice around. She must be chided for not using words, for mushing everything into a stream of sound—but the sound is generous and very good. The phrases soar, and there was no forcing. The other principals—Jane Shaulis, Mignon Dunn, James McCracken, and Andrew Smith—all tended to push, while Mr. Bass encouraged high-volume orchestral playing. The Chorale sang handsomely.

—ANDREW PORTER

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—*Tampa Tribune.*

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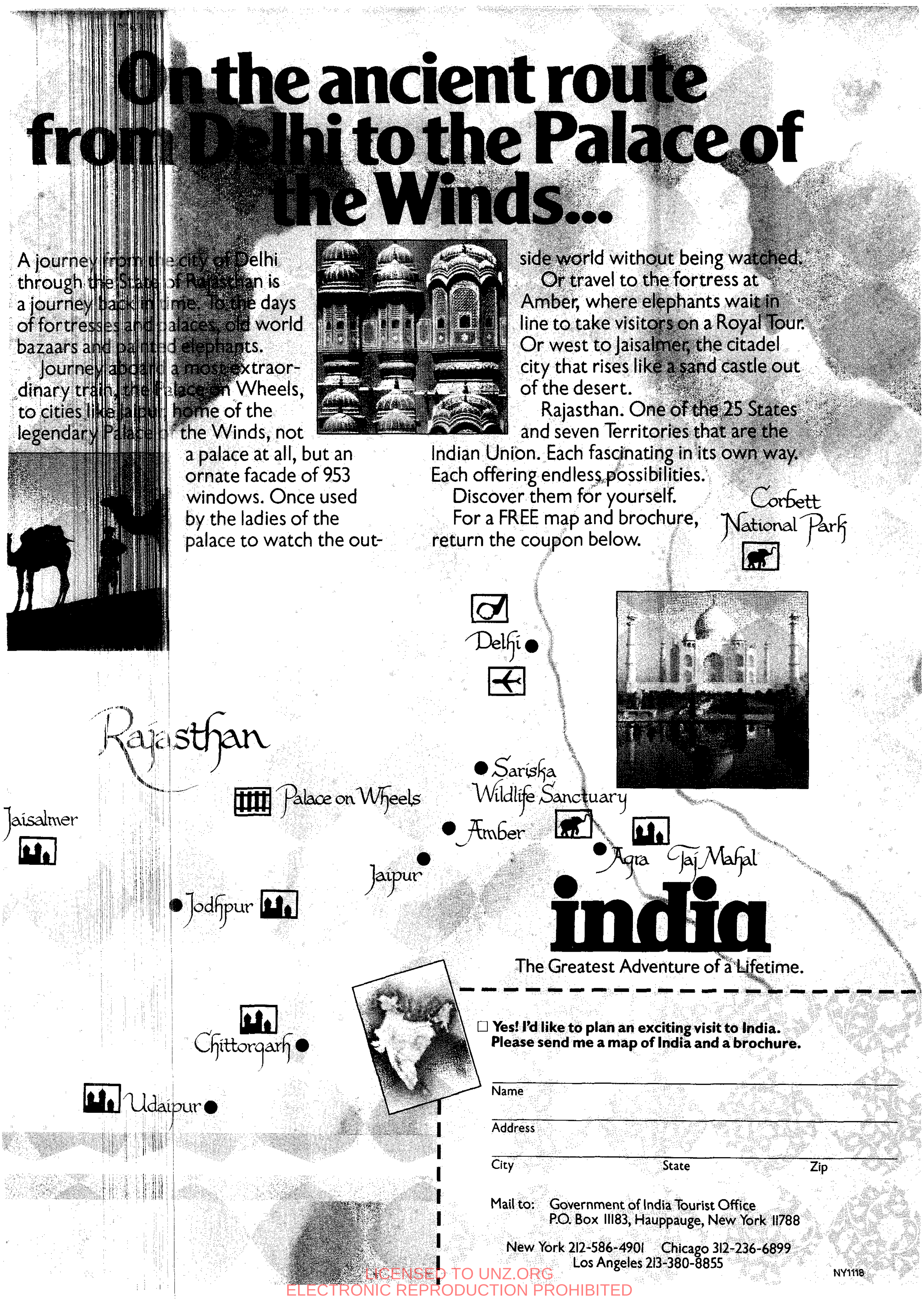

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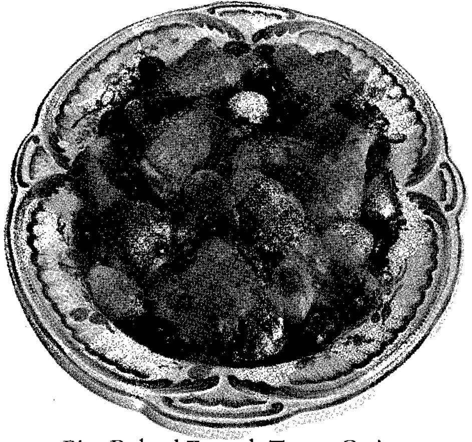

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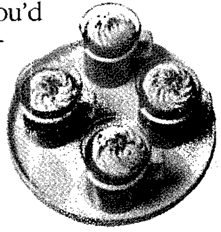

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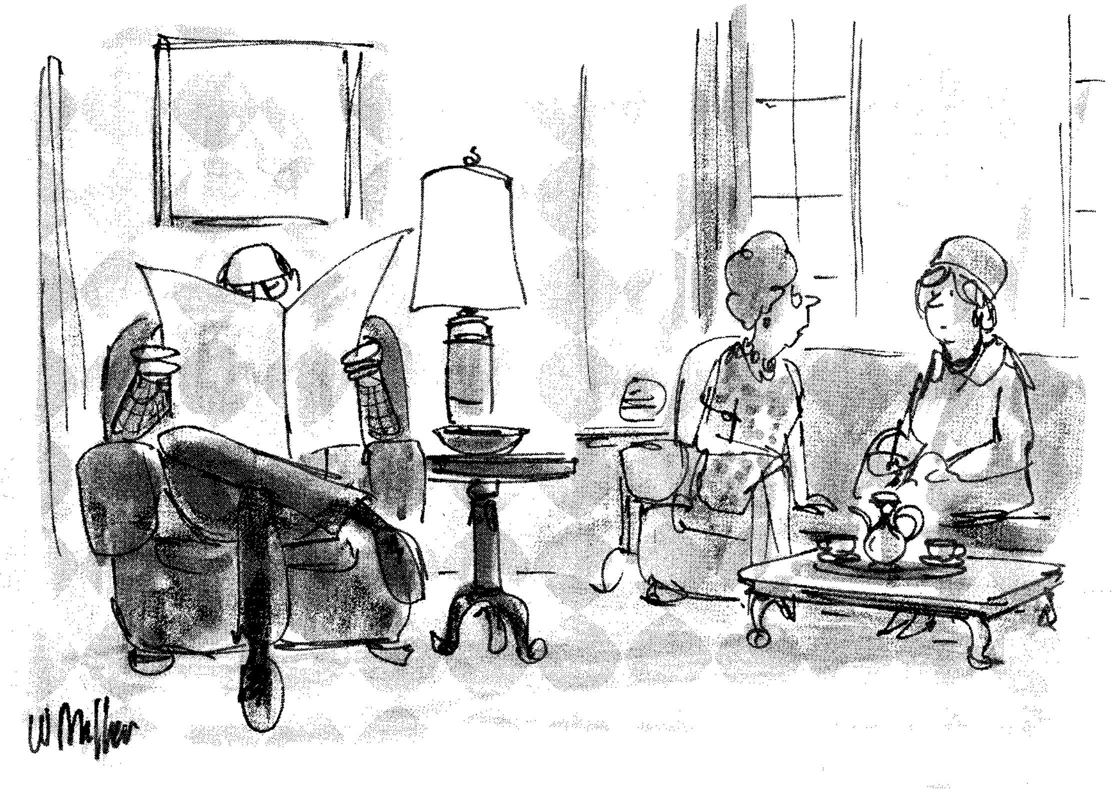
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

JANUARY 3

THE events of the past year have—or should have—taught us how unpredictable things can be, and made us rethink assumptions. Just as Reagan was widely being written off as irrelevant, as a lame-duck President merely serving out his last days, the recent summit meeting here with Mikhail Gorbachev (to be followed by a summit in Moscow by June) demonstrated his continuing importance, and his ability to command center stage—at least on certain subjects. His policies on arms control appear thus far to have turned out to be more successful than many of his critics had thought they would—though the advent of Gorbachev as leader of the Soviet Union in 1985, and the fact that the treaty signed during the summit is good for the Soviets, had something to do with this. Reagan's Persian Gulf policy (as of this date) has also worked better than many expected it to. No great conflagration between us and Iran has occurred—because both countries have sought to avoid one. The two antagonists have reached some implicit understandings. The Administration, to avoid any conflagration with Congress, has put strict limits on the activities of our Persian Gulf forces—allowing them to defend only American-flagged ships, including the eleven Kuwaiti ships that were reflagged with American flags last year amid much controversy here. The Iranians have therefore found still another way to embarrass us—by attacking the ships of other nations while ours stand by. There is still much violence in the Gulf, and Arab nations, whom our stepped-up presence in the Gulf was designed to impress, and whose ships are being hit, wonder why we can't be more helpful to them—and Iranian propaganda is making much of this. But just as the bombing of Libya seems to have curbed Qaddafi, the projection of power in the Persian Gulf, including a measured retaliation (on October 19th, the day of the stock-market crash) for an Iranian attack on an American-flagged tanker, seems to have curbed Iran's appetite for messing with us. The fact that a number of members of Congress thought the retaliation should have been stronger suited the Administration just fine; a State Department official says, "That's where we wanted to be—less hawkish than Congress." The grappling with the enormous budget deficit and the attempt to respond to the stock-market crash also showed that Reagan can still play a big role—for good or ill, or even by inaction. Uncertainty about the economy will be a hallmark of this year—especially given the political implications. And the election is, as of now, entirely unpredictable. Gary Hart's reëntry into the race in mid-December was only one more loop in an already loopy election campaign, and probably not the last one.

ONCE again, a summit meeting ended with confused statements over what had taken place. This time, the President, in his televised speech the night the summit ended (December 10th), and even more so in a statement the following day, claimed, incorrectly, that the Soviets had yielded on the issue of the Strategic Defense Initiative (S.D.I.), giving us the leeway to do whatever testing we wanted, regardless of the strictures in the anti-ballistic-missile (A.B.M.) treaty, and to deploy the system when it is ready (after a waiting period of an agreed-upon number of years, probably until 1996, or ten years after Reykjavik). What did happen was that the Soviets agreed to compromise wording in a joint statement that finessed the S.D.I. question for now. Not only did the Soviets—as well as Reagan—not wish to have the summit break up in disagreement over S.D.I., as the one in Reykjavik did, but they appear to have adopted a new attitude toward the defensive system that has been Reagan's dream. Increasingly, it appears to informed observers here, the Soviets see it as just that—a dream, even a pipe dream, cherished by Reagan. (The Soviet press has been reflecting this.) I'm told by observers that Gorbachev and his colleagues are more relaxed now about S.D.I., seeing it as not likely to work, and not likely to be held in such high regard by whoever succeeds Reagan. Andrei Sakharov, the distinguished physicist, who was brought back to Moscow in December, 1986, after six years of exile in the closed city of Gorki, is said to have become an influential figure in the Soviet debate on S.D.I. He



"Ralph said he'd give up cigars if I gave up Prince Charles and Di."

is said to have played a large role, along with other Soviet scientists, in convincing Gorbachev that S.D.I. wouldn't work, and that although Reagan won't make concessions on it, it doesn't matter because of the unlikelihood it will work—and that, if deployed, it could easily be overcome by additional offensive weapons (just as its American critics say). These people are reported to have urged Gorbachev not to make an agreement on S.D.I. a precondition for an agreement to reduce long-range nuclear missiles. At Reykjavik, Gorbachev had made it a precondition for treaties on both long-range and intermediate-range missiles, and had insisted that testing of S.D.I. should be confined to the "laboratory," and the meeting broke up over that. Reagan was advised before the Washington summit by Kenneth Adelman, who has just left the post of director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, to mute his talk of giving S.D.I. to the Soviets, because if it happened it would be the greatest transfer of technology in the history of the world, and if the Soviets were given S.D.I. they could overcome ours—and because the Soviets wouldn't take him seriously. The other thing that could get the summit in trouble, he was advised by Adelman, would be to return to such ideas, discussed at Reykjavik, as removing all nuclear missiles. That, he was told, would frighten Europe and might make it more difficult for him to win Senate approval of the treaty, to be signed at the summit, to reduce intermediate-range nuclear forces, or I.N.F.

The other factor that apparently got the Soviets to back off from their earlier insistence on a ban on extensive testing of S.D.I.—testing that might violate the A.B.M. treaty—was that Congress had recently enacted (and Reagan had signed) a ban on such testing. The ban, sponsored by Senator Sam Nunn, Democrat of Georgia and a relatively conservative man, was attached to a bill authorizing defense funds for the next year—and is likely to be renewed. Earlier this year, Nunn made a study of the negotiating record of the A.B.M. treaty and on three consecutive days made speeches on the Senate floor which demolished the Administration's sudden claim, in 1985, that the treaty permitted the kind of testing needed for S.D.I. Thus, the Soviets are said to have figured, since they had run into a brick wall with Reagan, who was still insisting on deploying S.D.I., it paid to simply outwait him, because no prospective President seems as sold on S.D.I. as he is. An aide to Vice-President George Bush has confirmed to me that Bush takes a more "pragmatic" view of S.D.I. than Reagan does—that he is yet to be convinced that it will work and is therefore less definite about his intention to deploy it—and that he conveyed this to Gorbachev during his meeting with him in the course of the summit. Also, I am told that Robert Dole, in his brief meeting with Gorbachev during the summit, conveyed to him that he is all for researching S.D.I. but that he takes a more pragmatic, open-minded view than the President does on whether it should be deployed. Dole, through a spokesman, denied this.

The apparent new Soviet attitude could, if it lasts, provide a way to get around the S.D.I. issue in connection with a treaty on long-range missiles, or START (for Strategic Arms Reduction Talks), on which the two sides are now moving forward. One possibility is that the Soviets would be willing to continue to fudge the issue, and reserve the right not to implement START reductions, or to take other "countervailing measures," if they see the United States going too far on S.D.I. But it's not clear whether the Administration is prepared to be as relaxed about S.D.I. as the Soviets now seem to be. Some Administration officials, including Secretary of Defense Frank Carlucci and Secretary of State George Shultz, do not want to live with the ambiguity, and want clarified what S.D.I. testing would and would not be permitted—and thus head off future wrangles with the Soviet Union over this issue.

The I.N.F. agreement got pride of place at the summit not because it had priority in our arms-control agenda—that belongs to a START agreement, which deals with the largest and most destabilizing weapons—but because the Soviets had "de-linked" S.D.I. and the I.N.F. treaty. There are a great many knots to untie before a START agreement can be reached, and though there is no unanimity on the point, some key officials—who know how hard it will be—say that the odds are slightly better than fifty-fifty that an agreement can be worked out by the time Reagan goes to Moscow. Such an agreement would call for a fifty-per-cent reduction in strategic missiles—and while that sounds good it matters very much how those cuts are allocated among weapons systems. As things now stand, former national-security adviser Brent Scowcroft and others worry that the proposed agreement gives the Soviets a dangerous advantage in the ratio of their warheads to our missile silos. Some moderate-minded people are also disturbed by the picture of a President even going to a summit in his last year in office (where, because of the brief time left in his Presidency, he would have a limited mandate), not to mention pressing for a possibly flawed arms-control agreement that would then be passed on to his successor. It seems inconsistent with a tough negotiating policy to be so public, as the Administration has been, about our desire to reach a START agreement this year.

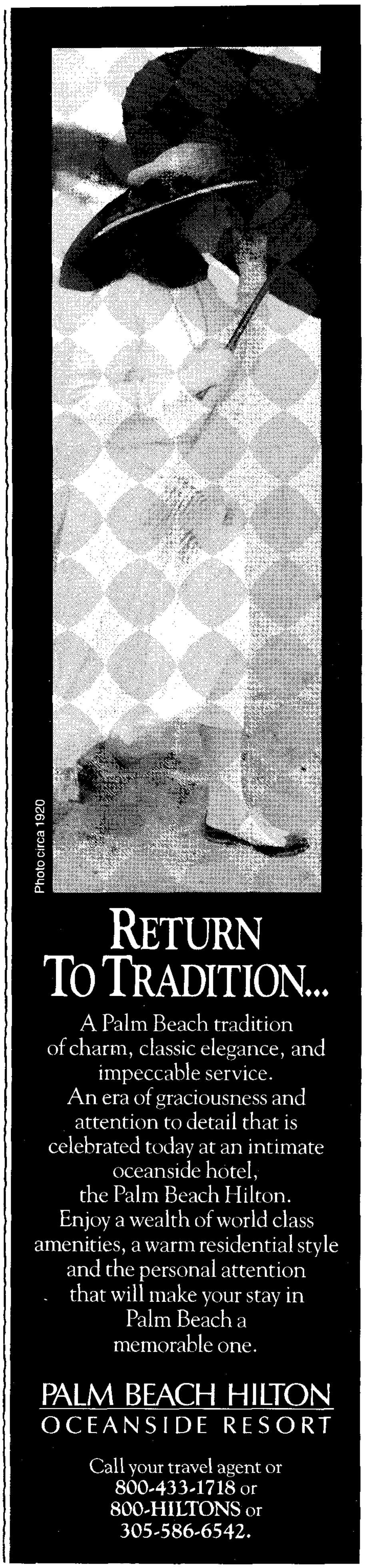
One of the great ironies of the time is that some strategic thinkers of a centrist stripe worry that Reagan, who began his Presidency saying that the Soviets "reserve unto themselves the right to commit any crime, to lie, to cheat" to further their cause, is now prone, in his enthusiasm for arms reductions, to reach for destabilizing agreements. These people also worry that in pursuing the I.N.F. and START agreements Reagan will deprive us of the weapons we have relied upon for forty years to offset the Soviets' advantage in conventional forces. These thinkers—who include Richard Nixon and Henry Kissinger as well as Scowcroft—believe that the I.N.F. treaty leaves us worse off, because it deprives us of some things we had long sought: a policy, through the presence of our intermediate-range weapons in Europe, of "flexible response," and a confidence on the part of the Europeans that we will defend them against a Soviet attack. Also, it leaves Europe with NATO conventional forces that are inferior to those of the Warsaw Pact—with any prospect of an agreement on conventional forces far off.

A number of Western leaders are concerned about the psychological effects of this on Europe. When Reagan, in 1981, proposed the "zero-zero" option (the removal of all American and Soviet intermediate-range weapons that could hit Europe or the Soviet Union from Europe), the prevailing wisdom here was that the Soviets would never accept it—indeed, that is why Pentagon officials backed the idea, over the objections of the State Department. That the Soviets finally did accept it is now being touted as a victory for Reagan's stubborn negotiating policy. But some here say that the reason the Soviets finally accepted it—though it took someone with the imagination of Gorbachev—was that it meets their long-time goal of keeping American missiles out of Europe. (The Soviets also made other unexpected concessions in order to achieve this goal.) Though the treaty does, as Reagan says, eliminate an entire class of weapons, these weapons constitute only four per cent of the world's nuclear weapons. In fact, the buildup of strategic arms, by both sides, since the I.N.F. negotiations began, has been many times the number of nuclear systems that are to be eliminated by the I.N.F. treaty. Moreover, the Soviets can replace their intermediate-range weapons with others not covered by the treaty—and still have missiles targeted on Europe. Therefore, the Soviets didn't really need the weapons they have now agreed to scrap—and while we can reallocate from our strategic forces weapons aimed at the same targets as before, we can't base them in Europe. How much difference this makes politically is a subject of dispute. After the I.N.F. reductions, the United States will still have at least four thousand nuclear weapons stationed in and around Europe—many of them on submarines and bombers, and quite a few of which can hit the Soviet Union—and the British and the French are continuing to increase their nuclear arsenals that can hit Soviet territory.

One critic of the I.N.F. treaty says that the only point of Reagan's hanging tough was to show that he can hang tough—"for a proposal we shouldn't have made in the first place." Richard Perle, a powerful Pentagon official who proposed the zero-zero option and tried to block other arms-control agreements, is now, like his former boss, Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger, gone from the government. (It is becoming increasingly clear that one reason behind Weinberger's surprise decision to leave, made public in early November, was his awareness that his string was running out—not only on Capitol Hill, which was resisting increases in defense spending, but also within the Pentagon itself, where he lost an argument with the Joint Chiefs of Staff over arms control, and also with the President, who was determined to reach an arms-control agreement and accepted Nunn's restriction on S.D.I. testing.) European leaders are said to be far less enthusiastic about the I.N.F. treaty than they publicly let on. But they and the treaty's critics say that now it would be worse to have it not be approved than to have it approved—after all those negotiations. Even one of the American negotiators said to me recently, "By itself, the treaty isn't much."

By all accounts, the Administration's foreign-policy machinery is working far more smoothly as a result of Weinberger's departure. In fact, one foreign-policy official says, it became progressively smoother with the departure, in 1985, of Jeane Kirkpatrick from her position as Ambassador to the United Nations, and the death of former C.I.A. director William Casey, last year. Further, the advent of Lieutenant-General Colin Powell to the job of national-security adviser, succeeding Carlucci when he went to the Pentagon, is said to have assured (as Carlucci did) fair and efficient handling of issues. Though some people here, after recent experience, are chary of having military people in the national-security adviser's job (and the Iran-Contra committees' final report said that active military officers should not hold the job), Powell gets high marks from his colleagues—but he is not said to have a particularly creative mind, nor has he yet been put to severe tests. Though institutional differences remain, the absence of personal rancor and of mutual mistrust make the formulation of foreign policy far easier. The role of personal relations in the management of the government is often underestimated. Now, says one official, the key figures "spend their time talking to each other rather than figuring out how to get to the President."

Reagan was obviously much taken with Gorbachev, a modern Soviet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leader of great charm, humor, and quickness—as was a high percentage of the American people. Reagan said some things about Gorbachev—for example, he told the network anchormen that Gorbachev may not know what his predecessors had done in Afghanistan—that Jimmy Carter, or even Gerald Ford, would have been run out of town for saying. (Gorbachev was a member of the Politburo in December, 1979, when the Soviets invaded Afghanistan.) And Reagan, showing that he can be simplistic in both directions, told some columnists during the summit that Gorbachev was entirely different from his predecessors, because the current Soviet leaders "no longer" share the goal of world domination. Bush was constrained to take exception to this publicly. Reagan also said after the summit, "I find it's an entirely different relationship than I had with his predecessors," but, of course, Reagan never met any of Gorbachev's predecessors. People here had to try to steady themselves in the face of the euphoria that swept this town during the summit—and of the thought that perhaps the two superpowers were at long last undergoing a profound change in their relationship. Some officials believe that a fundamental change is taking place, because of Gorbachev's attempts to improve the Soviet economy and perhaps to wind down some of the Soviets' expensive international ventures, such as in Afghanistan. (America's arming of "freedom fighters" has made these ventures costly to the Soviets.) In ten years, we'll know.

THE I.N.F. treaty remains an issue in the increasingly heated Republican contest for the Presidential nomination, despite the fact that, on December 17th, Robert Dole ended his public uncertainty over whether he would support the treaty—at a White House briefing, with the President momentarily by his side. (To disavow any idea of partisanship, the President jumped away from the podium as quickly as possible.) There had been no doubt that Dole would eventually back the treaty, but he was also trying to appease the right wing of his party and maintain his options as the Republican Senate leader. The treaty is very popular among Republicans in Iowa, and Dole was on the verge of losing his edge there over Bush—if Dole loses Iowa, that could effectively be the end of the Republican contest. Also, Dole was losing the one real advantage he had over Bush—that he was seen as the stronger leader. Dole's supporters are praying that he switched in time. Bush and his people were furious at White House Chief of Staff Howard Baker for arranging for the Presidential appearance with Dole, questioned Baker's motives (which were to get the treaty approved), and let him know there would be no room for him in a Bush Administration. White House aides say that Bush and his advisers tried just about everything to get the appearance called off—according to an associate of Baker, one important Bush adviser even threatened Baker's former law firm. There was a petulance, even a vindictiveness, in Bush's behavior, and a ruthlessness in that of his associates, that give one pause: Would they behave this way if Bush became President?

Dole, for his part, has been goading Bush to tell more about his role in the Iran-Contra affair, in part hoping to spook him (Bush has been flappable in past campaigns). Dole commenced this tactic in the wake of the release of a newly found memorandum by former national-security adviser John Poindexter suggesting that Bush fully supported (was "solid" for) the arms sales to Iran. Bush explained that the memorandum simply shows that he stood by the President, and one of his aides says that it applied to an early phase of the Iran-Contra affair, before the dealings became arms for hostages—but in fact the memo was written when it was clear that the deal was arms for hostages, and some time after the subject had become highly controversial among the President's top advisers. (Bush has said that he might have opposed the deal if he had known that Weinberger and Shultz opposed it, but the Iran-Contra committees' report puts him at a meeting where they opposed it vehemently. A Bush spokesman says that Bush's logs don't show the meeting and that Bush doesn't remember it.) Another Bush aide says that Bush will have to spell out more clearly his "reservations" about the arms sales to Iran. Bush, who seems to have bought the erroneous idea that Oliver North was a great hero to the American people during the Iran-Contra hearings (the polls all said otherwise), had North and Poindexter to a Christmas party at his Vice-Presidential mansion—setting off speculation as to why he is being so solicitous of them. Among the theories are that he is playing to the Republican right or that he would prefer that North and Poindexter not squeal about his involvement in the Iran-Contra affair—this on the supposition that Bush was more involved than he has let on. Dole, in an interview with David Frost broadcast tonight, said that North is not a hero.

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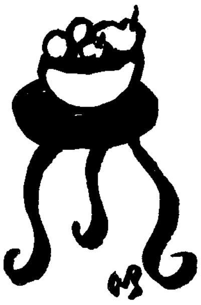
THE Democrats are just about finished scraping themselves off the ceiling, where they remained for some time after Gary Hart returned to the race, and are trying to figure out the implications. Democratic Chairman Paul Kirk, a very controlled man, was uncharacteristically, and deliberately, outspoken in his criticism of Hart's latest action. Kirk had done much to make the nomination contest an orderly parade, and this disorderly—and possibly damaging to the Party—intrusion was unwelcome. Hart's reëntry is in retrospect not so surprising, because he had nothing better to do, and was undoubtedly bored and frustrated sitting in his home in the aptly named Troublesome Gulch, outside Denver; because he could convince himself without too much difficulty that he is superior to the other Democratic candidates; because he doesn't understand, and probably never will understand, what the problem was that drove him out of the race last May. The sad thing about Hart—it doesn't rise to the level of tragedy—is that intellectually and by experience he may be one of the best qualified of the candidates, but his character is seriously flawed. Even though his vaunted "new ideas" aren't much to get excited about, and Hart, though intelligent, can't be said to have a great mind, he does have substantial knowledge of important subjects and a relatively good understanding of government—relative, that is, to most of the other candidates. (Hart has always seemed to tout the idea of "new ideas" rather than the ideas themselves, and by now they are not so new.) And Hart, at this point, is the only one in the race who can speak Presidential; that is, can talk about large themes with confidence—in this he is helped by having been around the track before, which is always an advantage.



Even before Hart was caught trysting with Donna Rice, many people who knew him well felt that his character flaws disqualified him from the Presidency. In 1984, he came across as an unsettled person, not the sort of man that people would be comfortable with in the White House. (The Mondale people played on this effectively.) A lot of people, including many in the press, were aware then of his vigorous extracurricular sex life. (Hart took no great pains to conceal it, nor, when he was in full view of the press, was he particularly kind to his wife, Lee.) Hart is not very good at human relations, and has few real friends—fewer, it seems, as time goes on. So even four years ago there was a strong question as to whether Hart could govern. Hart now tries to reduce the question of his behavior to one "mistake"—the dalliance with Rice—but what made it of such great interest and gave it so much salience was that it was part of what is called in civil-rights law a "pattern or practice" of behavior, something so obsessive and flagrant that it raises serious questions about his judgment, and even stability. Hart is trying the old trick of admitting one thing in an effort to persuade people that he has confessed all. The issue is not one "mistake"—in an interview with Marvin Kalb on PBS today he called it "a damn fool mistake"—or the press's invasion of his privacy, and the argument is not over, say, whether he should be ruled out because of one affair carried out discreetly at some point in his life; there is, of course, no plausible explanation for, among other things, a Presidential candidate's having his picture taken with a model in the course of an overnight trip to Bimini (on the Monkey Business, no less). Hart is trying to get us to accept the absurd notion that there is a disconnect between one's "private" behavior—even when there is a pathology involved—and one's public persona and responsibilities. Recklessness, relentless self-indulgence, and blindness to the consequences of one's acts are not traits that can be compartmentalized. In his behavior, he not only jeopardized his party but betrayed some people who had joined his campaign only after extracting from him an explicit promise that this time he wouldn't fool around. Their concern was less moral than political: they understood, if Hart didn't, that his behavior was a potential political disaster.

In 1984, Hart talked mystically about himself—saying that it was his "destiny" to become President. Obviously, he has not shaken that idea. And, for all the amateur psychoanalyzing of Hart that is going on these days, his reëntry in the race has a cool logic in his terms: since his behavior should not have driven him out of the race, the story was unfinished. He means it when he says "Let the people decide." Even if the voters say no, he said on "60 Minutes" recently, "I'll feel better about myself than if I just sat up there on that mountain wondering." Trying to guess how well Hart will do is like playing with quicksilver; it is trying to apply reason to an emotion-laden situation. The polls currently showing Hart doing well are largely discounted as being a reflection of his celebrity, but they should not be so roundly dismissed; they probably also reflect both dissatisfaction with the other candidates and Hart's indisputable star quality. The high "negatives" that also show up in the polling about Hart would disqualify an ordinary mortal. And Hart's entry, at least for a while, distracts attention from the other candidates and slows down their potential catching on. He could damage some by coming in ahead of them in the early contests, when the weeding out begins. Recent polls indicate that Hart's entry may be particularly hurting Paul Simon, who until recently was running first in Iowa (now, according to two polls, Hart is first) and second to Michael Dukakis in New Hampshire (now, according to an NBC–*Wall Street Journal* poll, Hart and Simon are tied for second). On the other hand, if by the time of the voting Hart is considered a strong presence, whoever beat him could gain added stature. Those who thought that Hart would be out of the race in short order (even before the contests began) were probably indulging in

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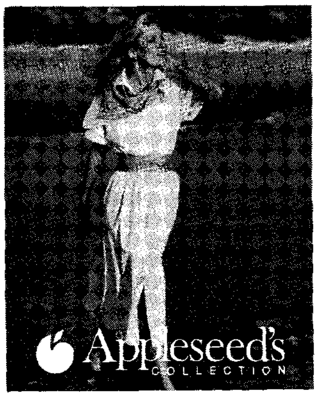

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wishful thinking—he's at his happiest, and perhaps best, being the guerrilla candidate, the challenger of the powers that be, and he doesn't have anything more interesting to do. For what it's worth, most people don't expect him to last beyond New Hampshire, and he said on "60 Minutes" that he would get out if the votes aren't there for him in the early contests—but, like all his actions, that will be for him to decide.

HART's reëntry into the race inevitably set off more speculation about a brokered Convention—a topic that was already in the air, because of the lack of excitement about the declared candidates. While it's usually the case that when some candidate starts winning he takes on new and larger aspects in the eyes of the public, there's no guarantee that will happen this time. Rumors persist that Mario Cuomo, despite his protestations, will get into the race later if the situation seems propitious, and there are also rumors that Bill Bradley is warming up (by having media-performance experts observe some of his appearances)—but perhaps that's for 1992. One theory around is that the next President might end up a Herbert Hoover, and that some Democrats are awaiting the opportunity to be Franklin Roosevelt. If no candidate wins most of the seven contests that precede the twenty-state roundup on March 8th, and virtually puts the nomination away on that date, we may very well discover that the arithmetic of the situation is that no candidate can get the necessary number of delegates (two thousand and eighty-one) to win the nomination on the first ballot. At that point, a few governors and states would still be in a position to offer favorite-son candidacies, or uncommitted slates, and the fun would begin.

Things have changed since John F. Kennedy (having won a few test primaries) was put over by some Party bosses, so the brokering, if there is any, would be different this time, and involve more people. The brokers would be those who would have blocs of votes: some of the candidates; the A.F.L.-C.I.O., which is making an effort to have as many labor delegates at the Convention as possible, without an over-all commitment to any one candidate (Lane Kirkland, the president of the A.F.L.-C.I.O., is pleased with the prospects of this strategy); and some individuals, such as Paul Kirk, House Speaker Jim Wright, and

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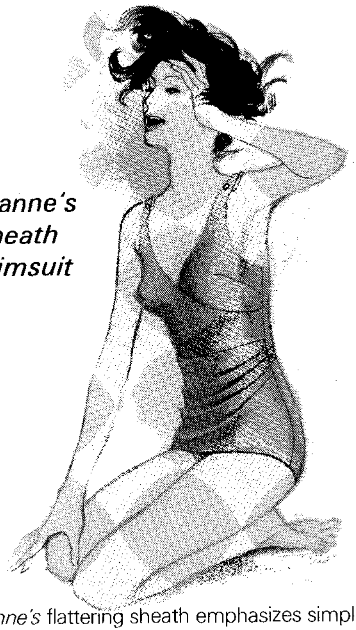
perhaps some governors and senators with a strong hold on their state parties. The peripatetic and well-connected Robert Strauss also might get involved. Perhaps, the thinking goes, if no one wraps up the nomination early, many of the six hundred and forty-three officials who will be ex-officio delegates—a larger number than at recent Conventions—will hold back endorsements of anyone. While it is entertaining to fantasize about a brokered Convention, most people who think about it carefully still don't think it's going to happen.

However, if no candidate comes out of the primaries with enough support to win the nomination, Party leaders will try to head off a brokered—and chaotic—Convention and get the nomination settled before the hordes arrive in Atlanta. Some Party leaders have been quietly talking this over. Mark Siegel, a member of the Democratic National Committee and a man who gets around in Party circles, says, "We're not going to have a brokered Convention; we may have a brokered process." (Many recent nominations, including those of Carter and Mondale, were not settled by the primaries and caucuses, and had to be clawed out before the Convention.) If Jesse Jackson has a large bloc of votes, as is likely, he will have to be offered something—perhaps a Cabinet position. In fact, some Party leaders are thinking about having the Party produce not just the Presidential and Vice-Presidential nominees at the Convention but also the Cabinet—with, for example, Sam Nunn as Secretary of Defense—to bind up the wounds. The people who are thinking about these things believe that the nomination will have to go to someone who has been in the race—that there are hazards in picking someone who has not been tested—but that doesn't necessarily mean someone who is in the race now. There will still be time after March 8th to enter a few states—New Jersey and (with difficulty) California among them—to demonstrate one's desirability.

CONGRESS staggered home just before Christmas—over a month later than its planned adjournment—having accomplished little. A divided government, with the Presidency in the hands of one party and the Congress in those of another, is rarely very productive, but a number of things combined to make this session particularly unfruitful. Reagan has been an especially combative President, making coöperation difficult. And the return of the Senate to the Democrats in the 1986 election, plus Jim Wright's succeeding to Speaker of the House, made the Democrats frisky, and difficult as well. (Wright turned out to be even more partisan than his predecessor, Thomas P. O'Neill, whom even the Administration began to miss.) On top of that, after Reagan and the Republicans lost a couple of issues early this year—Reagan's vetoes were overridden on pork-barrel bills left over from the previous Congress and pushed by the Democratic leadership of the House and the Senate—Senate Republicans decided to try to just about shut their chamber down. The House, being large, has rules for floor debate which get the business done; the Senate, being much smaller, operates by rules that require unanimous consent for bringing up bills and for other procedures—and such a motion can be subject to a filibuster, which requires sixty votes to shut off. In a Senate closely divided along party lines, and with the Republicans especially disciplined, the Democrats had difficulty overcoming a filibuster—or the threat of one—to get the Senate's business done. Some legislation was thus held up for weeks. A bill to reform campaign financing, which would get at many current problems, died because the two parties could not agree on its content. The frustrations and strains of being a legislator—in particular, the pain of having to vote on demagogic proposals (and being vulnerable to attack if one votes "wrong") and the constant pressure to raise ever-increasing amounts of money for reëlection—are growing, to the point where some senators, to the surprise of their colleagues, have chosen to retire.

Most of the legislative energy this year was directed at dealing with the budget—even if the outcome was unimpressive. (Legislators realized that because of the deficit there wasn't much room for new or enlarged programs.) "Black Monday," the day of the stock-market crash, led to the President's yielding somewhat in his opposition to taxes, and the result was about nine billion dollars in new taxes. (Because of "Black Monday," we never found out whether the Gramm-Rudman law, requiring that the deficit be lowered by specified amounts or programs would be cut across the board by a certain percentage, would have forced the President's hand on



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taxes, as many predicted it would.) The deficit-reduction package contains a good bit of funny money and creative accounting, so the numbers are suspect, and the legislation does little to change long-run spending policies. (Of course, it curbs only the growth of the deficit.) In the past two years, Congress has taken to lumping all the appropriations bills into one giant bill—this year appropriating six hundred and four billion dollars for this fiscal year and containing all manner of riders that wouldn't make it on their own. The President is left with the choice of accepting or vetoing the whole thing, and though he can, through veto threats, get Congress to yield to him on certain matters, he has to swallow a lot or let the government be shut down. Though members of Congress themselves complain about these giant "continuing resolutions," they rather like the opportunity to lard them with some bacon. The Democrats oppose the idea, espoused by Reagan and other Republicans, of giving the President the "line-item veto"—the right to veto a particular part of an appropriations bill without vetoing the whole thing—but thev are building a case for it.

REAGAN will soon get a Supreme Court nominee through the Senate (on his third try), in large part because he was finally persuaded to stop confronting the Senate, as he did in the cases of Robert Bork and Douglas Ginsburg, and get someone on the Court before time ran out. Anthony Kennedy, an apparently moderate-to-conservative circuit-court judge in California, presented himself to the Senate Judiciary Committee, which has completed its hearings on his nomination and is expected to approve him shortly after Congress reconvenes later this month, as balanced and cautious—and he avoided direct answers to many questions. The hearings were used in part to refight the battle over Bork, with Republicans still charging that Bork was defeated by a "lynch mob"—actually, he was defeated by himself—and in part, by both ends of the political spectrum, to "sensitize" Kennedy to their concerns. Conservatives expressed worries that he would be too liberal, and liberals voiced concerns that he is insensitive to civil-rights issues. Some liberal members were concerned about his narrow rulings in civil-rights cases, on three of which he was overruled by the Supreme Court. And Kennedy, in violation of the American Bar Association's Code of Judicial Conduct, remained a member of a San Francisco club that has no black or woman members until the day he was asked to come to Washington to discuss the possibility of his nomination, which at that time went to Ginsburg. Still, Kennedy was greeted mainly with relief; Judiciary Committee members were tired of fighting—and of putting themselves on the line. Members of Congress don't want to be brave too often.

THE conviction of Michael Deaver, in mid-December, on three counts of perjury in connection with his lobbying government officials shortly after he left the White House, was one of many personal blows to the Reagans last year. On the day after Deaver's conviction, Whitney North Seymour, the independent counsel who brought the case against him, said—shocking many people here by pointing to the obvious—that the problem is "too much 'loose money' and too little concern in Washington about ethics in government." Seymour continued, "Vast sums of money are on call to representatives of major corporations, defense contractors, and foreign governments to buy influence and favors." The White House took exception to this, but the President's people would have been better advised to remain silent, given the Reagan Administration's record and the President's relaxed attitude toward the whole subject. According to the Washington *Post*, more than a hundred and ten senior Administration officials have been accused of illegal or unethical conduct since Reagan took office in January, 1981—not counting those involved in the Iran-Contra affair or the Wedtech scandal. In the latter case, two close associates of Attorney General Edwin Meese were indicted shortly before Christmas; the independent counsel in that case—Meese has now been investigated by three independent counsels, and cleared by one of them—said that there was "insufficient evidence as of this date" to charge Meese with criminal activities but that the matter was not closed. The level of sleaze in this city seems to have been rising rapidly in recent years. More and more ways are found to in effect bribe members of Congress; more and more people seem to regard government service as an opportunity to cash in as soon as they leave it. Though the Reagans were angry with

Deaver over published excerpts from his forthcoming book about them (once again, he did not let discretion get in the way, and he desperately needs the money), Deaver has convinced them for the time being that the excerpts were not meant to be in the book, and his indictment came as a great shock to them. This, on top of Mrs. Reagan's recent surgery for breast cancer, followed closely by the death of her mother, has made it a most difficult year for them, especially for Mrs. Reagan, who is said by friends to be psychologically already back in California. The President is said by aides to have one foot there.

Reagan's Presidency may be winding down, but squabbling among his White House aides is not. No one expects Reagan to be able to get very much done legislatively, especially after the first few months of the year. Still another confrontation with Congress over military assistance to the Contras is scheduled for early February—Reagan wrung some "humanitarian" assistance for them at the close of last year, with the help of the Sandinistas, who once again strengthened his hand, this time with talk of a military buildup despite the peace talks that were under way. Some thought is being given to having Reagan turn, in his final months, to the role of national teacher, giving the nation a series of talks on his ideas about the role of government—bringing his political career full circle. The possibility, much bruited about here, that Reagan might pardon Deaver, North, and Poindexter before he leaves office alarms some White House aides; an aide thinks it is likely he will want to pardon Deaver, and that if he does so he cannot avoid pardoning the others—that is, if he didn't already intend to pardon them. One had the feeling during the Iran-Contra hearings last year that we were witnessing "the fall-guy plan," which North said that he and William Casey had discussed: that North would take the rap and then, when it seemed that he was not of sufficient stature, that Poindexter would do so. A logical concomitant of the fall-guy plan would be the pardoning of North and Poindexter. White House aides know that if Reagan does pardon them, all hell will break loose. One aide said to me recently, "The President can still do things that have a positive impact in the first six months, but he can also do some things that undo that impact."

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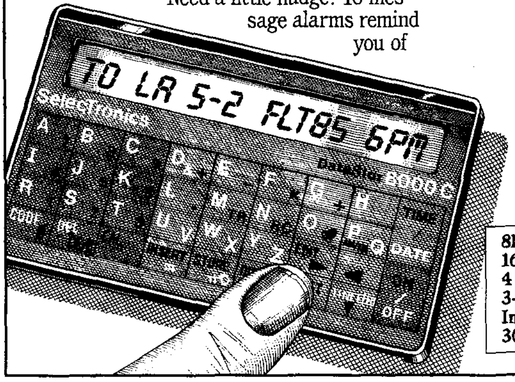

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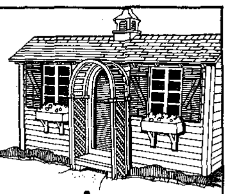

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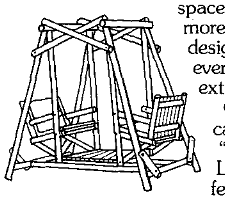

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BOOKS

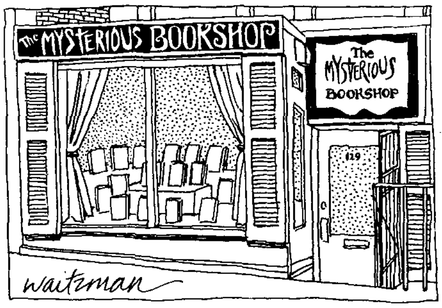
The Good Books

As any high-school or college teacher will testify, allusions to even the most celebrated Biblical texts now draw a blank. One is, indeed, tempted to define modernism in Western culture in terms of the recession of the Old and the New Testaments from the common currency of recognition. Such recognition, most notably in the Anglo-Saxon world and in that of Lutheran creeds everywhere, was the sinew of literacy, the shared matter of intellect and of sentiment from the late sixteenth century onward. The King James Bible and the Luther Bible provided much of our civilization with its alphabet of referential immediacy, not only in the spheres of personal and public piety but in those of politics, social institutions, and the life of the literary and aesthetic imagination. That alphabet knits the poetry of Milton to the prose of Abraham Lincoln; it makes the messianic tracts of Trotsky kindred to the politics of spirit in Carlyle and in Ruskin, to the grammar of prophecy in Emerson.

The shaping universality of the scriptural code significantly outlasts the general force of religion. The God of the philosophers and of the enlightened laity may have died in the nineteenth century. The Biblical God and the idiom and the world image generated by his narrative presence continue formidably alive and instrumental in the writings of Thomas Hardy, of Thomas Mann, of Gide, of Proust. We would not have the prose cadences of Hemingway without Ecclesiastes, or the dynastic sorrows of Faulkner without Chronicles and the Books of Kings. The world of Schoenberg is Biblical to the core, and Samuel Beckett's "Endgame" is an exact meditation on the instruments and the finality of the Passion. But across the spectrum of general sensibility and reception the break has come. The natural echo chamber of our consciousness, of our discourse, no longer includes either the "delicate hewing of Agag" or the "weight of the grasshopper."

In respect of vocabulary, of readiness for metaphor, the impoverishment has been drastic. But in essence the bite is political and social. In the English-speaking states and communities, some knowledge of the Bible—grounded in the home, in the Sunday school, in the sermon, in the ambient air of recognition—was a bond between classes, ethnic groups, and those within and without formal religious denominations. This shared legacy underwrote the primary images of justice, of communal destiny, of responsibility in observing the covenant of caring which are instinct to democracy. The shorthand of sombre historicism and of hope in the speeches of F.D.R. or of Churchill was no less informed by the pulse of the Authorized Version than was that in the prose of Gladstone or the framers of the Constitution. The lapse of the scriptural from the everyday in the commerce of ideas and proposals, of warning and of promise in our body politic in the West entails a veritable breakdown of solidarity, of concord within dissent. The fragmentation of discourse is precisely that of Babel. What the Pentecostal signifies is no longer the light of a shared spirit radiant through a diversity of tongues but a vacant, strident, and reciprocally hostile chatter. Even these two elementary references—to Nimrod's proud tower and the descent of the tongues of fire on the bereaved Apostles—no longer, I imagine, elicit unforced understanding and response from all but a minority of readers. As a result (and this is a situation which, avowedly or not, Roman Catholicism has long favored), the Bible is today an active presence not in the everyday but in historical and theological scholarship, in comparative anthropology, and, most recently, in the study of semantics and of literature. Like an unplayed Stradivarius, the once-holy text inhabits the air-conditioned glass case of dispassionate regard.

Our modern practices of literary analysis and criticism and the arts of the book critic and the serious reviewer no less than those of the academic explicator and editor derive directly from Biblical exegesis. The techniques and conventions of commentary and gloss, of textual recension (the comparison of different versions of a given piece of writing) and annotation, developed by the scholiasts of late antiquity, were taken up by the Church Fathers, on the one hand, and by the Talmudists, on the other. These, in turn, underwrote the disciplines of analytic reading and systematic elucidation practiced by the Schoolmen of the Middle Ages and the scriptural translators and commentators of the Renaissance. This history of high reading is central to the Western tradition. Our secular universities spring from it. Our book world is, in plain fact, its mundane descendant.



Now, excitingly, the motion of spirit is being reversed. The methods of literary study, of literary criticism in the most secular sense, are being applied to the Bible. Stripped, for most educated and agnostic sensibilities, of its numinous, divinely inspired aura and its revealed-truth function, the Holy Writ is now being retrieved from obsolescence, or from the mere mouthings of Sunday morning, by the literary critic. Some hundred years ago, Matthew Arnold foresaw just such a reversal. He prophesied that the truths of poetry would come to replace those of religious doctrine. More precisely, Arnold recognized that the religious legacy in the West, both in arts and in letters, would survive best where it became an object of aesthetic valuation—that the Psalms would endure as poetry and Chartres as supreme architecture. Where belief ebbs, beauty remains. And there is in this inversion a just symmetry: today's literary-critical reader of the Bible is bringing home to their source the methods and energies of the imagination which originally flowed from it.

It is this homeward movement that dominates both the intent and the practice of "The Literary Guide to the Bible" (Harvard; $29.95), edited by Robert Alter and Frank Kermode. Professor Alter is one of our foremost lay readers and expositors of the poetic and narrative genius of the Bible. He brings to his commentaries a knowledge of Hebrew and of Judaism together with an exceptionally wide literary awareness and authority of judgment. Professor Kermode has long been eminent among teachers and critics of English and European literatures from the Renaissance to Roman-

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ticism and the moderns. Of late, he has addressed himself increasingly to analysis of the narrative means and the symbolic and dramatic usages of the Gospels. Alter and Kermode, who themselves contribute introductory essays and particular commentaries, have sought the collaboration of distinguished Biblical scholars and Old and New Testament specialists. But the list of collaborators also includes Edmund Leach, one of the foremost structural anthropologists, and Gabriel Josipovici, a novelist and theorist of the literary avant-garde.

The "Literary" in the title is the keynote. This is a book-by-book guide to Scripture for readers of modern literary criticism and analysis. It constantly invites response to "double-voiced" codes of narration, to the organic function of "guiding metaphors" in Old and New Testament episodes; it detects a "rage for aesthetic order" beneath the rebarbative surface of archaic anecdote and catalogue. There are no fewer textual "reversals and subversions" in Job than there are in, say, Kafka or Joyce. The work of Proust is invoked in reference to the sombre sense of the lost past in Amos. "Proustian temporal complexities" also turn up in the Gospel of Mark. A Zen koan will illuminate the enigmatic concisions and hidden dialectic of Ecclesiastes. In order to grasp the cumulative strength of reiteration in the Hebraic conventions of storytelling, we must, as with certain modern novels or, perhaps, the poetics of Walt Whitman, learn to respond to "the dynamics of incremental repetition."

The intellectual patrons of this enterprise are plainly adduced. They include Erich Auerbach, whose celebrated study "Mimesis" initiated the current ways of comparative reading and the study of "narratology" (the systematic investigation of different codes and contexts of narrative), and Mikhail Bakhtín, whose theory of pluralistic patterns of speech and points of view in literary constructs has exercised great influence on contemporary aesthetics. The structural anthropology of Claude Lévi-Strauss and Edmund Leach, with its linguistic-sociological anatomies of myths, is cardinal. Northrop Frye's presence is palpable (though here the alliance may not be altogether licit, for Frye is a believer).

The repeated appeal to such concepts as "structure" and "encoding" generates and justifies the essential thesis of this guide. Where the "higher criticism" and textual analyses of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries dismembered the Bible, striving to identify diverse, often internally contradictory levels of authorship, of chronology, of idiomatic and cultural provenance—certain German exegetes designated up to half a dozen strata of invention and composition in a single Biblical narration or Evangelical report—Alter, Kermode, and their colleagues argue vehemently for unity. Read or heard in light of the inheritance of Henry James or of Joyce, the brusque changes of intonation, of narrative point of view, of stylistic form in Genesis and in certain parts of Exodus or Matthew tell neither of multiple authorship nor of textual corruption but of the subtle literary skills and complex intentions of the ancient masters of storytelling and portraiture. To cite a crucial simile in this compendium, it is not broken eggs we are confronted with but omelettes most densely and, sometimes, teasingly mixed. The result is a fascinating paradox: for motives of an entirely secular order, the editors and producers of the "Literary Guide" come far nearer to fundamentalist postulates of Biblical unity and internal coherence than did previous generations of possibly believing textual scholars.

Thus, J. P. Fokkelman, of the University of Leiden, finds that the seemingly many-layered texture of Genesis contains the unifying definition of the meaning of space and time—one pointing beyond itself to the Promised Land—that will be the ground bass of the Torah as a whole. In a truly brilliant reading of Joshua and Judges, David Gunn, of Columbia Theological Seminary, argues that "the gap between the rhetoric of fulfillment and the rhetoric of incompletion" produces deep patterns of narrative and structural logic from the several segments and voices in the original. This interpretation, in turn, concords with Robert Alter's decoding of the enigmatic tale of Jephthah's daughter. To grasp the fatal vow of the successful warrior, we must attend to "the poised choreography of words, in which formulations are pointedly reiterated and internally shifted as they are repeated." These shifts ought, correspondingly, to be observed in the concentric spheres of larger thematic patterns that relate the riddling episode not only to the rest of Judges but to the remaining chronicle books of the Bible. Everywhere, there is, in Henry James' famous image, a "figure in the carpet," generative of design and rhetorical purpose. The meanings

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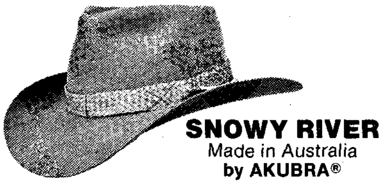

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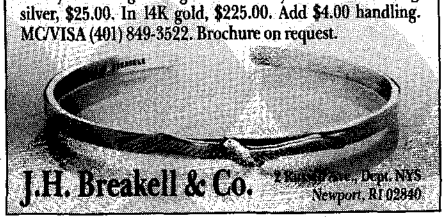

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of an Old Testament text can scarcely be apprehended if we ignore any stylistic, structural feature of the literary elements. It is "their fine articulations as literature" that this guide presents.

How, inquires George Savran, are we to register the "suspicions" and the sense of ambiguity that challenge us in a reading of Jehu's victory over the wicked Ahab in the second Book of Kings? Only by penetrating "the narrator's strategy," with its oblique, encoded duplicities of attitude—by recognizing how cunningly episodes are "sequenced" so as to celebrate Jehu's deed while subverting Jehu's motives. The vengeful earthquake foretold by Isaiah is literally "an onomatopoeic parade," which must be heard in the Hebrew (L. A. Schökel, of the Pontifical Biblical Institute). Seen structurally, Exodus is indeed a coherent "Book of the Name," as it is titled in the Judaic tradition—a semantic whole showing how God wishes to make himself known through his very particular involvement in human history and discourse.

In the Sermon on the Mount, as it is reported in Matthew, nearly all the Beatitudes are paradoxes. And throughout the Gospel, Frank Kermode shows, the articulations of the paradoxical modulate into "explicit demand for excess." The "character of this new and transcendent authority is adumbrated in various episodes" whose narrative construction and rhetorical extremes must be noted in detail. Only thus can we hope to perceive the dislocations of logical and linguistic expectation between narrator and listener or reader—dislocations themselves expressive and symbolic of the immense "disruption" that is the coming of Christ. Kermode's "concern here is with the manner, not with the message as interpreted by the faithful; the Gospels are writings first of all, whatever use is subsequently made of them." In the Epistle to the Hebrews, as at other points in the New Testament, Josipovici argues, we must not labor to resolve contradictions, to enforce single-sense answers on the questions posed by the symbolism, by the deliberate "thinness" of the vision of Jesus exhibited by the author. That "thinness" is not a theological rubric; Josipovici derived it, he informs us, from the writings of the comparative anthropologist Mary Douglas. Here the unity is, in a manner familiar to readers of twentieth-century poetry and fiction, one of "absence." We are in the ambience not of Cotton Mather, or even of Freud, with his mastering bias toward solutions, but of Borges.

The literary modes in Acts are Hellenistic. Epistolary salutations, flashbacks, the insertion in reported speeches of interruptions and historical examples are taken over by Luke from pagan rhetoricians and historians. We would altogether miss the force of Luke's persuasions if we failed to identify the "sophistication" of his syntax, pacing, and uses of ornament. Festus' misprisions of Paul's meanings reveal the hortatory ironies of a master dialectician.

This whole approach can yield illuminating, even inspired, readings. John Drury, of King's College, Cambridge, provides an introduction to Luke which is exemplary in its scholarship and interpretative finesse. This may be the finest chapter in the work. Josipovici is acutely stimulating in his commentaries on the Epistles. Kermode displays his great gifts as an expositor, as a thematic and comparative analyst, in his treatment of John. Robert Alter communicates with unforced authority the sheer wonder of music, both formal and substantive, and of personal poetic presence and enactment in the Psalms. Shemaryahu Talmon's view of Daniel as a "Diaspora novel" carries conviction, and so does Joel Rosenberg's gloss on the "panoramic purview" and "brilliant reversals of mood and tone" in the confessional eloquence and alarm of Jeremiah. Other contributions fall far short. The section on Revelation, where the modern reader needs all available help, has no discernible relation to the principles and methods set out in the rest of this guide. It is a history of textual reception of the most old-fashioned kind. The addendum on "English Translations of the Bible" is so imperceptive and superficial as to be useless.

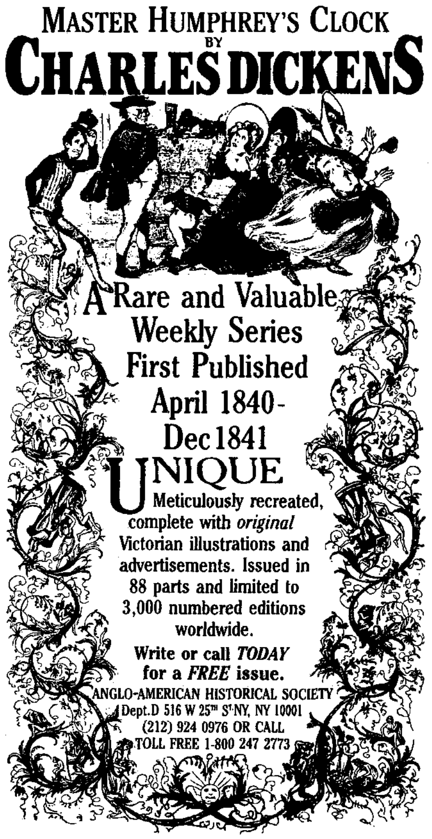
But it is neither specific felicities nor local failings that are really at issue. The question is: Does this "Literary Guide" help us to come to sensible grips with the singularity and the overwhelming provocations of the Bible—a singularity and a summons altogether independent of the reach of current literary-critical fashions? Does it help us to understand in what ways the Bible and the demands of answer-ability it puts upon us are like no others? Of this tome—and I repeat that it contains much that is enlightening, convincing, and finely argued—a terrible blandness is born. (The typography and presentation by the Harvard University Press are, correspondingly, of an utter blandness.) Holy Scripture as it is cocooned in the academic poise and urbanity of these commentaries—praised for its "pungent worldliness," for its preëchoing of great secular verse and the modern novel—emerges as might a fair number of other great books of high antiquity and stylistic variousness. We hear of "omelettes," of "pressure cookers," not of the terror, of the *mysterium tremendum*, that inhabits man's endeavors to speak to and speak of God.

Nothing in this so often admirable vade mecum makes the modern reader confront the unbridled savagery of the Book of Joshua—the massacre and slavery visited upon the vanquished throughout the dark poetry of that archaic witness. Only fairly superficial, stylistic considerations are brought to bear on the shattering anthropomorphism that generates Jacob's wrestling match with God or on the passage of God's "hinder parts" before the countenance of Moses. I can—just—come to imagine for myself that a man of more or less my own biological and social composition could have written "Hamlet" or "Lear" and gone home to lunch and found a normal answer to the question "How did it go today?" I cannot conceive of the author of the Speech Out of the Whirlwind in Job writing or dictating that text and dwelling within common existence and parlance. The same seems to me true of certain passages in Ecclesiastes and of the accounts of the Passion of Christ. But no user of the "Guide" would readily gather that there is nothing else in world literature, perhaps in world thinking, of the stature of Job. (What might lead him toward that insight is Stephen Mitchell's enthralling translation, newly published by North Point Press.)

The thorny, the ugly issues are wherever possible avoided. The all too precise prefiguration of Christ's role and agony in the Psalms, in Deutero-Isaiah is only glancingly referred to. This, in turn, makes it hardly possible for the modern reader to apprehend the bitter, wholly consequent hatred of the Jew expressed in Romans—a hatred incomparably phrased, metaphorized by Paul, and, one cannot but feel, bearing its death fruit in our century. It is just because the Psalms and the literature of prophecy in the Old Testament foretell Jesus so graphically that the rejection of Jesus by the Jews of his own day strikes Paul as a specifically suicidal blasphemy, as an act of self-negation which sets mankind on the treadmill of its imprisonment in history.

The separation, made in the name of current rationalism and agnosticism, between a theological-religious experiencing of Biblical texts and a literary one is radically factitious. It cannot work. This is to say that the plain question of divine inspiration—of orders of imagining and composition signally different from almost anything we have known since—must be posed, must be faced squarely and unflinchingly, even if for the contributors to this guide the answer is one of more or less polite dismissal. The author of Job—and there is a poet's voice and transcendent genius in almost every line—was not producing "literature." Nor were those who bore witness to the "darkness upon the earth" the evening of Good Friday. A literary elucidation of such texts is legitimate and can be helpful, but only if it acknowledges, in however polemic a vein, its own principles of exclusion—only if it tells us that that which it omits is the essential.

Each commentary is followed by a bibliography of further or outstanding readings on the given book of the Bible. Nowhere in the guide is any reference made to either Karl Barth on Romans or Rudolf Bultmann on the Fourth Gospel. This omission speaks volumes. It so happens that both Barth and Bultmann are close readers of matchless penetration, and expositors whose intensity is fully consonant with the words before them. They are also sharply alert to the rhetorical, linguistic, contextual elements in the Scriptures. So are the masters of rabbinic exegesis. For such writers, there are no divorcements between the literary understanding of the word and the fathomless question of the Logos—of that whose formulation is indeed of this world (though possibly of a world trenchantly different from our own) but whose source and levels of meaning, of demand upon us are *other*. To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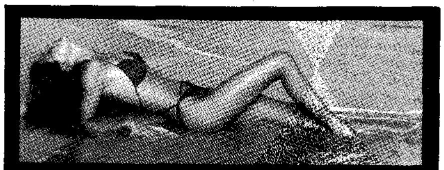
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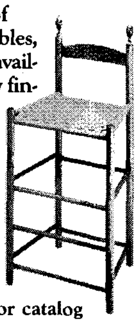

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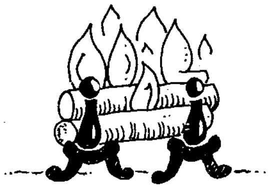

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whose who can hear the terror in Mark 16, who can read the emptiness of the tomb in the full sense of such a reading, Christ is, said Pascal, "in agony until the end of time." This abyss of heretical perception and despair is wholly indivisible from its mode of saying. This is to say that in these brave and urgent matters the voice and that which it speaks can never be considered as separate. It is not in "The Literary Guide" that the reader will find the enduring and enigmatic provocation of that indivisibility. The pity of it.

—GEORGE STEINER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR TO AFRICA, by Denis Hirson (Carcanet; $14.95). A dotty great-grandmother who locks herself in the bathroom because she believes she is on the train back to Russia, a suburban plague of flying ants, a stapelia plant, the protagonist's father's library, a black servant's headscarf—these are the ostensible subjects of this poetic first novel about growing up white in South Africa in the nineteen-fifties and sixties. The point of view is the child's, and the knee-level observation is exquisite: "On the road in the morning: thin trails of paw-paw skin, steak bones, warm coals, egg-shell, freshly torn bits of hedge." Baruch Hirson, the author's father, is a well-known scholar and opponent of apartheid who spent nine years in prison for sabotage, yet the scenes that recall the repressive political context of this story are, except in the final section, subtle and few—burning books carefully in the garden on Saturdays, a bumbling squad of security police searching the house—and the tone throughout is controlled.

OFFSHORE, by Penelope Fitzgerald (Holt; $15.95). In this strangely moving, half-comic little novel, which won the Booker Prize in its native England, Ms. Fitzgerald finds a setting that is neither land nor water—a string of permanently moored barges on the Battersea Reach of the Thames. The people she has settled there are ambiguous, too, as real as the world but also a bit off center. There is a brisk, stalwart businessman, there is a cheerful male prostitute, there is an elderly painter of ships and seascapes, and there is, particularly, Nenna James, a thirty-two-year-old mother of two young girls, with a husband who won't come near her. Nenna is perhaps the central figure here, but her girls—Martha and Tilda, both of them half wild and bright and totally charming—are the stars.

CRAZY HEART, by Thomas Cobb (Harper & Row; $15.95). Bad Blake is a singer-guitarist who was once near the top in the country-music world, but for years his life has been a downward spiral, propelled by booze and dogged by ex-wives. Now he is reduced to playing the small-town Southwest, fronting semi-pro pickup bands in taverns and bowling alleys. The slow crumble of his life seems ordained, until he meets Jean Craddock, a determined divorcée who is making a career for herself as a journalist; she is able to see through Bad's very visible faults to the talent that still lurks inside him. The question, of course, is whether he can break out of his self-imposed tailspin. Mr. Cobb's first novel has an inevitability that removes any chance of surprise, but his picture of the scraggly underside of Western music is brutally convincing. And if Jean and her fatherless little boy are often too good to be true, Bad Blake—the artist as his own worst enemy—is familiar and believable.

CLEA & ZEUS DIVORCE, by Emily Prager (Vintage; $6.95, paper). An ingenious bit of bizarrerie, set on a high-tech stage and bordering on science fiction. Clea and Zeus are two charismatic talents who conjure from their ten-year marriage a series of dazzling scenarios featuring acrobatic dramas: "Clea and Zeus Grow Up," "Clea and Zeus at the Cairo Hilton," and so on. As the story, spanning one performance, begins, it appears that (as the title suggests) the end is at hand. Backstage, flashbacks, ranging from a ranch in Ian Smith's Rhodesia to a mountaintop in pre-Mao China and from a taxidermist's ranch in Texas to a Hawaiian leprosarium, go far to explain why the show's crew consists of about a dozen brilliant Third World refugees. Emily Prager offers a key to this cross between Homeric and Shakespearean themes during a commercial break, when one of the crew says she had always thought that Clea had "annexed" Zeus democratically, "like a city-state." "Love," Clea

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answers, "is always a colonial tragedy."

GENERAL

ANYTHING GOES: THE JAZZ AGE ADVENTURES OF NEYSA MCMEIN AND HER EXTRAVAGANT CIRCLE OF FRIENDS, by Brian Gallagher (Times Books; $18.95). This biography of the queen bee of the Algonquin set gives us a portrait of an appealing woman. Marjorie Moran McMein, an art student from Quincy, Illinois, arrived in New York around 1912, changed Marjorie to Neysa (on the advice of a numerologist, it was said), and in a few years became one of the highest-paid illustrators in the country. She kept open house afternoons in her Fifty-seventh Street studio, where she made bathtub gin, and attracted the likes of George Gershwin, Jascha Heifetz, Noël Coward, and, particularly, the luminaries of the Round Table. Although not an intellectual, she was intelligent, a generous friend, and wonderful company—she had a talent for inventing treasure hunts and party games. The author has packed into the book a capsule history in anecdote of the well-heeled New York-Paris-Hollywood bohemia of the nineteen-twenties and thirties, and along the way he has got in some of the early, and well-known, annals of this magazine. These, though diverting, are showing signs of wear; perhaps it is time for a rest. Photographs.

COYOTES, by Ted Conover (Vintage; $6.95, paper). The author set out to explore the covert world of Mexican illegal aliens, or "undocumented workers," and the smugglers, or "coyotes," who guide them across the border for exorbitant fees. Mr. Conover, who is fluent in Spanish, spent a year among the migrants. With them, he dodged the border police on both sides of the Rio Grande and shared the punishing, underpaid work in the fruit orchards of the American Southwest. His story of his year, which included a sojourn in the little town that many of his friends came from, is compelling, often funny, and suspenseful, for he was playing a dangerous game. He evinces a deep understanding of and feeling for the men who must take such risks to get mere subsistence money for their families, and he gives us a good idea of the explosiveness of a situation in

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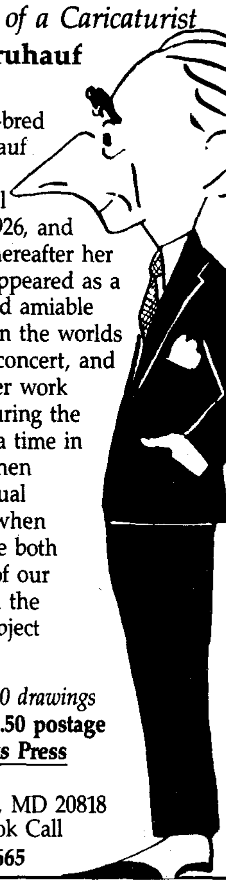

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which, as he says, one of the richest countries on earth borders one of the poorest.

The Log of Christopher Columbus, edited and translated from the Spanish by Robert H. Fuson (International Marine; $29.95). Mr. Fuson, an American geographer, served as a consultant to the National Geographic Society's 1986 expedition to the Bahamas, which established that Samana Cay was Columbus's first landfall. He places the log of Columbus's first voyage of discovery in a frame of scholarship without overshadowing the text, telling us all we need to know about fifteenth-century navigation and geography. Then, as we sail from Palos, the Admiral takes over. There is the excitement of exploring the Bahamas, Cuba, and Hispaniola, and through Columbus's eyes we see a subtropical paradise inhabited by unarmed, unclad Indians—Eden. He takes formal possession of each place for his rulers, and looks forward to the conversion of the natives. He hopes to find gold mines and great cities. And he has worries: he distrusts, not without reason, some of his ships' officers. But the green bounty of what he thinks is Asia delights him, and he us.

A Time of Trains, by David Plowden (Norton; $45). For as long as he can remember, Mr. Plowden has been fascinated by trains. Fortunately, he is also a singularly talented photographer, with an acute sense of history. That talent and that sense blend in the hundred and thirty-four black-and-white photographs assembled here, culled from thousands of negatives and from decades of observation across North America. While Mr. Plowden's introductory essay sometimes displays the author's heart too overtly, his sharply focussed prints are first-rate.

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*Haynes McMullen in the Journal of Library History*]

Because the kinds of libraries included in this study were almost always established by small groups of people at some cost to themselves, the founding of each library can probably be considered as an expression of faith in the usefulness of that kind of collection. If that is a correct assumption, the founding of large numbers of libraries of a particular kind in any one part of the country probably indicates the existence there of a favorable attitude toward that kind of library.

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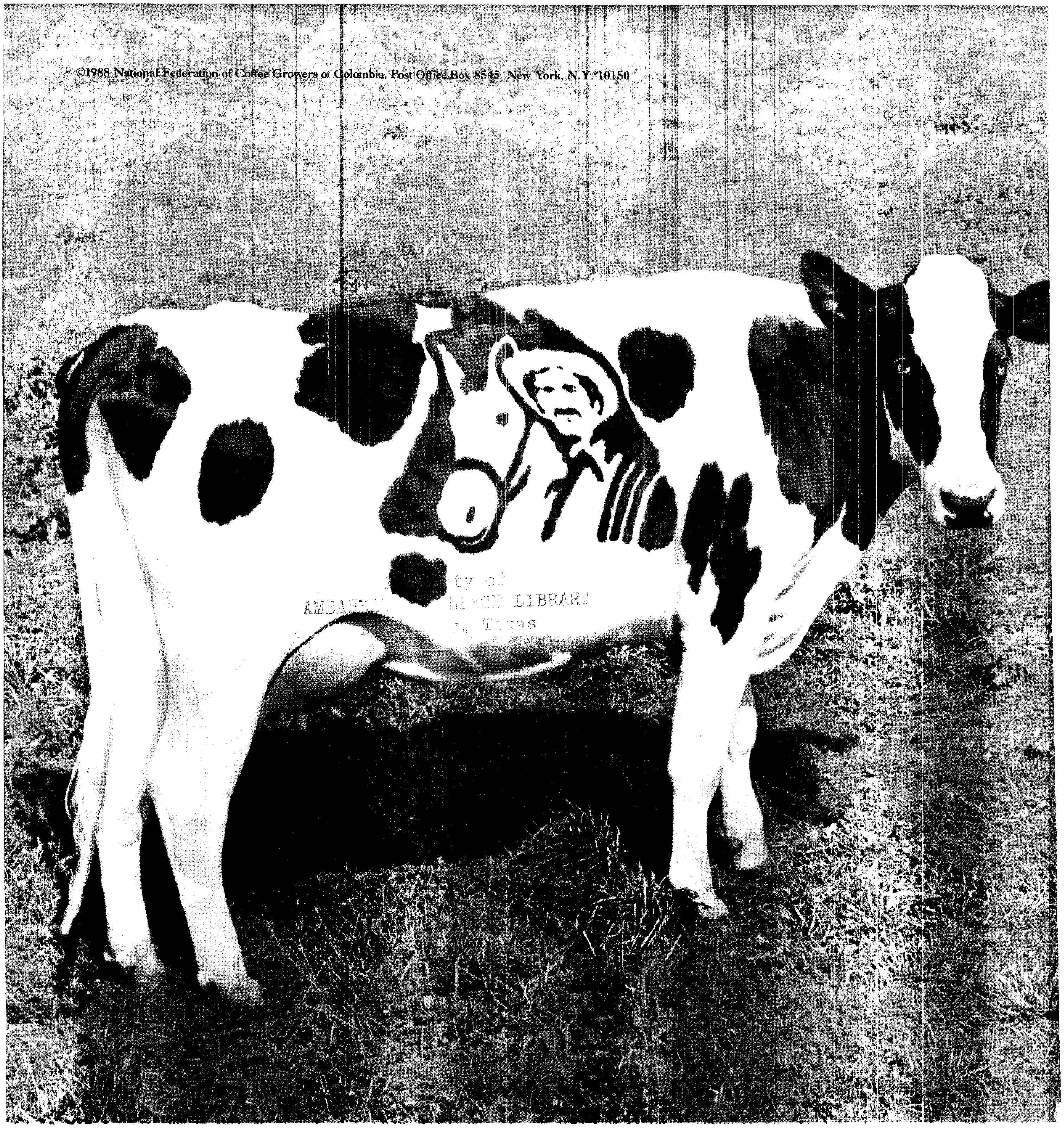

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